Dec. 13, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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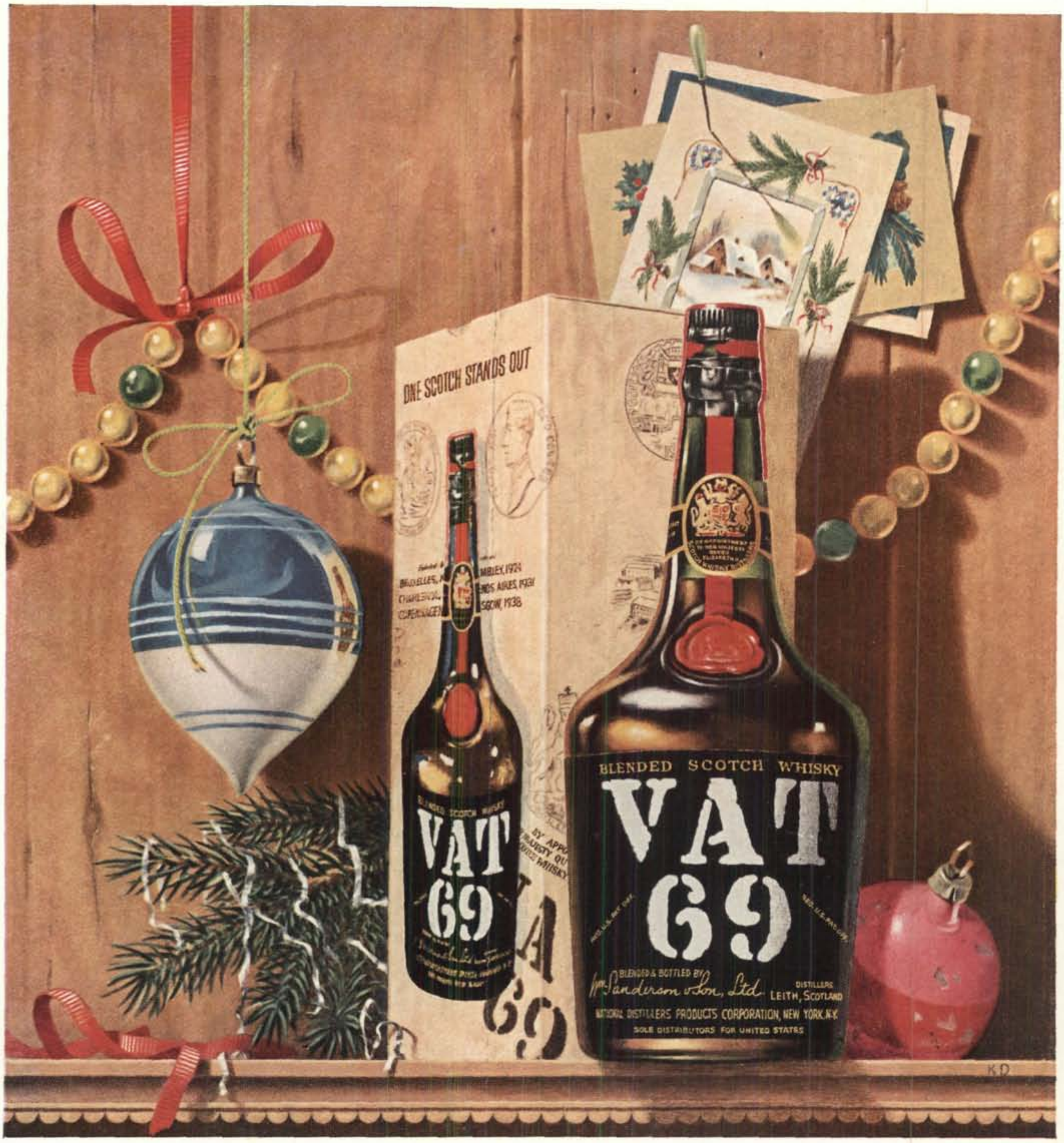
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cue for Passion—A neurotic triangle (mother, son, and stepfather) worked up by Elmer Rice into a pretentious paraphrase of "Hamlet." John Kerr is the angry young stepson, Diana Wynyard the lady of his choice. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Disenchanted—The last days of a great writer, lover, and drunk, distantly related to F. Scott Fitzgerald. Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit have written some memorable scenes for Jason Robards, Jr., though the play as a whole misfires. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson in a cast directed by George Abbott. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly at 8:40. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Friday, and regular matinée Saturday, at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 13.)

Edwin Booth—José Ferrer, who directed this fulsome biographical tribute to the famous tragedian, should have known better than to cast himself in the lead. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girls in 509—Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are ingratiating in a play by Howard Teichmann that tries, without much success, to make sensible fun of the world of politics. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Leslie Stevens' study of the behavior of American husbands and wives is at its best when Julie Newmar, a statuesque and scientific siren, is trying to break up the home of Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, a couple of college professors. Also with Edmon Ryan. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Night Circus—Michael V. Gazzo, the author of "A Hatful of Rain," has come up with a stirring, if slightly hysterical, story about two misfits who fall sadly in love in a Manhattan bar. With Ben Gazzara, Janice Rule, and stout support from Actors' Studio members. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Old Vic—A five-week repertory of three Shakespearean plays, presented by S. Hurok. The schedule through Dec. 20: "Twelfth Night," with Barbara Jefford and John Neville, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13-14, at 2:30 and 8:30....¶"Hamlet," also with Barbara Jefford and John Neville, Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 17-19, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 8. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Through Saturday, Jan. 10.)

Once More, with Feeling—The professional and domestic doings of an eminent conductor who is even more difficult than most are occasionally mildly amusing in this farce by Harry Kurnitz, but generally it is rather flimsy stuff. Arlene Francis, Joseph Cotten, and Joseph Buloff participate. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THEATRICAL COSTUMES
RENTAL OF COSTUMES
COSTUMES FOR SALE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
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The Pleasure of His Company—A somewhat heavy-handed comedy by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Otis Skinner, having to do with hearth and home in San Francisco. It benefits from the direction of Cyril Ritchard and also from his presence in the cast. Mr. Ritchard has the help of Charlie Ruggles, Walter Abel, Dolores Hart, and Miss Skinner. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and Eddie Albert, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond are in the large and gifted cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival that does less than justice to Sean O'Casey's dazzling play about Ireland's "Troubles." William Smithers and Gerald O'Loughlin head a cast drawn from the Actors' Studio. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—A strong, slow dose of posthumous Eugene O'Neill. With Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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The World of Suzie Wong—The brothel that is the scene of this commonplace play is full of high-minded people played by hard-working actors, including France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the dark at the top of the stairs:** William Inge's play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, Audrey Christie, and George L. Smith head the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **look homeward, angel:** The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. Currently with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **sunrise at campobello:** Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **two for the seesaw:** William Gibson's piece about a couple of lonely people in New York. Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft serve as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Cold Wind and the Warm—A play by S. N. Behrman, suggested by his reminiscent pieces in *The New Yorker* and his book "The Worcester Account." Eli Wallach and Maureen Stapleton head a cast directed by Harold Clurman. A presentation of the Producers Theatre. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Flower Drum Song—The new musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein concerns a romantic imbroglio in San Francisco's Chinatown, and shows the great men at less than their best. Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden perform brisk salvage work. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goldilocks—Jean and Walter Kerr's account of how things were in the early days in movieland. Loud and sometimes funny, with a score by Leroy Anderson. Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley head the cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—An unpredictable Parisian revue in which Robert Dhéry, assisted by Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, Jacques Legras, and several lively girls, explores the fringes of Surrealism with extravagantly funny results. The language, where there is language, is English. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Moves on Monday, Dec. 15, to the Alvin, 52nd St., W., CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **jamaica:** A West Indian idyll with Harold Arlen songs and Lena Horne to sing them. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **the music man:** Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for this musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are at present the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **WEST SIDE STORY:** "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

J. B.—A play by Archibald MacLeish, starring Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, and Raymond Massey. The director is Elia Kazan, the producer Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Thursday, Dec. 11. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

THE GAZEBO—Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows in a comedy by Alec Coppel. Presented by the Playwrights' Company and Frederick Brisson, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. Opens Friday, Dec. 12. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Dec. 12: "Così Fan Tutte," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

THE BOY FRIEND—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

COCK-A-DOODLE-DANDY—The presence, onstage, of a six-foot rooster who can change into a top hat does little to support Sean O'Casey's argument for the supremacy of reason over the powers of darkness and superstition. Besides the rooster, Will Geer, Gaby Rodgers, and Ian Martin appear in the cast. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Judson Morgan head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30; Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

DIVERSIONS—A lively, fresh, and amusing revue by Steven Vinaver, whose peculiar slant on life is made manifest by a talented cast; namely, Nancy Dussault, Gubi Mann, Aline Brown, Peter Feldman, Thom Molinaro, and Cy Young. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN—The mantle of the Melancholy Dane descends upon the son of a Jewish herring merchant in this pleasant and extremely promising first play by England's Bernard Kops. The cast, which is excellent, includes Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, and Jeanette Roony. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HÉLOÏSE—The British playwright James Forsyth has abstracted a splendid drama from the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. It is competently, if not spectacularly, performed by a cast that features Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag as the celebrated lovers. Henry Kurth's ingenious sets turn a tiny stage to good account. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

IVANOV—A thoroughly rewarding production of one of Anton Chekhov's lesser plays, in which the tedium of provincial life is charmingly scrutinized to the ultimate stifled yawn. Paul Stevens is first-rate in the difficult title role, and he is deftly supported by, among others, Jacqueline Brookes, Anne Fielding, and Sada Thompson. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Daniels, Audree Rae, and Diana Herbert appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED—Joe Hill, the union martyr who figures so prominently in the dreams of folk singers, is framed by a crew of heartless reactionaries, and pursued by them in court after court. The playwright, Barrie Stravis, might have made his point with a great deal less jurisprudence. Mark Gordon plays Joe Hill. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

OF MICE AND MEN—A skillful dramatization of John Steinbeck's novel, which has been set to very unfortunate music. Art Lund, Leo Penn, and Jo Sullivan are featured in the cast. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

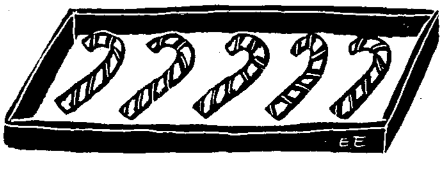
THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—Fritz Weaver in an adaptation of Graham Greene's novel, directed by Stuart Vaughan. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE QUARE FELLOW—Brendan Behan's rather discursive comedy drama about life and execution in an Irish prison is redeemed by a great many mordant studies of convicts and their keepers. The large and capable cast includes Lester Rawlins, Roy Poole, Bryan Herbert, and William Myers. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

SALAD DAYS—A simple-minded musical comedy by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds that has enjoyed a very long run in London. Richard Easton and Barbara Franklin are featured in the cast. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. JU 2-4977. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price, Christiane Felsmann, and Paula Stewart. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)



THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE—A revival of John Ford's Jacobean tragedy, which contains a great many plots, stratagems, and murders, but which, when the last corpse has been cleared away, doesn't seem to mean very much. Ursula Stevens and Christopher Drake play the unfortunate siblings, and Martin Kosleck plays the villainous Vasquez. (Orpheum Theatre, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. GR 5-8807. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

TRIAD—Three one-act musicals by Mark Bucci: "Sweet Betsy from Pike," "Tale for a Deaf Ear," and "The Dress." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "Octet," "Medea," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "Interplay," "Apollo," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 13: "Fanfare," "Souvenirs," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Divertimento," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 14: "Swan Lake," "Octet," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 14: "Concerto Barocco," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 16: "Serenade," "Medea," "Pastorale," and "Bourrée Fantasque.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 17: "Concerto Barocco," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Waltz-Scherzo," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 18: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Dix," "Pastorale," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 19: "Octet," "Agon," "The Cage," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 20: "Square Dance," "Pastorale," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 20: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Still Point," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

ANNA SOKOLOW DANCE COMPANY—Appearing for a two-week engagement, starting Thursday, Dec. 18. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ADOLPH GREEN AND BETTY COMDEN—Songs and sketches of their own concoction. One in a series of programs called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Dec. 15, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

ANTA PROGRAM—Ethel Colt in her one-woman show, "Curtains Up," presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the third in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB—A musical, "For Heaven's Sake," is this year's undergraduate production. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30, and Thursday, Dec. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call MU 5-6200.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

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D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has now got around to the collected works of Richard Rodgers, which are sung every night at nine-thirty (and also at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays) by Mimi Benzell, Bill Tabbert, and Wilbur Evans, who jointly embody a creditable amount of firepower. Music for dancing comes from the bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily hoofers' haven. The wherewithal is the product of a small group of musicians, usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Of the three parts into which all Gaul is divided, Jacqueline François assuredly represents the topmost. Her lyrics, which run from the sublime to the pleasantly ridiculous, are aired at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, and she's supported by a glowing jazz quintet in which Jack Elliott and Don Elliott have themselves a ball. Ted Straeter's band, just about the best dance instructor we own, is around most of the evening, along with Mark Monte's effervescent minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both scenery and populace, presents dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's light cavalry plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either glen.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his family tree, which often sounds the way a Christmas tree looks, are doing the dance tunes in the mighty Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the pomp-and-circumstance Maisonette, Robert Clary, a bounding Basque, amuses the diners and suppers, between his nipups, with a bouquet of ballads on which elves have been at work. The tiny dance bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari keep up an animated conversation the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, his piano, and his dance band are tinkling away in the Café Lounge. The music goes on at the cocktail, the dinner, and the supper hour every day of the week.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a truly glittering quadrangle, has Chauncey Gray's orchestra alternating with Quintero's band for dancing after nine, and there is dinner music earlier. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté, who'll probably be a Greek god in his next incarnation, is filling in the interval by parading around the Empire Room and getting a cord or two of folk music off his manly chest. This occurs at dinner and supper. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's band do dance music full blast the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one segment of Peacock Alley, a many-chambered nautilus, the trios of Norman Paris and Jozsi Ribari play listening music (Mondays through Thursdays) and dance music (Fridays and Saturdays) from seven until twelve. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band is the dance master.

Note—The Rainbow Room, the chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, offers canapés, cocktails, and brandy, but no St. Bernards. It operates from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, and Joseph Sudy's trio plays drinking songs most of the time. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan, whose innermost thoughts call for complex fingerwork at the keyboard, is on piano from nine to one in this high-style enterprise; Addison Bailey, a long-term resident, does an earlier shuffle, five to eight-thirty. Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some really good type-casting for metropolitan life after dark. At the back end of the awning-striped dining room, after nine, the eminent Rack Godwin extracts precocious counterpoint and humor from what looks like a perfectly innocent piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational school for social research, open (naturally) from cocktail time on. Bob Printz plays piano from five to seven-thirty, and Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders alternate after that, sometimes with four-handed galops. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, deaconess of the art of singing for one's supper (eleven is her check-in time), treads many a green pasture and stirs many a verdant memory on her journey through the small hours. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, is also a piano soloist who adds nice touches to well-remembered songs. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In this hall of mirrors, Renato Rossini's guitar, which is placid at six-thirty, waxes passionate in true Mediterranean fashion before he finishes up at one in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Dinner and supper to the theme of "Volare, Cantare," which issues from a posse of violinists led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter does his final stint on the local Steinway (six to eight and ten to one) on Saturday, Dec. 13. On Monday, Dec. 15, Ralph Strain will assume Mr. W.'s portfolio. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAYBILL,** Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (PL 7-6100): Cy Walter (*q.v. supra*) moves into the most feverishly upholstered duplex in the Hotel Manhattan on Monday, Dec. 15, playing piano in the upper-level bar from five-thirty to eight-thirty and in the lower-level dining room after ten every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): What may have been the town house of Joan of Arc, the Knights Templar, or William Randolph Hearst, and largely in its pristine state. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The Iberian Peninsula in miniature, and some of its indigenous arts—cuisine, piano, and guitar—in full size. The music begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At ten in this tongue-in-cheek little art gallery, Cecil Young's duo sets to work on music for moderns, and, soon after that, Jacques Kayal, whose songs at the piano are pretty good European ones, chimes in. A newly hatched batch of songsters and instrumentalists named the Three Bars helps out. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): An evening-long seminar on how to play the zimbalon, an instrument that is now one with the whooping crane. Even the headwaiter sings in the course of a long but cheering musicale. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On the whole, *haut monde.* At frequent intervals from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's piano by George Feyer, whose music is in the Tinker Toy vein. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a chipper pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, with a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Sunday, gives it some reasonably lively touches. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steve Weltner, whose circuit runs as far afield as South America, is now at the north end of his orbit (the room called Casino-on-the-Park), where he plays nourishing piano from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday. . . . **COAT OF ARMS,** 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): Enough garden walls to persuade you that you're dining outdoors. Marty Berns is at the piano weekdays and Joe Moon is in charge of it on Sundays. The music begins at seven and ends at one. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Al Mello scampering most effectively up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Not only violin but song, delivered at the table while you wait. The delivery boy is apt to be Latin; the landscaping is boudoir *cum* plush. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): After a hard day at the Metropolitan Museum, you might try a stirrup cup in the picturesque bar of the Stanhope Hotel, between nine and twelve-thirty, when the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, who takes his work (principally Spanish) seriously, is audible. No music Monday. His last night is Tuesday, Dec. 16.

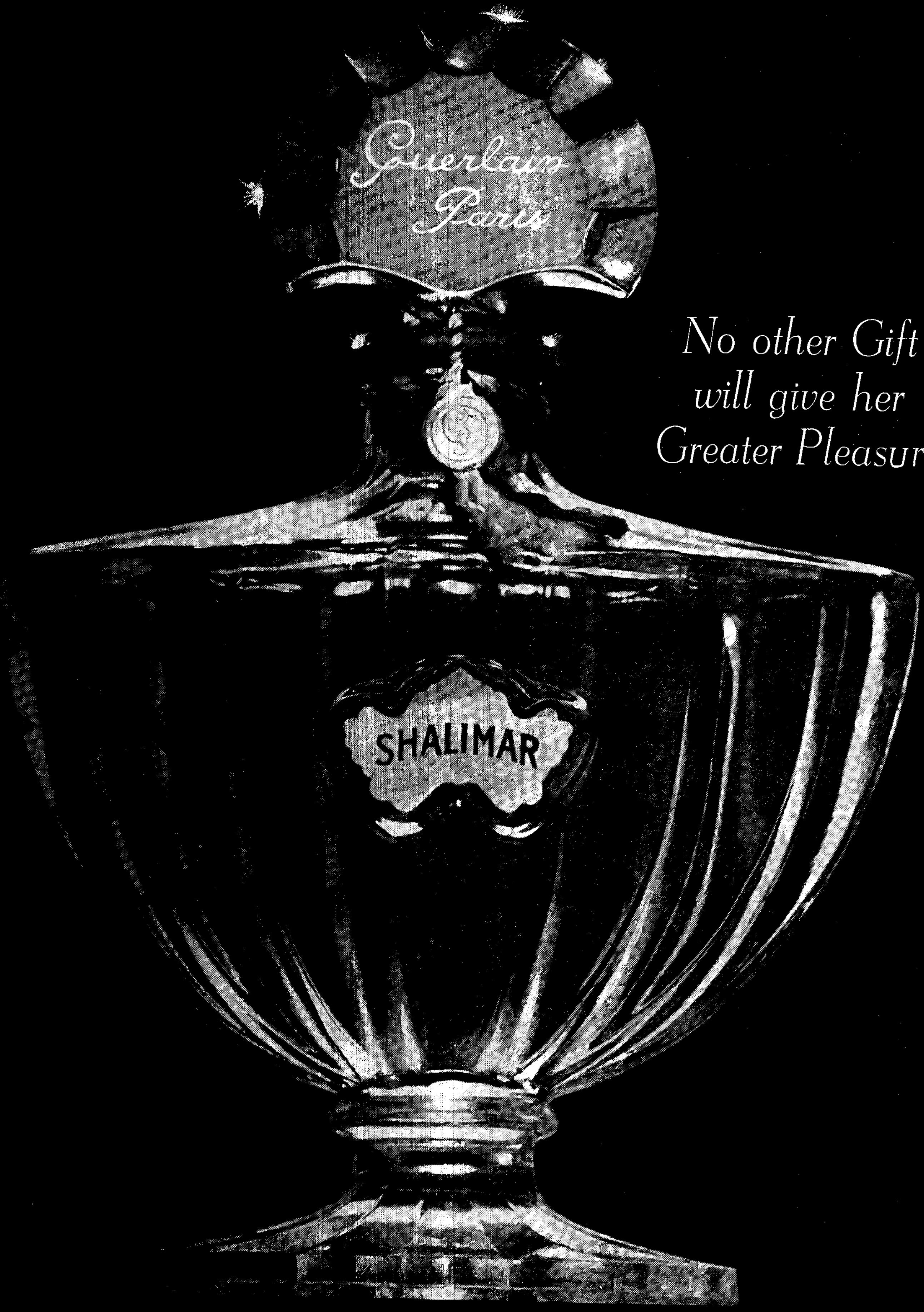
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A ship of extravagant state, staffed by travel-folder scenery, dancers of fever-heat energy, and a gaggle of glorious young ladies in remarkably practical work clothes, with humor (Sue Carson) that's well above the plateau considered adequate for large gatherings. . . . **CASA CUGAT,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): A new pleasure dome, dedicated to two projects—(1) Good Neighbor music, from Charles Holden's Manhattan band to the Latin pulsings of Xavier Cugat's and Emilio Reyes's orchestras, and (2) Good Neighbor cuisine, from the forty-ninth state (Baked Alaska) to the Caribbean (papaya). Pretty, cool, and comfortable, and full of taut dance tunes from six-thirty until four every day of the week.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A changing of the guard will take place on Sunday, Dec. 14, when Martha Davis and Spouse, who love each other, their audience,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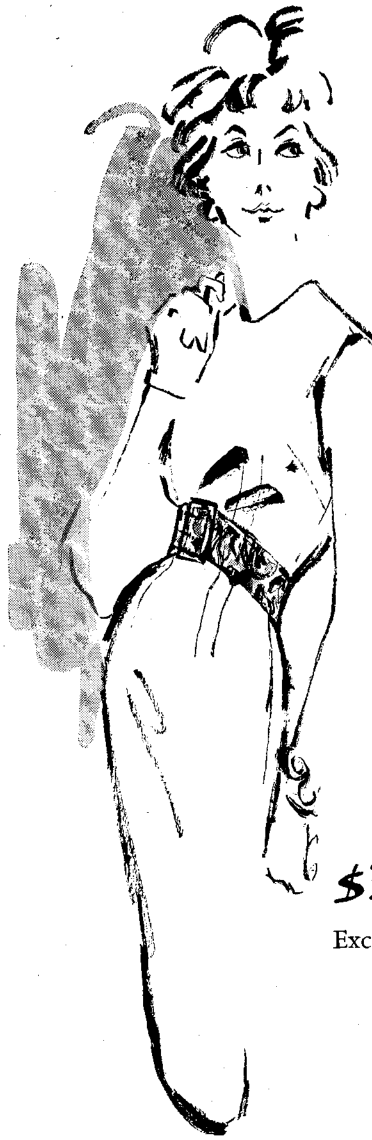

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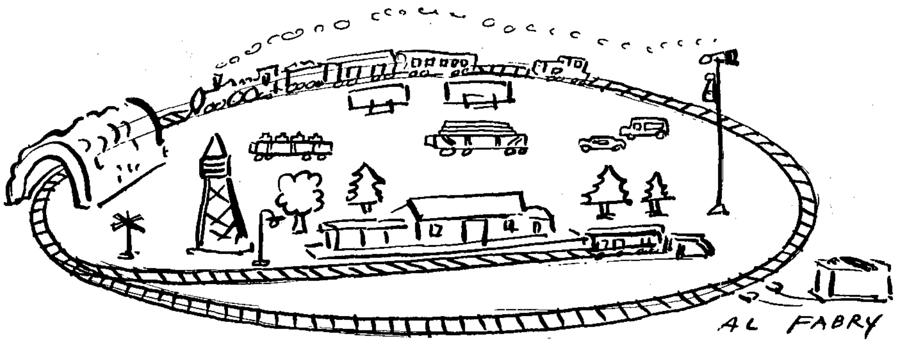
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and life (all very much out loud), as well as George Matson, a nimble parodist with malice toward everyone and favor toward none, bow out. Felicia Sanders, whose chanteys are often gems of emotional crisis, and Reneaux, a palmist who can make six doves grow where none grew before, will remain aboard. They'll be joined next evening by Tom Lehrer, Harvard haruspex and misanthrope, who sort of sings, and Frank Buxton, a novitiate raconteur. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard provide the background. Fridays and Saturdays, the romp begins as early as nine-forty-five. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): As wise and witty a fools' paradise as was ever devised. It offers, at nine-thirty and twelve, the fools to prove it—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, who populate a completely Inside New York revue put on by Julius Monk. The pit band is the double pianos of Jay Thompson and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Another Julius Monk pavilion, serving as a cage for Tammy Grimes, a spitfire who means every word she sings. The exemplary pianos of Stan Keen and Carl Norman embellish not only her tense outbursts but all the rest of the evening. The bar opens at five, the piano music starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A chaste and ornamental Florentine school of cookery that tries its hand at being a supper club late in the evening. Calm, clear piano by Dick Hankinson from dinnertime on; after the theatre, there is purposeful song by Greta Rae, plus the brisk, pungent piano of Herman Chittison. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): This small spa is a rostrum for the clowning of Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, a very noisy bunch of kids. The arias are by Suzanne Lake. The clowns are off Sundays, when old movies take place; Miss Lake is away Mondays, which are amateur-talent nights. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, sit down to the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): Well, they can't all be gems, but there are worthy literary efforts to be heard in this crypt under the Hotel Duane—i.e., the conversations of Milt Kamen, a firecracker-barrel philosopher, and the songbook of Isobel Robins, who is blond as Venus, gay as a lark, light as air. Closed Sundays. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): It could be a hideaway in Port Said or a figment of almost anyone's imagination, though it's really just the sternpost of the Midtown Café. The piano is run by Baldwin Bergersen, a composer and musician of considerable merit. The guiding spirit is Janice Mars, who sings her songs with simplicity, directness, honesty, and humor. Dead silence Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, one of the most compulsive young Lochinvars ever to come out of the West, is chanting his paeans to dawn's early light and playing his cloudburst piano in a stage set that is insane about red plush. Russ Haddock's full-blooded trio assists Mr. Short when it hasn't got other fish to fry, such as its own tunes. Mr. Short and Mr. Haddock take Sundays off. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): There are, after all, still moments of unalloyed joy on this Village green, as when Mae Barnes goes to bat against an array of popular songs, when Alice Ghostley pours forth, in ballad form, an analysis of the chaos in the minds of most ladies of Manhattan, and when Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames prance through their music for madmen. Tony and Eddie, wild and woolly wearers of sock and buskin, venture into ear-splitting pantomime both pure and impure, and Jimmie Daniels, entrepreneur of this unruly horde, attempts some boulevardier ballads once in a while. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The doorstep is just south of the border, and so is most of the populace, onstage and off. In the back room, there's a Latin dance band and a Latin show of sorts, headed by Beatrice Kraft's miniature ballet, which isn't Latin but *is* funny; in an alcove beside the bar, a Costa Rican guitarist named Ray Tico sings his happy heart out. Things get going around nine; Sundays, the sole operation is a Latin tea dance from one to six.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The Battle of Jericho is reproduced with such fidelity that you can actually hear the walls come tumbling down. Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin are on the firing line, and Mr. Condon, the proprietor, often joins in with his one-man school of anecdotal-style guitar. Bob Hammer is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor, artfully reorganizing melodic lines to suit herself, is the wide-awake nightingale in these parts; Randy Weston's latter-day trio gives her additional driving force. Sundays there are matinées, four-thirty to seven, as well as the nighttime sessions. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Undaunted by the pine panelling of this satire on Camelot, Tyree Glenn's admirable quartet, for which Hank Jones is the piano man, goes blampety-blamp through a generally rugged assortment of setting-up exercises, and George Shearing's quintet dreams of hot nights in the Caribbean, warm nights in outer space, and cool nights on old E. 50th St. The Shearings' last night is Saturday, Dec. 13; on Monday, Dec. 15, Woody Herman, now operating with a six-man Herd, arrives. Sundays, other playboys take over. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The way Bourbon Street looked back in 1900 to Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Wilber Kirk, and other ancestor worshippers. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and visiting brass shoots the evening breeze every Monday. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, sometimes paints his piano every color of the rainbow, but underneath it all he is a masterly technician. Ten-fifteen is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, a name that tells all, are clanking their hammers and tongs in one of our oldest hollow oaks. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons;



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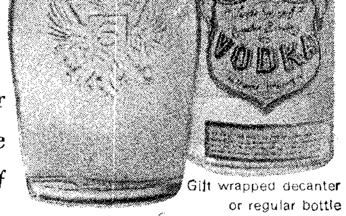

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closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some venerable musicians, trying to break the sound barrier into kindling. The disorderly parties are usually Claude Hopkins, Tony Parenti, Herb Fleming, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, and Buster Bailey. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays. Sunday afternoons, and Monday and Tuesday nights, another deal—a group headed by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): The younger generation—the trios of Muriel Roberts, pianist, and of Kenny Burrell, guitarist—enjoying their chance to play while the big cats are away. The Robertses are off Sundays, the Burrells are off Mondays. Their music, which is new-school, begins at nine. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The hue (a deep blue) and cry of Joe Williams, the singer of Count Basie's bumptious camp followers, fills every chink, cranny, and ear. Jam sessions Mondays, which are layoff days for the regulars. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A primer of Early Americana, setting forth the facts in broad, sweeping, but readily comprehensible statements. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, the faculty should include Willie the Lion Smith, Lou McGarity, Charlie Shavers, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A trifle hard of hearing, mostly because some convention or other is always erupting underfoot. More's the pity, for the musicians under fire are the trio of Teddy Wilson, who plays Teddy Wilson piano better than anyone else, and the quartet of Bobby Hackett, whose cornet has never gone off the silver standard. Eight-thirty is their usual beginning time. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A study hall for serious students. The principal speaker is the quintet of Tony Scott, a man sometimes in danger of being hoist by his own petard, or clarinet. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, Hotel Duane, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): From nine to one every evening except Sunday, a handful called the Commuters makes dance music.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY—Semiabstract oils, mostly centering on the sea; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUDWIG BEMELMANS—Paintings, mainly of France, in his first exhibition of oils; through Dec. 24. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Expressionist oils in black-and-white; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

JOHN BRATBY—The first American showing of oils by a rising young British artist, who, by the way, dubbed in those paintings for Alec Guinness in the movie "The Horse's Mouth;" through Saturday, Dec. 13. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

DAVID BURLIUK—Landscapes, flowers, and portraits; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

VIRGINIA CUTHBERT—Street scenes with figures; through Friday, Dec. 19. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—New paintings and drawings; through Jan. 10. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

FRED FARR—Bronzes cast by the lost-wax process, plus a number of brush-and-ink sketches; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—New Abstract Expressionist paintings by an American associated with the Paris school; through Dec. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Landscapes, interiors, and

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still-lifes (1908-43); through Jan. 3. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

William Stanley Haseltine—A memorial exhibition of sea and landscape paintings and drawings (1854-99); through Dec. 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Fannie Hillsmith—Paintings of Victorian interiors and objects; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Joseph Jeswald—Sensitively colorful figure studies and other subjects. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Oskar Kokoschka—Water colors, drawings, and lithographs; through Monday, Dec. 15. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger and the School of Paris—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Léger, supplemented by oils by Picasso, Soutine, Braque, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Henri Matisse—Twenty bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)...¶ Drawings and bronze sculptures; through Dec. 27. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred H. Maurer—A retrospective of twenty oils; through Dec. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman—Figures and figurines (1930-40) in papier-mâché and terra cotta, along with a group of drawings and dry points; through Dec. 31. (Hewitt, 22 E. 66th St.)

Picasso—Works in ten mediums, including oils, ceramics, and lithographs; through Dec. 27. *(Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)*

Larry Rivers—Oils, sculptures, and lithographs; through Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

Jack Tworkov—Charcoal and pencil drawings; through Jan. 3. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Paintings from the City Art Museum of St. Louis—Fifty European and American works, from Cranach to Picasso, on loan from, and for the benefit of, the Museum; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—By Herbert Ferber, David Hare, and Ibram Lassaw; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Christmas Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures ($65 to $3,500) by, for instance, Paul Burlin, Reuben Tam, and William King; through Dec. 24.... **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Graphics ($25 to $150) by Edward Giobbi, James Leong, and three other artists; through Dec. 24.... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Georgia O'Keeffe, and William Zorach are among the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures ($100 to $1,000); through Dec. 27.... **GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA**, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St.: Thirty Latin-American artists are participants in a showing of paintings, drawings, prints, and small sculptures ($25 to $400); through Dec. 31.... **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures ($150 to $6,000) by such Europeans as Paul Klee, Emil Nolde, and Ernst Barlach; through Dec. 31.... **MELTZER**, 38 W. 57th St.: A selection of twelfth- to twentieth-century works ($5 to $4,500) including pieces by Rodin and Lyonel Feininger; through Jan. 10.... **NOTE:** Nine downtown galleries are coöperating in a Christmas show (weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6) of more than four hundred American works in a variety of mediums—**AREA**, 80 E. 10th St.; $45 to $250. **BRATA**, 89 E. 10th St.; $50 to $1,000. **CAMINO**, 92 E. 10th St.; $100 to $750. **FLEISCHMAN**, 227 E. 10th St.; $50 to $1,200. **JAMES**, 70 E. 12th St.; $75 to $1,800. **MARCH**, 95 E. 10th St.; $30 to $300. **NONAGON**, 99 Second Ave., at 6th St.; $75 to $1,500. **PHOENIX**, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St.; $25 to $400. **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.; $50 to $450.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **JAMES GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings (eighteenth-century to modern) by, among others, Benjamin West, George Inness, and Marsden Hartley; through Dec. 24.... **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The thirty-fourth annual mixed-mediums exhibition by the New York Society of Women Artists. Among those represented are Sylvia Carewe, Elizabeth Erlanger, and Margit Beck. Through Dec. 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)... **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils, chosen by John Ferren, Robert Gwathmey, and Robert Brackman; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)... **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: The seventeenth annual (paintings and sculptures) of the League of Present-Day Artists, including works by Helen Gerardia and Domenico Facci; through Friday, Dec. 19. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and drawings by Andre Racz, Lawrence Kupferman, Amédée Ozenfant, and others; through Saturday, Dec. 13. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Drawings by such artists as Boucher, Tintoretto, and Toulouse-Lautrec, together with a group by the present-day English primitive Scottie Wilson; *through* Saturday, Dec. 20.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arp, Matisse, Schwitters, and others; through Jan. 3.

Note—An exhibition and sale of water colors, drawings, and graphic arts by the Lower East Side Independent Artists will continue at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., through Dec. 21. The show is sponsored by the Lower East Side Neighborhoods Association, and is open daily from 3 to 9.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works, ranging from Colonial times to the present, by fourteen American masters, including John Singleton Copley, Mary Cassatt, and John Marin; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Monday, Dec. 15. ...¶ Some five hundred photographs (from the Museum's collection) taken since 1838 by three hundred men and women in eighteen countries; through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of pagan and primitive peoples' funerary objects (clothing, jewelry, masks, statuettes, vessels for food and drink, and so on) unearthed in Egypt and other African countries, the Far East, and North and South America; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—*A selection of paintings submitted for* the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Primitive sculptures in metal, among them bronzes from Benin, in Nigeria, and pre-Columbian goldwork from Central and South America; through Feb. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The second exhibition by the New Sculpture Group, including works by Peter Grippe, Herbert Kallem, and Ibram Lassaw; through Dec. 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1958 annual of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, containing a hundred and eighty-four works by as many artists; through Jan. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Dec. 11: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. ...¶ Friday evening, Dec. 12: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Eugenio Fernandi, Mario Zanasi, and Nicola Moscona.

. . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 13: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Hilde Gueden, Roberta Peters, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, Cesare Valletti, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 13: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, George London, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 14: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Jan Peerce, Mario Sereni, and Norman Scott. A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 before 2 on Friday. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 15: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 17: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Gloria Davy, Roberta Peters, Nicolai Gedda, Theodor Uppman, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 18: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, George London, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 19: "Rigoletto," with Laurel Hurley, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 20: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 20: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Hilde Gueden, Roberta Peters, Blanche Thebom, Theodor Uppman, Gabor Carelli, and Frank Guarrera. A benefit for the Hartman-Homecrest Children's Services. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 12, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 14, at 3 (all with Johanna Martzy, violin, and with Mr. Bernstein as the piano soloist); and an all-Bach Christmas program on Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 19, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 21, at 3 (all with Rosalyn Tureck, who will double as piano soloist and conductor for two concertos; Maria Stader, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Jan Peerce, tenor; Norman Farrow, baritone; and the Schola Cantorum).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the Air—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Mario Del Monaco, tenor. A benefit for Boys' Towns of Italy. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call SU 7-5954.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Robert Scholz conducting, with Sidney Harth, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

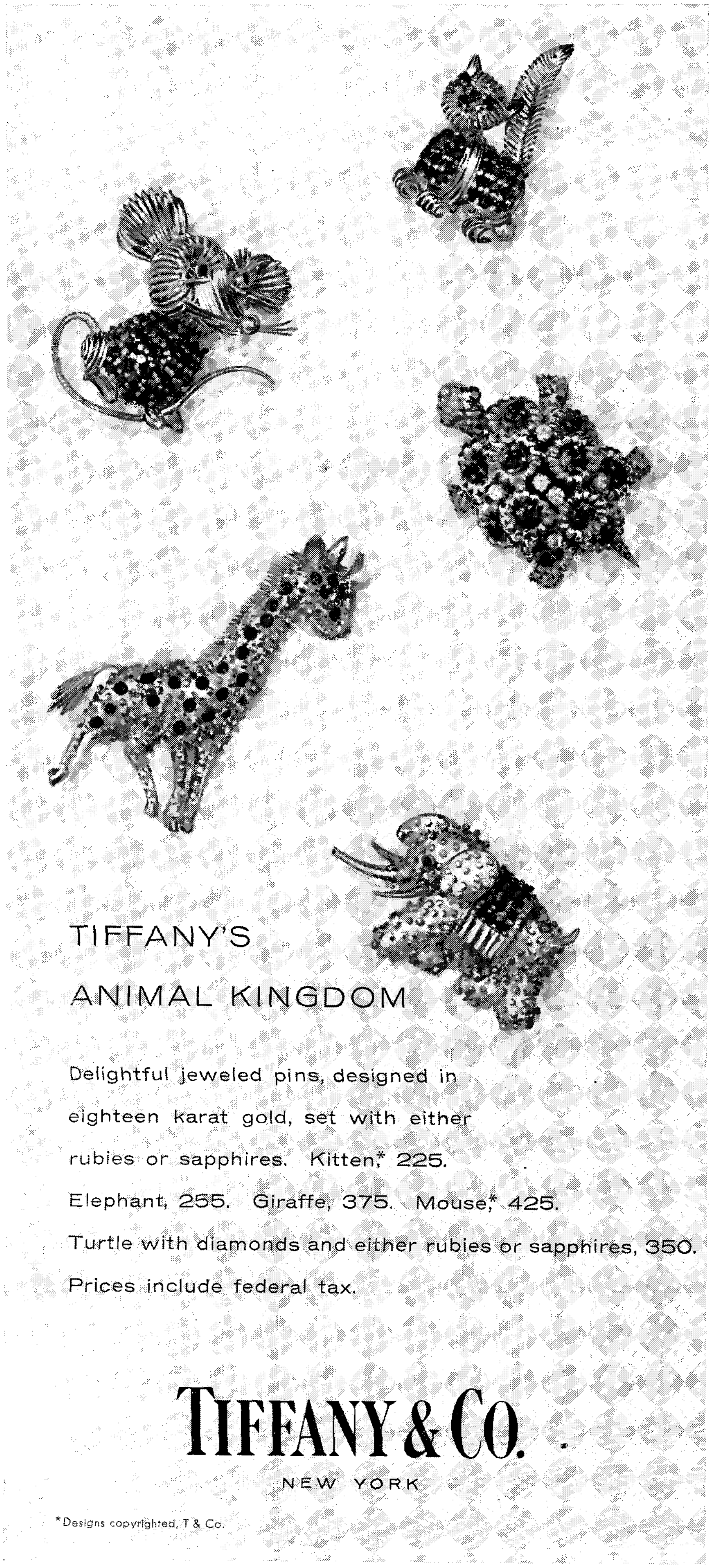
American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2.)

Harold Farberman—Conducting an orchestra made up of fifty-five members of the Boston Symphony, with Leonid Hambro, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 5:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Aaron Copland as guest conductor for two of his own works, and with William Warfield, baritone. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—William Reese directing a program of sacred French baroque music, with Charlotte Bloecher Anderson and Dilys Jones Smith, sopranos; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; John Yard, bass; Vernon de Tar, continuo organ; and a baroque orchestra. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, Dec. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Alfred Greenfield directing Handel's "Messiah," with Janet Southwick, soprano; Beatrice Krebs, contralto; Howard Jarratt, tenor; and John



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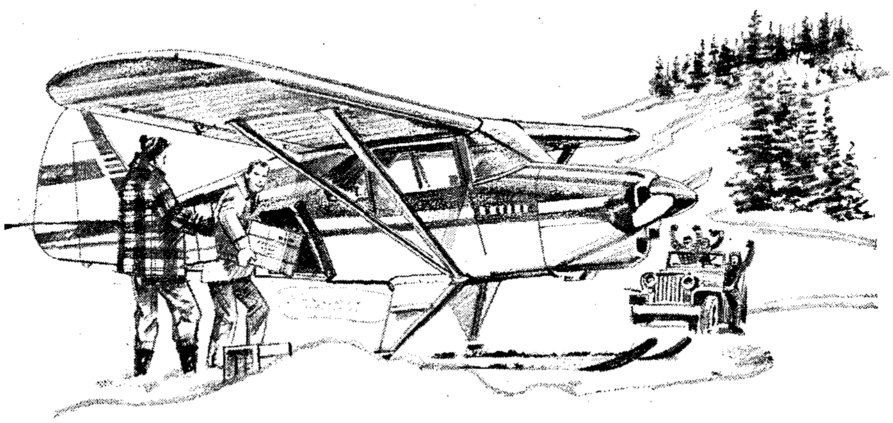

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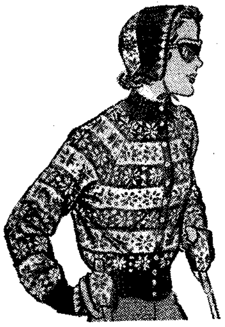

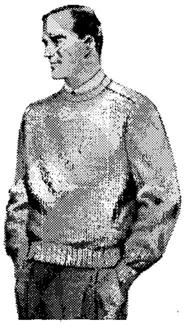

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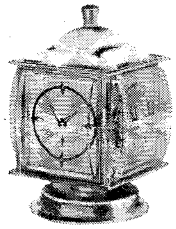

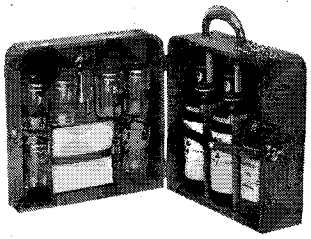

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Macdonald, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Ruth Douglass directing a Christmas-carol concert. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The third concert in the series, this one by the New York Pro Musica. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 4 to 7.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ODETTA—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

SUNDAY CONCERT SOCIETY—The third in a series of eight concerts, this one by Paul Doktor, viola; Paul Ulanowsky, piano; and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 5:30. For tickets, call PL 7-0782.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES AND JOSEPH FUCHS—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Pat McMurtry vs. Nino Valdes, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 19. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 7.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 12, at 9: Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 7: Boston vs. Syracuse and Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 14, at 2:05.)

SKATING—*Finals of the Silver Skates competitions. Sponsored by the* News *Welfare Association.* (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting a program of Christmas music, with Max Adrian, narrator, and the Trinity Church Boys Choir. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 13, at noon.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Tom Two Arrows, the Iroquois Indian dancer, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

PLAYS—By the **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 11.) . . . **VICTORIA PRODUCTIONS:** "Clown Headquarters." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 11:30 and 1:30.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Peter and the Wolf," Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ "The Red Dragon," Saturday, Dec. 20. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "I Wish I May." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Hans Brinker," Saturday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," Saturday, Dec. 20. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Afternoons at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

BALLET—John Begg's Ballet Company presenting "Aladdin" and "Carnival of Animals." (Mc-

Millin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Variety Show—"The Littlest Circus," complete with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, magicians, a one-man band, a hurdy-gurdy, and people dressed up as animals, has a cast of seven actors and dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on.... ¶ Paintings and prints by children of Southern Rhodesia; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Exhibits—Six electric trains running simultaneously through miniature towns and countryside, over a trestle crossing a cascading river, and through tunnels to an underground passenger station. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.) ... ¶ More trains, traversing two thousand feet of track, plus Erector constructions and scientific displays that young visitors can operate by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science. Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)... ¶ "The Mark of Zorro," with Douglas Fairbanks. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Dec. 13, at 11 and 1:15. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, Dec. 12), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30.... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Prose and Drama Readings—At the **brooklyn academy of music:** A group of actors, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in a reading of Shakespeare's "Richard III." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)... **kaufmann concert hall,** Y.M.H.A.: Truman Capote reading from his own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Leonardo da Vinci's Inventions—Thirty working models (rotated from a collection of some fifty) of Leonardo's scientific inventions, including the flying machine, the breech-loading gun, and a revolving-stage system, constructed by Roberto Guatelli; through Jan. 31. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12-13, at 1:45: Part II of the Cushing Toppan collection—George III and other old English silver and English and American eighteenth-century furniture and decorations. (Exhibition hours: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11-12, from 10 to 5.)

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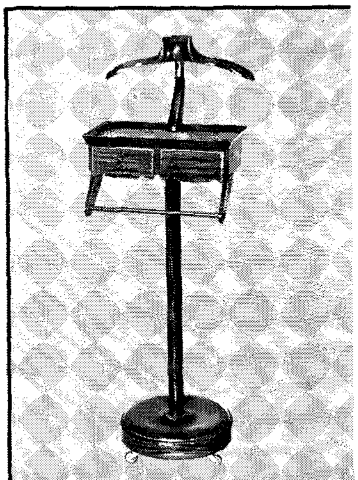
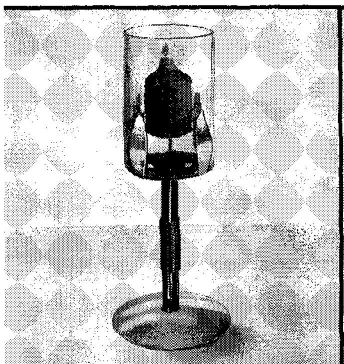
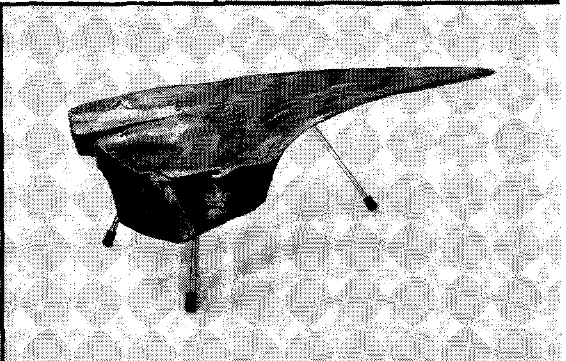

Gentleman's silent "valet" in mahogany or walnut, 4'. $100


Hurricane standard of brass and crackle glass, 13½". $20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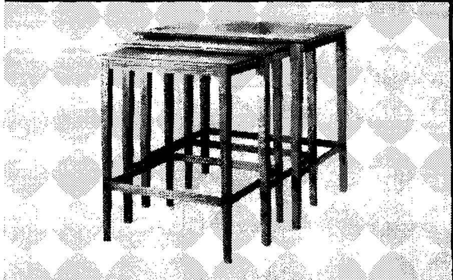
Rugged pewter beer mugs hold a hearty 19 ounces of cheer. Each $10


Nest of multi-purpose teak tables. Tallest is 19½". Set $125

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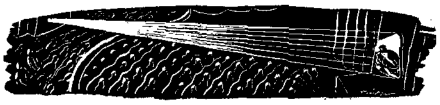
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



DAMN YANKEES—Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston are superlative as a lady and gentleman from Hell in this musical about a man who sells his soul to the Devil when the latter promises to let Washington beat the Yankees to the pennant. Directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen, the film has a lot of sprightly tunes and some very spry dances. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 13, tentative.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 16, tentative.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Dec. 17.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 13-16, tentative.)

THE DEFIANT ONES—Under Stanley Kramer's direction, Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis perform admirably in this grim story of a Negro and a white man, full of hatred for each other's race, who escape together from a Southern prison camp and, in the course of fleeing from a posse, learn something about tolerance. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Dec. 11, tentative.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Dec. 13, tentative.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 13-16.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 13-16, tentative.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 14-16, tentative. ... ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 17.)

GERVAISE—Maria Schell gives a superb performance in this French adaptation of a Zola novel revealing the horrendously seamy side of life in France during the Second Empire. Also with François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 11.)

GIGI—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a parcel of nice songs, and some beguiling acting by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH—Joyce Cary's novel about a modern artist who can't conform to current conventions has been adapted by Alec Guinness, who also performs as the artist in question. Mr. Guinness does better as actor than he has done as adapter, but nevertheless the film adds up to a stimulating piece of work. With Kay Walsh, Renee Houston, Robert Coote, Veronica Turleigh, Mike Morgan, and Michael Gough. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE MATCHMAKER—A happy glimpse of the way things were in Manhattan and Yonkers in the eighteen-eighties. As a lady who poses as a marriage broker in order to snag a wealthy Yonkers merchant for herself, Shirley Booth is wonderfully effective, and Paul Ford is estimable as her prey. Anthony Perkins, as the merchant's clerk, and Shirley MacLaine, as a milliner, make a fine pair of young lovers. The picture is based on Thornton Wilder's play. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Dec. 15.... ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Dec. 12-14, tentative.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Dec. 17.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Dec. 17, tentative.)

ME AND THE COLONEL—This account of the haphazard flight of a Polish Jew and an anti-Semitic Polish colonel from Paris in 1940 is gently diverting throughout. Danny Kaye could not be improved upon as the Jew, and Curt Jurgens is excellent as the Colonel. Nicole Maurey turns up as a lovely travelling companion of the gentlemen, and Akim Tamiroff as the Colonel's batman. They are first-rate, and so are Françoise Rosay, Alexander Scourby, and Martita Hunt, who round out the cast. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 12, tentative.... ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 16.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Dec. 17, tentative.)

PATHER PANCHALI—An on-the-spot depiction of life in a village in India. Extraordinarily affecting, after a slow start. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN—John Huston's long but occasionally dramatic movie about a man who thinks elephants are getting a bad shake from the ivory hunters. Trevor Howard plays the elephants' pal, and he is supported by Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626.)

WITCHES OF SALEM—Jean-Paul Sartre's adaptation of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," a drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692, may not have much in common with our notions about the way things were in New England in the old days, but it has quite a few dramatic episodes nevertheless. A good cast is headed by Mylene Demongeot, Simone Signoret, and Yves Montand. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 12-15.)

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Dec. 12.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 12, tentative.)

THE MOON IS BLUE (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; through Dec. 16.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—That famous Russian job. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 16.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle about the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Dec. 16.)

THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. Funny and French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 12, tentative.)

THE SPANISH EARTH (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 12-15.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Dec. 15.)

A TALE OF TWO CITIES (1935)—Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, and Blanche Yurka are among those present in this film of the Dickens novel. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Dec. 16.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years, Part II"—Through Dec. 13: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with ZaSu Pitts.... ¶ Starting Dec. 14: "Hands" (1928); and "Sunrise" (1927), with Janet Gaynor. (Showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Dec. 17: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Dec. 15: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)
From Dec. 16, at 8:45: "A Night to Remember," Kenneth More. (A limited number of opening-night tickets are available at the box office. Thereafter nightly at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11 and Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Dec. 16: **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.
From Dec. 17: "The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald, Sessue Hayakawa.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders, Debra Paget.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
From Dec. 11, at 8:30: "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness," Ingrid Bergman, Curt Jurgens. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Queen's Fund for Greek Orphans. For information about tickets, call CO 5-3320, Ext. 334.)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Dec. 16: "The Tunnel of Love," Doris Day, Richard Widmark.
From Dec. 17: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"China Doll," Victor Mature, Ward Bond.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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14	15	16	17			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 16 (tentative): **DAMN YANKEES.**
From Dec. 17 (tentative): **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 15: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 16: "Hollywood or Bust," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; and "The Indian Fighter," revival, Kirk Douglas, Walter Matthau.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 12 (tentative): **ME AND THE COLONEL.**
Dec. 13-16 (tentative): **DAMN YANKEES.**
From Dec. 17 (tentative): **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Dec. 15: "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine; and "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.
From Dec. 16: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Dec. 16: **RICHARD III**, revival.
From Dec. 17: "The Doctor's Dilemma," Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 15: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 16: **A TALE OF TWO CITIES**, revival; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Pepote" (in Spanish), Pablito Calvo.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Dec. 11: "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.
From Dec. 12: "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness," Ingrid Bergman, Curt Jurgens.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Dec. 11 (tentative): **THE DEFIANT ONES.**
Dec. 12-14 (tentative): **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Dec. 15, at 8:30: "He Who Must Die" (in French), Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 17: **DAMN YANKEES.**

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Dec. 15: "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine; and "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.
From Dec. 16: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Dec. 13 (tentative): **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Hong Kong Confidential," Gene Barry, Beverly Tyler.
Dec. 14-16 (tentative): "La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Brigitte Bardot; and "The Fearmakers," Dana Andrews, Dick Foran.
From Dec. 17 (tentative): **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "Naked Earth," Richard Todd, Juliette Greco.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 13 (tentative): **DAMN YANKEES.**
Dec. 14-16 (tentative): **THE DEFIANT ONES.**
From Dec. 17 (tentative): **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 15: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 16: **A TALE OF TWO CITIES**, revival; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 15: "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine; and "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.
From Dec. 16: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Dec. 12: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival; and "Fernandel the Dressmaker" (in French), revival.
Dec. 13-16: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley.
From Dec. 17: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 12 (tentative): **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival; and **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival.
Dec. 13-16 (tentative): **THE DEFIANT ONES.**
From Dec. 17 (tentative): "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 15: "Torpedo Run," Glenn Ford, Ernest Borgnine; and "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.
From Dec. 16: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 13: "Circus of Love" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Eva Bartok; and "A Plea for Passion" (in Italian; formerly called "The Bigamist"), Vittorio De Sica.
Dec. 14-16: "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson; and "Quentin Durward," revival, Robert Taylor, Kay Kendall.
From Dec. 17: "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel; and "Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Dec. 15: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 16: **A TALE OF TWO CITIES**, revival; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"My Uncle" (in English), Jacques Tati.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Flesh and Desire" (in French), Rossano Brazzi, Viviane Romance.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 17: "Tosca" (in Italian).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
WITCHES OF SALEM (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Dec. 15: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Dec. 16: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 16: **ME AND THE COLONEL**; and "How to Murder a Rich Uncle," revival, Charles Coburn, Nigel Patrick.
From Dec. 17: **THE DEFIANT ONES**; and "The Ambassador's Daughter," revival, Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 11: **GERVAISE** (in French); and "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), revival Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.
Dec. 12-15: **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival; and **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE**, revival.
From Dec. 16: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "The Anna Cross" (in Russian), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 15: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 16: **A TALE OF TWO CITIES**, revival; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Dec. 13: "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Cancan"), revival, Jean Gabin; and "The Light Across the Street" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Raymond Pellegrin.
From Dec. 14: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Dec. 15: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
From Dec. 16: "The Blob," Steven McQueen; and "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," Tom Tryon.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 15: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 16: **A TALE OF TWO CITIES**, revival; and "The Black Tent," Anthony Steel, Donald Sinden.

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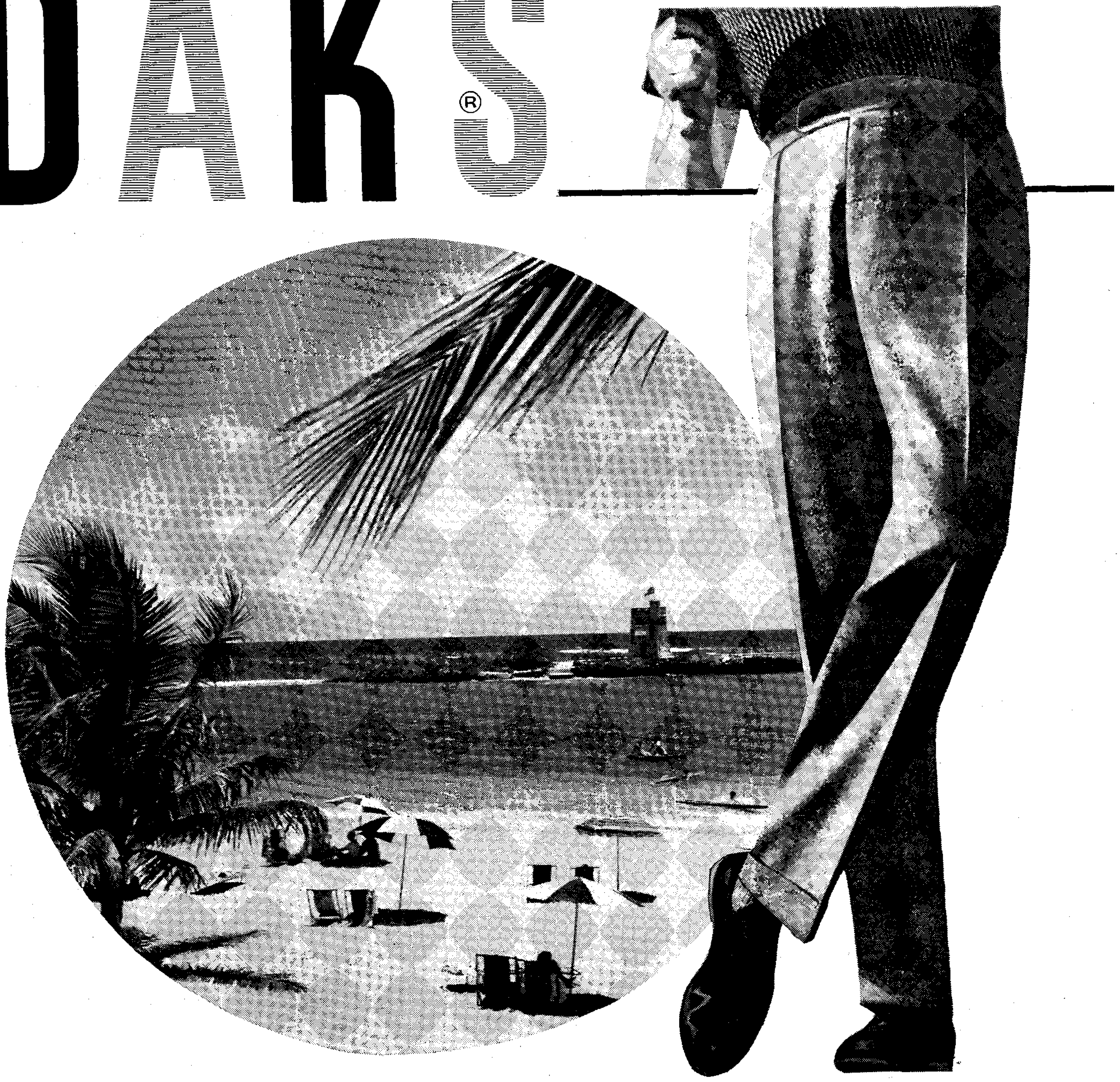

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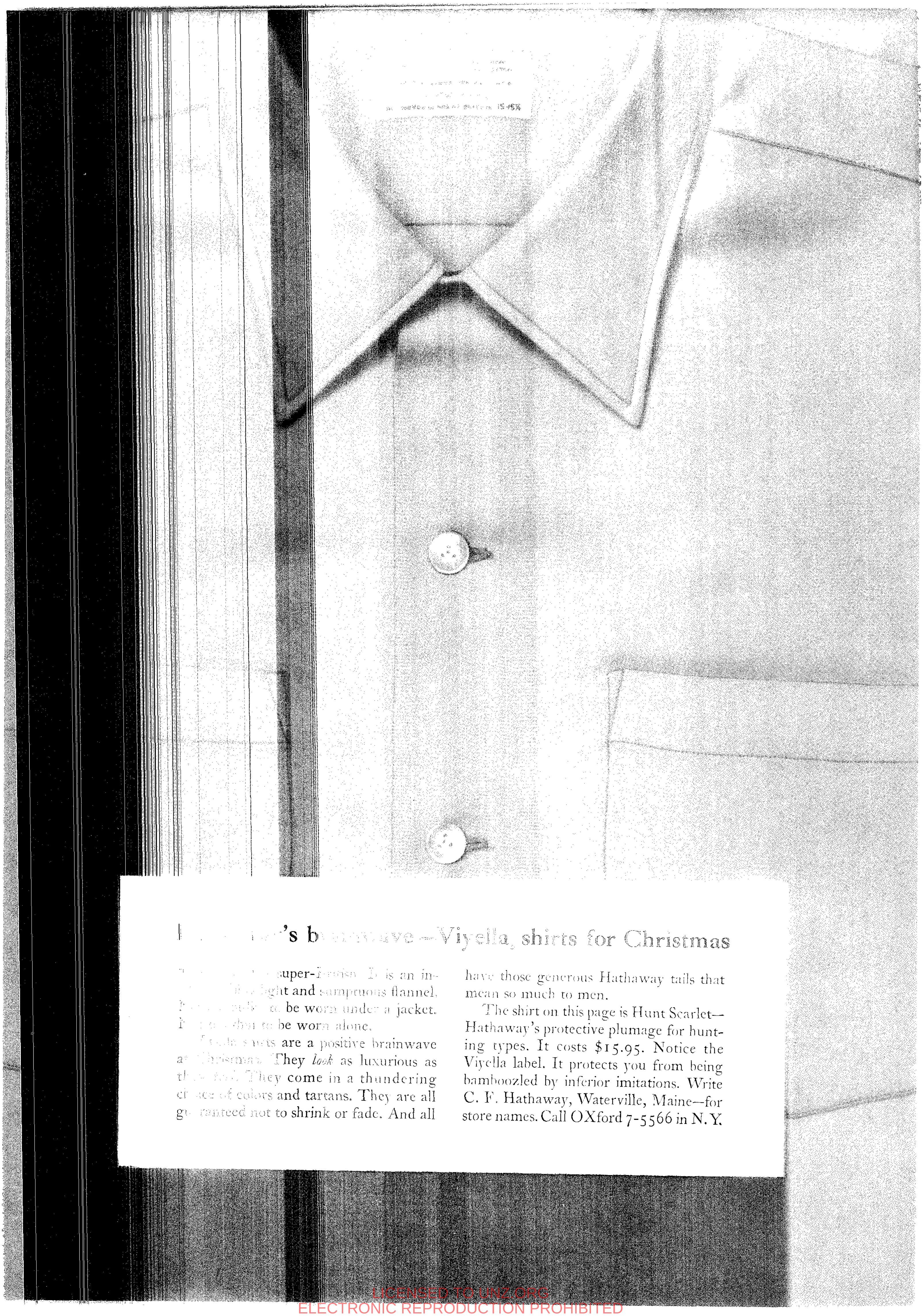

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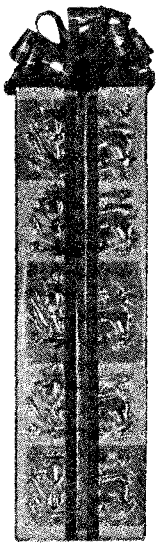

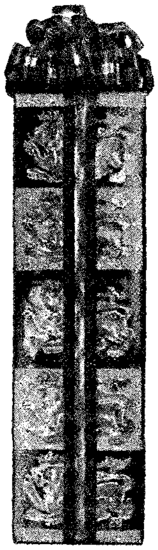

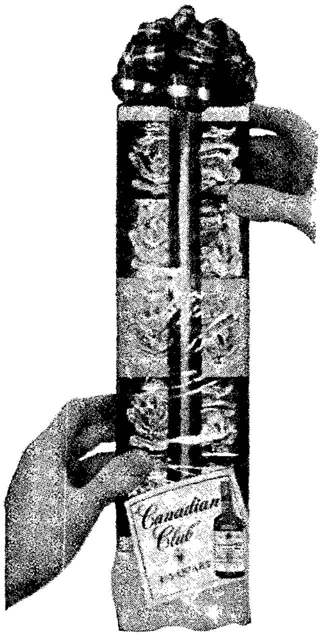
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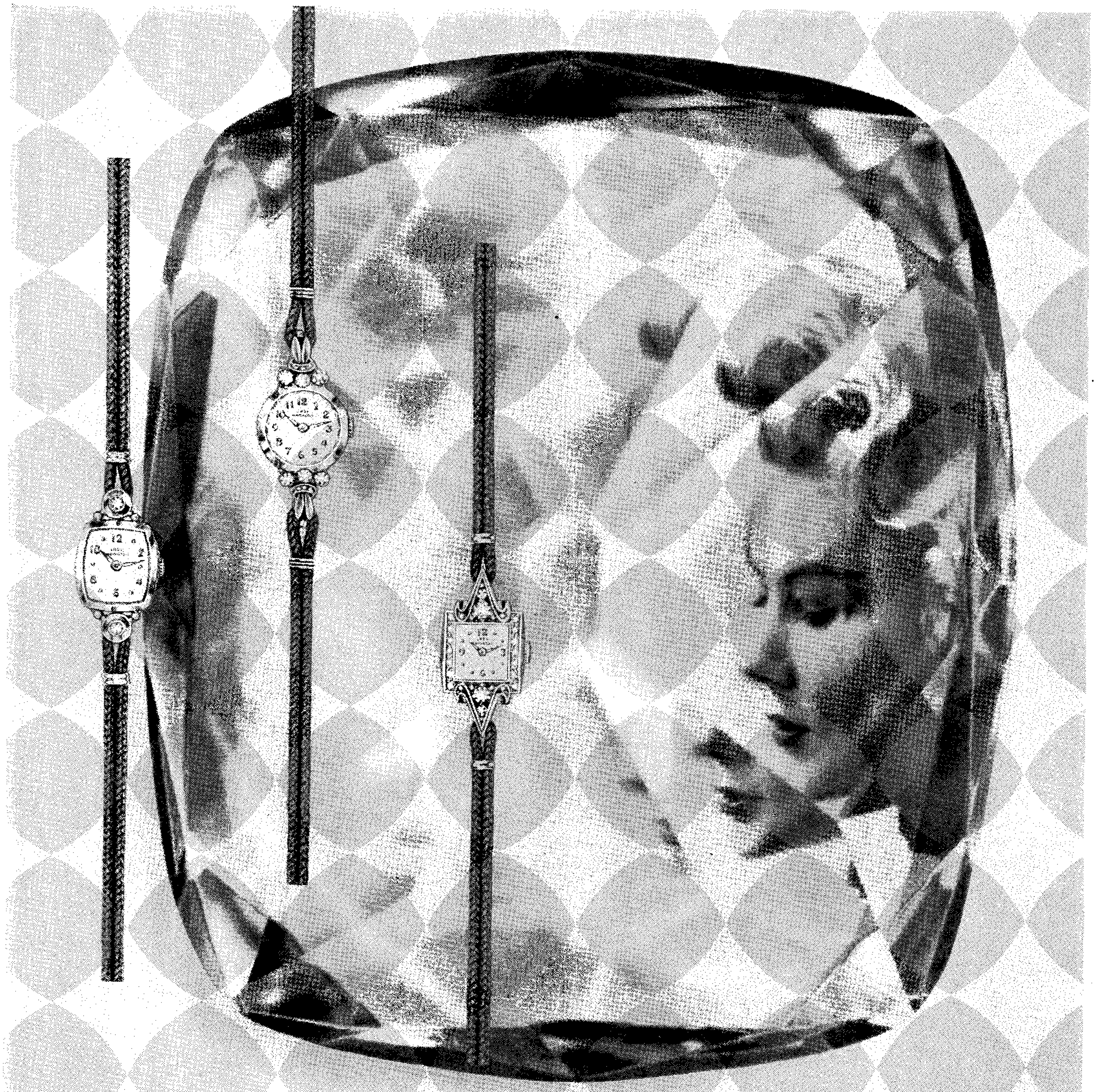

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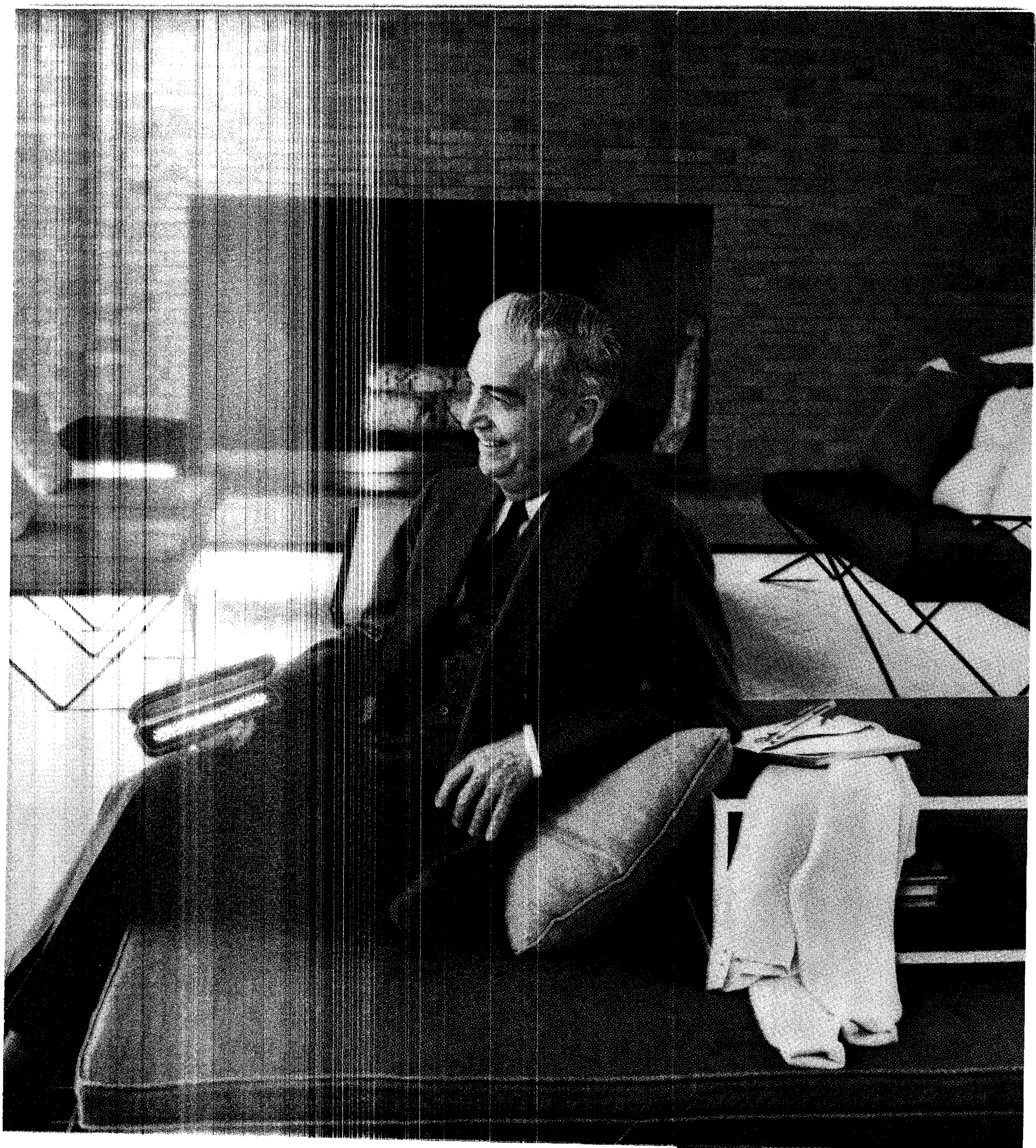

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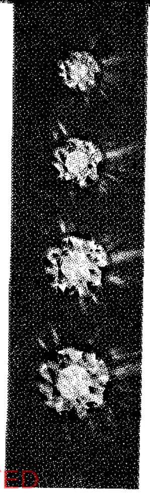

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A. Wind Song Spray Mist Cologne and Perfume Purse Dispenser. $5.

B. Cologne Collection of six long-lasting fragrances. $3.50

C. Three Crown Set of quarter-ounce perfumes. $15.

D. Prince Matchabelli Perfume in gold encrusted crowns. From $6. to $25.

E. Cologne Duet with jingle bells. $2.50

F. Cologne Threesome $3.

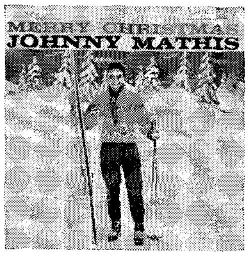
G. Perfume purse dispenser with red velvet bag. $3.

H. Abano Bath Capsules in apothecary jar. $3.

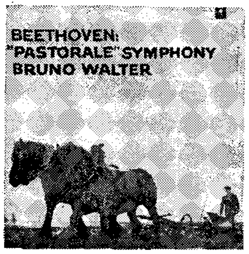
At fine cosmetic counters everywhere.

WIND SONG • STRADIVARI • BELOVED • ADDED ATTRACTION • ABANO

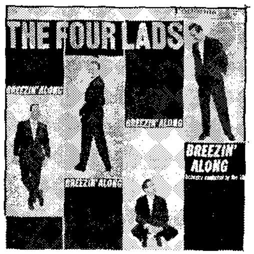
FILL OUT THIS PAGE . . . *under each new Columbia ℗ Record write the name of someone special on your Christmas list.*


MERRY CHRISTMAS
JOHNNY MATHIS

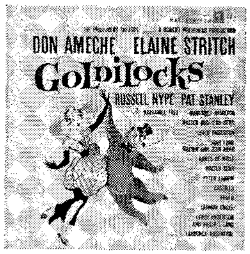
for ________ *


BEETHOVEN:
"PASTORALE" SYMPHONY
BRUNO WALTER

for ________ *


THE FOUR LADS
BREEZIN' ALONG

for ________ *


DON AMECHE ELAINE STRITCH
Goldilocks
RUSSELL NYPE PAT STANLEY

for ________ *

THE ORGAN CONCERTOS OF HANDEL
E. POWER BIGGS

for ________ *

Rhapsodies
LISZT
ENESCO
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
EUGENE ORMANDY

for ________ *

THEATRE PARTY
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA

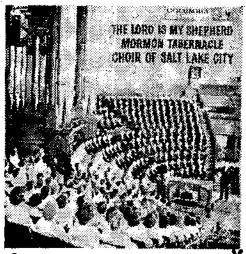
for ________ *

BENNY IN BRUSSELS
BENNY GOODMAN

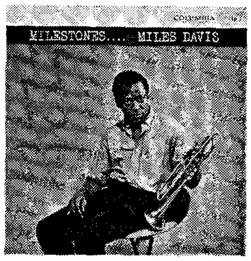
for ________ *

GRIEG:
CONCERTO IN A MINOR FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA, OP. 16
RACHMANINOFF:
RHAPSODY ON A THEME OF PAGANINI, OP. 43
PHILIPPE ENTREMONT, pianist
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, EUGENE ORMANDY, CONDUCTOR

for ________ *


THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD
MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR OF SALT LAKE CITY

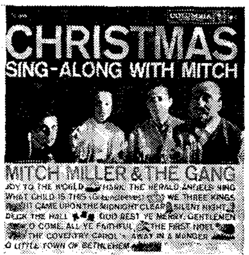
for ________ *


MILESTONES . . . . MILES DAVIS

for ________

Jazz Impressions of Eurasia
THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET

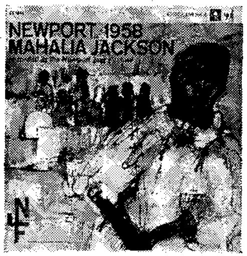
for ________ *


CHRISTMAS
SING-ALONG WITH MITCH
MITCH MILLER & THE GANG

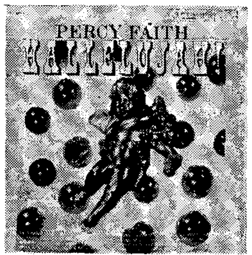
for me *

GLENN GOULD
BEETHOVEN: CONCERTO NO. 1 IN C MAJOR
BACH: CONCERTO NO. 5 IN F MINOR

for ________ *


NEWPORT 1958
MAHALIA JACKSON

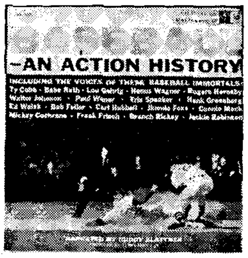
for ________ *


PERCY FAITH
HALLELUJAH

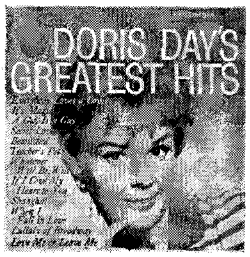
for ________ *

EILEEN FARRELL
MEDEA

for ________ *


AN ACTION HISTORY

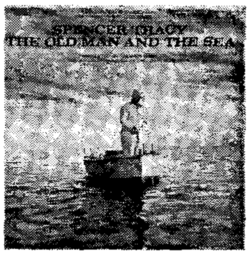
for ________


DORIS DAY'S
GREATEST HITS

for ________

'TIL MORNING JOHNNIE RAY
WITH THE BILLY TAYLOR TRIO

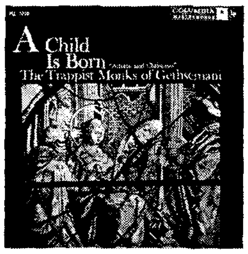
for ________ *


SPENCER TRACY
THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

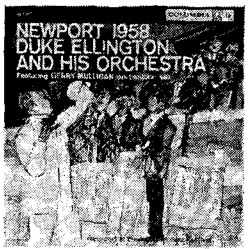
for ________ *

RAY CONNIFF
CONCERT IN RHYTHM

for ________ *


A Child Is Born
The Trappist Monks of Gethsemani

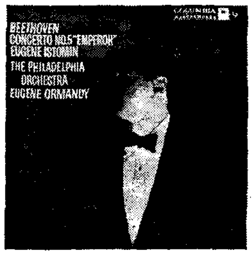
for ________


NEWPORT 1958
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

for ________ *

HANDEL: MESSIAH
CHRISTMAS MUSIC
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
LEONARD BERNSTEIN

for ________ *


BEETHOVEN
CONCERTO NO. 5 "EMPEROR"
EUGENE ISTOMIN
THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
EUGENE ORMANDY

for ________

I LOVE MOVIES
MICHEL LEGRAND

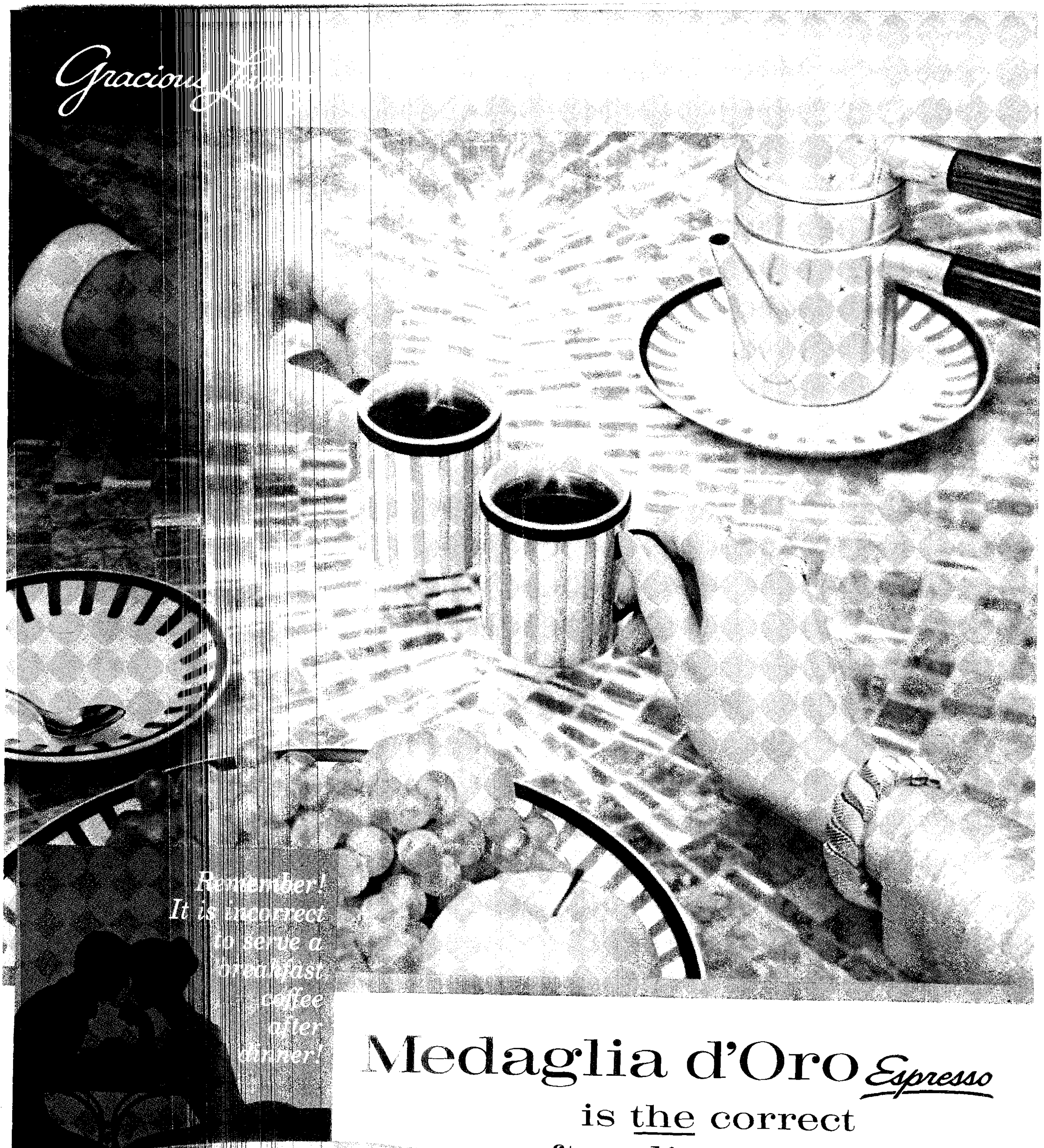
for ________

Your record shop right now is a store-full of dazzling, new Columbia albums—more wonderful sounding, more wonderful to give than ever before. And this Christmas the majority are available in two versions: Guaranteed High Fidelity—for thrilling performances on hi-fi *or* stereo phonographs, and new Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity—for the ultimate in listening with stereo phonographs. Whichever you give, you give the finest, made with the engineering skill of the greatest name in sound.

***Also available in Stereo-Fidelity*

Guaranteed Stereo-Fidelity and High-Fidelity Records by **COLUMBIA**

® "Columbia", "Masterworks" ℗ Marcas Reg. A division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.


Gracious Living
Remember! It is incorrect to serve a breakfast coffee after dinner!

The after-din
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE
12 OZ. NET

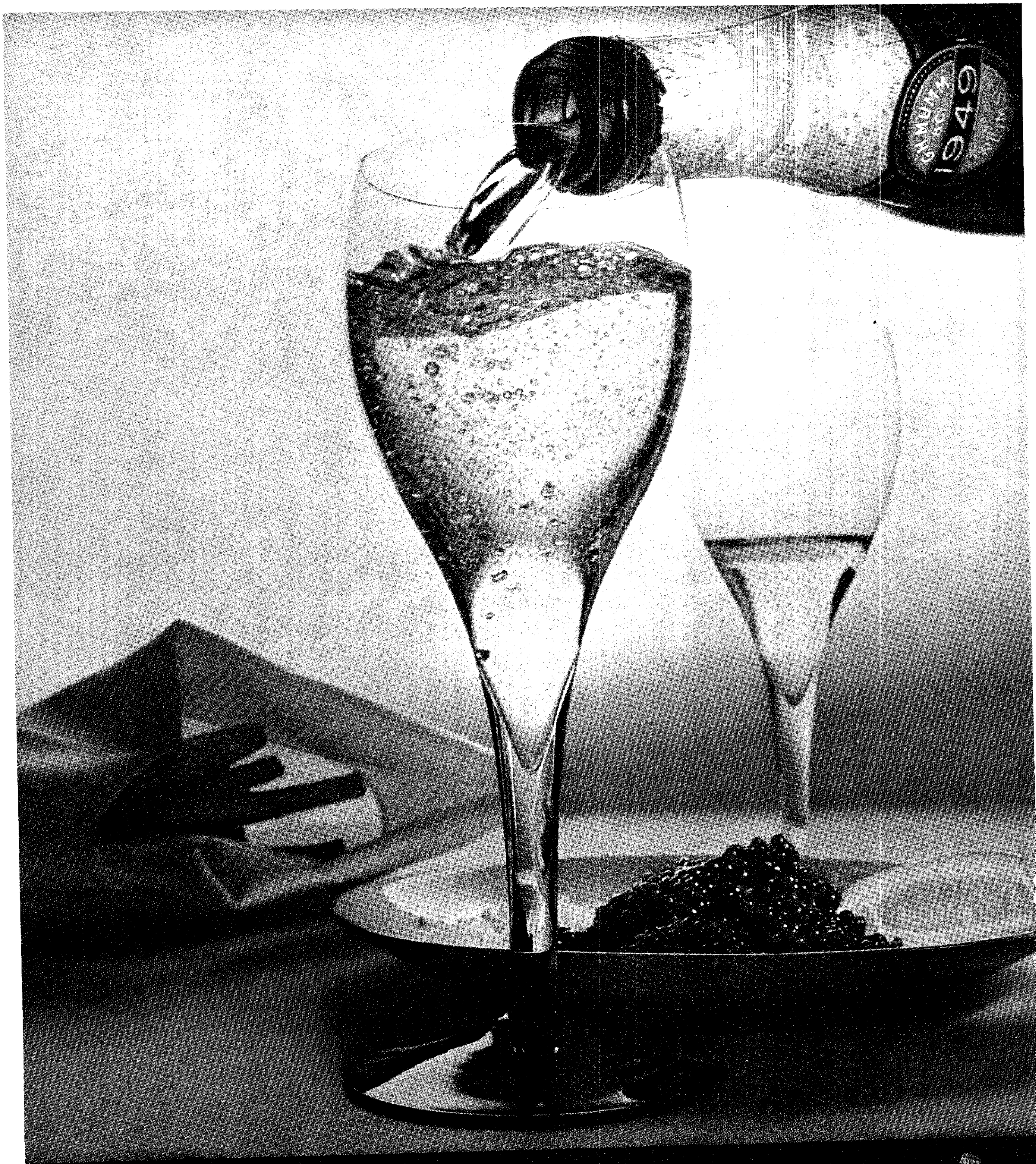
S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc.
Palisades Park, N. J.

Medaglia d'Oro *Espresso*

is the correct after-dinner coffee!

Across any table where the conversation is bright and convivial – where a feeling for the good things in life is in subtle evidence – there you will find Medaglia d'Oro Espresso graciously served. Medaglia d'Oro double-roasts the world's finest coffee beans to bring you this robust, vigorous after-dinner coffee. And it's easily brewed to dark, delicious perfection in any coffee maker you own. *Tonight?*

Jewelry by Van Cleef & Arpels, La Boutique

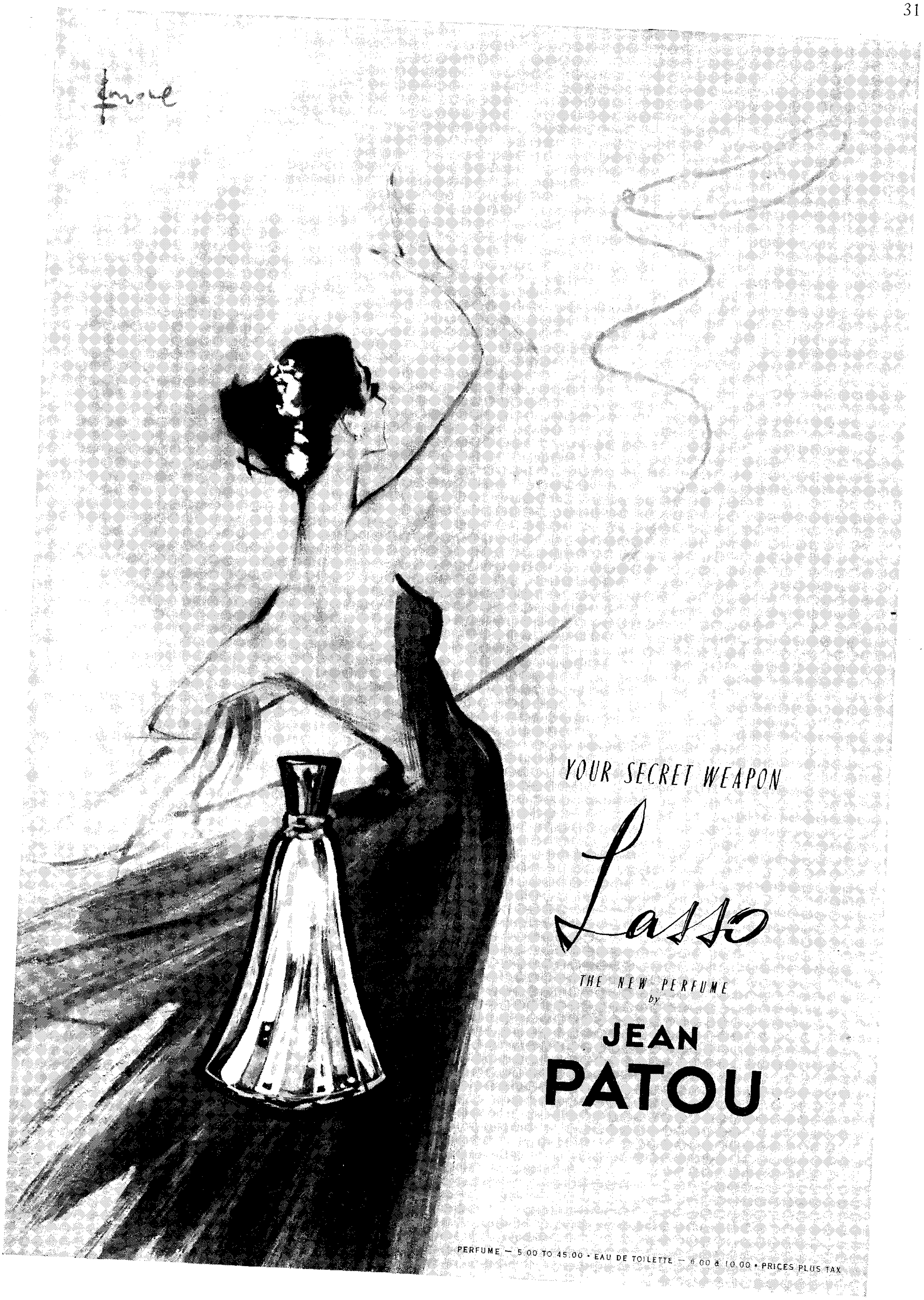

G.H. MUMM & Co.
1949
REIMS

MUMM'S

THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

Cordon Rouge and Extra Dry · The classic champagnes of France

MM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. · SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C.


YOUR SECRET WEAPON
Lasso
THE NEW PERFUME
by
JEAN
PATOU
PERFUME — 5.00 TO 45.00 • EAU DE TOILETTE — 6.00 & 10.00 • PRICES PLUS TAX

Superglow Solid Powder

with **Lumium**

Finely compressed, handsomely cased and portable — this is the same Superglow Face Powder with Lumium that has made cosmetic history on the dressing table . . . that is known (pretty well around the world now) for its extraordinary way of washing out tiny lines and shadows by reflecting, rather than absorbing, light rays. Here-now — prepared to pay you the same glowing compliment at a moment's notice — the same famous powder, in the same famous flattering shades.

in a fluted golden case or an ivory-and-gold compact

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

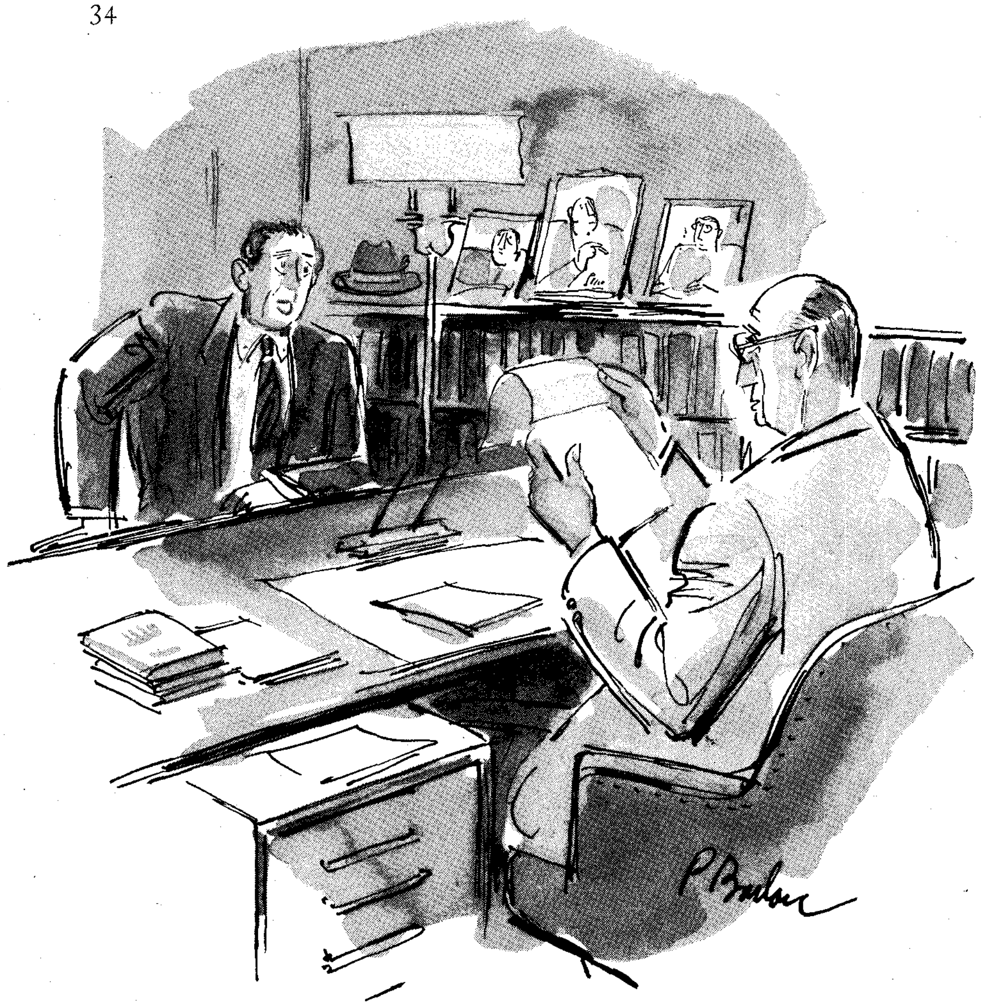
Notes and Comment

"AS you are well aware," says an unsolicited longhand missive from our old-timey and usually imperturbable operative named Hall, "I have, since becoming a member of your reportorial staff, a quarter of a century ago this very month of December, made no effort whatever to contribute to the columns of The Talk of the Town which introduce that department—the paragraphs headed Notes and Comment, which are, of course, employed as vehicles for the expression of editorial opinion, rather than journalistic observation. I have been content to 'slant,' as one might say, my notes to you in the direction of the columns of The Talk of the Town that follow those initial paragraphs, leaving those paragraphs to others, better equipped—and, if I may say so, more prone to emotional excitement—than I am. However, something occurred in the kitchen of my apartment, on Murray Hill, the other evening which disturbed me so profoundly that even now, after several days, during which I have made a point of taking long walks at a brisk pace and rereading, in my leisure hours, three whole volumes of the works of G. A. Henty, whose style and subject matter I have always found soothing, I am still so affected by the thing that a deep flush suffuses my cheeks and forehead whenever it comes to mind—and it does so all too frequently. This alarming circulatory symptom of what I take to be a combination of anger and anxiety not only can be felt by me but can be and has been seen by me, when I have taken the trouble to look into the antique mirror that hangs over the mahogany console in the entrance hall of my apartment. I have, in desperation, come to the conclusion that I must express an opinion on this matter and, as the saying goes, 'get it out of my system.' I shall first endeavor to re-create the scene in my kitchen, then describe the occurrence itself, then attempt to consider it from every angle with my customary detachment, and, finally, I shall say exactly what I think of the whole matter in no uncertain terms.

"My apartment consists of a living room, master bedroom and bath, servant's room and bath, and the aforementioned kitchen, which is situated at the extreme rear of the parlor floor of the brownstone house my apartment is in. Two doors and a short hallway are between the kitchen and my bedroom, bath, and living room. After several years of intermittent discussion, I recently yielded to my faithful manservant's entreaties regarding the installation of a television set. I consented only after I found that, at a comparatively reasonable cost, the two doorways could be what is called 'soundproofed,' so that I myself would be unable to hear the sounds that would come from the television set. Naturally, the appliance itself was placed in the kitchen.

"When I am sitting in my living room, reading a book or perhaps working out a chess problem on an evening when I am not dining out or having guests, and perchance require something from Hastings, my manservant, I am in the habit of pushing an electric button that I long ago had fitted into a panel of my bookcase at one side of the marble mantelpiece of the fireplace, in which, except in summer, I usually have a cheerful blaze going. The buzzer sounds in the kitchen. On the evening in question—the first evening I had been at home, as it happened, since the installation of the television set—I required an iced bottle of soda water, because I had become so engrossed in a chess problem that I had absent-mindedly quaffed the contents of the soda-water bottle that Hastings had brought in after dinner, and had forgotten to put any whiskey in the glass before I quaffed the soda water. I accordingly pushed the button. Hastings did not respond. This was so unusual—in fact, it was unheard of—that I feared the poor chap was ill or dying, so I hurried through the two 'soundproofed' doors and into the kitchen, only to find Hastings dozing in his chair with his back to the television set, which, however, was going 'full blast.' I awakened Hastings, accepted his apologies and his assurances that he would install a louder buzzer the first thing the next morning, and was starting back to the living room when my attention was caught by the television set and what it was doing and saying. While Hastings procured the iced bottle of soda water, I paused, looked, and listened.

"On the television 'screen,' a program called 'Open End'—I have no idea why it is so designated—was being announced. It proved to involve a 'panel' composed of the 'host,' a Mr. David Susskind, and his 'guests': a very pretty lady writer named Marya Mannes; a gentleman writer named Martin Mayer; and two advertising executives, named Robert Foreman and John Cunningham, the latter the head of Cunningham & Walsh, an advertising agency. After becoming aware of the fact that they were discussing what I considered an uninteresting question—i.e., the reason for the popularity of 'Westerns' among those who look at television—I again started to leave the kitchen when I distinctly heard the ad-



"What I've tried to do is make her a Lolita type, and him a sort of Dr. Zhivago."

• •

vertising executive previously identified as John Cunningham say, 'Well, our view is that Westerns appeal particularly to men-people.' Shocked, and suddenly feeling a touch of nausea (a rare ailment with me), I leaned against the wall just outside the kitchen and took my handkerchief out of my breast pocket to wipe from my forehead some small beads of perspiration which had formed there, and which continued to form as the discussion proceeded on the television set. 'The men-people go for Westerns in a big way,' said this Mr. Cunningham. 'Our market surveys prove beyond any doubt that a client with a product to sell to men-people would be smart to sponsor a Western program in order to attract the men-people.' I made my way back to the living room, shutting both doors firmly behind me, and attempted to take up my chess problem once more, after quaffing the fresh soda water—this time, you may be sure, having generously put whiskey in the glass—but I was unable to concentrate. I could think of nothing but the extraordinarily repulsive and somehow inhuman term Mr. Cunningham had employed. Was this term 'men-people' in common use in the world outside my brownstone door or was it only an invention of Mr. Cunningham's? In either case, why?

"I passed a restless night, and at nine o'clock the next morning looked up the firm of Cunningham & Walsh in my telephone directory and 'dialled' that number, determined to get to the bottom of the thing. I was told that Mr. Cunningham would be in at ten, and when I said I would call back, the female voice on the wire said, 'All righty.' At half past ten, I was able to get through to Mr. Cunningham. His voice sounded not unpleasant, and was clearly human as he informed me that the term 'men-people' was not in general use, that he had 'thought it up on the spur of the moment' when he was making a few notes in preparation for the television program on which he was to appear, and on which, indeed, I had seen and heard him appear. 'But why, sir, did you think of "men-people?"' I asked him, as politely as I could. 'Well,' he said, chuckling in a fashion that was not altogether without the sort of charm I have found is occasionally possessed by businessmen of the extrovert variety, 'I didn't want to say "men," because it seemed too simple. It lacked emphasis on the masculine type. And "mankind" didn't seem to be quite right, either. So I found myself putting down "men-people." It rather appeals to me.'

"Trying to get my mind off the subject after an excellent breakfast of scrambled eggs and kippers just now, which I was hardly able to touch—and this, as I said, is several days after that occurrence in the kitchen—I came upon, in my morning *Times*, a news article which served to remind me once again of the ghastly matter but which at the same time gave me some comfort. Dr. Lewis Webster Jones, president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, was quoted in this article as having said that 'psychological techniques being used in advertising, in Government, even in education to manipulate people' are a threat to brotherhood and democracy. Dr. Jones continued, according to the *Times:*

> "Respect for the individual rights of others is basic to brotherhood and is the fundamental tenet of democracy. Respect is our most potent weapon against the manipulative revolution which seems to me to endanger freedom. Even if the intention of the manipulators is benevolent—and often it clearly is not—this approach to human beings strikes me as utterly cynical, and directly contrary to the democratic ideal. . . . Every time we use it ourselves as a selling technique, or campaign strategy or to maneuver people 'for their own good' into behaving as we think they ought to behave—we lose some part of democratic integrity. We begin to lose respect for other people.

"To which I say a hearty 'Hear! Hear!' The cat that Mr. Cunningham let out of the bag when he wrote down, and later said, 'men-people' is that, well-meaning or not, he realized that neither 'men' nor 'mankind' could properly be used to designate the mass of faceless figures (ostensibly male) that he was thinking of in connection with his market surveys. A new term was needed, and he thought one up on the spur of the moment. People, when conceived of as markets, rather than as human beings, must, naturally, be sorted into malleable categories, like items in a supermarket. This practice, laid so horribly bare by Mr. Cunningham's unconscious or half-conscious invention of the unforgettable term 'men-people,' is, like the term itself, repulsive and somehow inhuman. After humankind has been sorted into three major categories—'men-people,' 'women-people,' and 'children-people'—the thoughts of these globs will inevitably be identified and placed in separate bins, labelled 'men-thoughts,' 'women-thoughts,' and 'children-thoughts.' Such a trend can lead only to destruction. If the founders of American civilization had looked upon their fellow human beings from this point of view, they would never have got further than writing 'We, the . . . ,' for they would have had to pause there, and, rather than write 'We, the men-people, women-people, and children-people,' and so on, those forefathers of ours would have resorted to self-immolation. Nor would Abraham Lincoln have been able to say, 'Of the men-people, the women-people, and the children-people, by the,' etc., etc. Rather than do that he would have shot himself—long before the assassin's bullet stopped that great heart from beating. Furthermore— But I find myself refreshed and cheerful already! I shall therefore bring this epistle to a conclusion in a humorous vein more in harmony with my fundamental personality by reminding all those who, like me, occasionally become overwrought and unstrung by modern life that, as the saying now might go, 'You cannot fool all of the men-people, women-people, and children-people all the time.' "

Bon Appétit

STROLLING down Fifth Avenue last week, we paused before one of Lord & Taylor's windows, which displayed a group of happy little mannequins hovering around a grandma mannequin who was seated at a table before a prop turkey. A sign to the right of the exhibit read, "Grandmother Thinks We're Angels." As we were taking this in, a small boy and his mother moved up alongside us.

"They are having Christmas dinner," the boy said.

"That's right," said the mother.

"What does the sign say?" the boy asked.

"It says that the grandmother thinks they're angels," explained the mother.

"Are they dead?" asked the boy.

"Of course not," said the mother. "The grandmother thinks they're angels because they are such good children."

"Can you be an angel if you're not dead?" asked the boy.

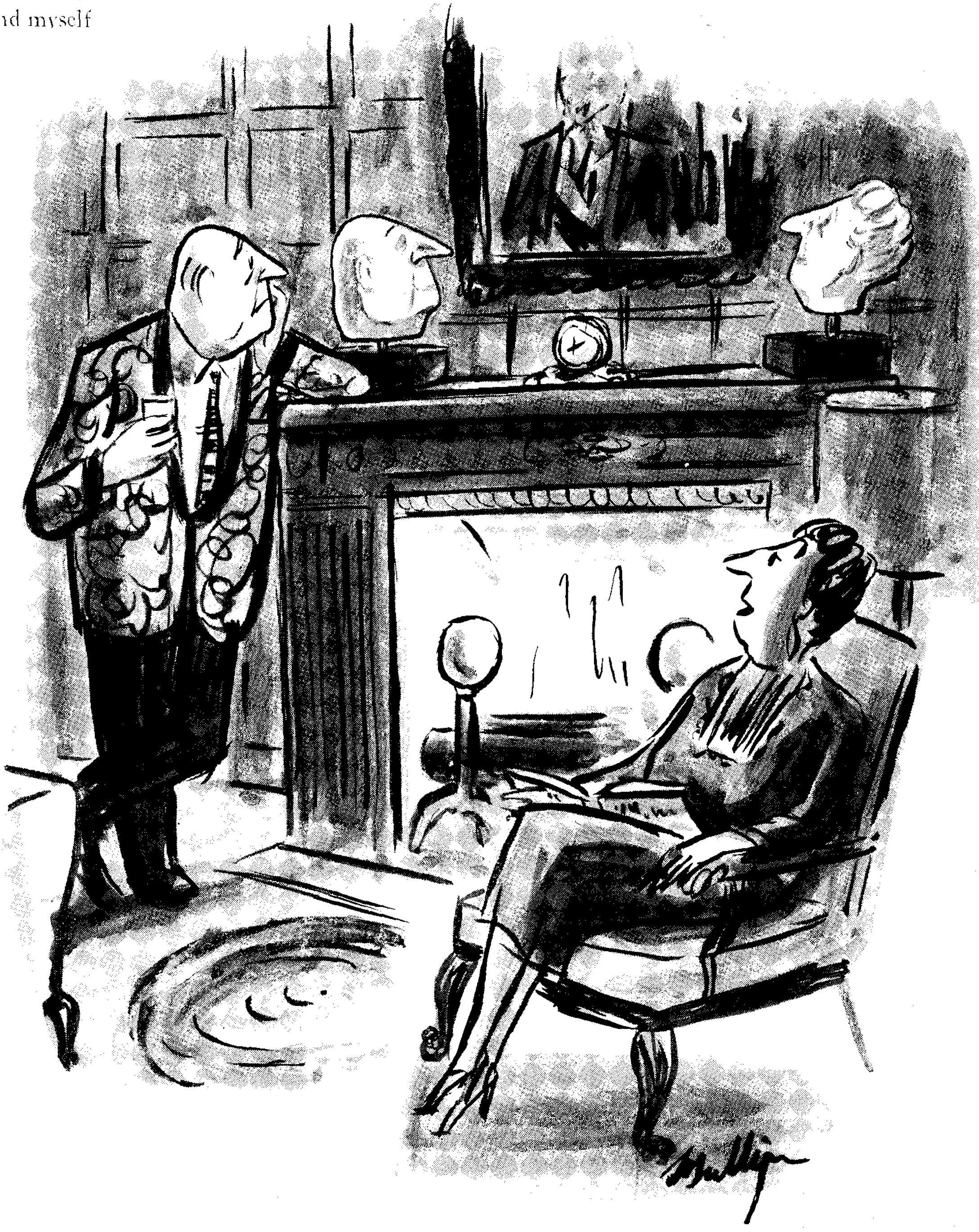
"You can be *like* an angel if you're good," said the mother.

"Maybe she thinks they're dead," said the boy. "They *look* dead."

The mother sighed. "We better hurry if we're going to see Santa Claus," she said, and off they ran.

Kryptex

THE last thing our readers might expect to learn from us in the waning days of 1958 is how, back in 1927, a couple of enterprising young dental students were called on to repair, with dental drills and the usual tooth-filling materials, some four hundred and twenty-five new but badly damaged bathtubs in a then unfinished New York hotel; such, however, is the peculiar nature of the journalism we practice that this is the very scoop we mean to unfold—a splendid, one-hundred-per-cent-American success story, utterly undimmed by time. Our source is Dr. John Miller, now, as he has been for many years, a dentist in the Times Tower, who was one of the heroes of the occasion—his brother Frank was the other—and whose name we recently ran across in an old copy of the *Dental Times*, which we found, of



"I'd never have had them made if I'd known they'd turn you into such a Gloomy Gus."

course, at *our* dentist's. We immediately called on Dr. Miller and requested an interview. A genial man of sixty-odd with alert brown eyes and flagrant eyebrows, Dr. Miller was modestly delighted to tell all.

"That bathtub job seemed like a true miracle to my brother and me," the Doctor said. "Our family wasn't well off, so Frank and I had to go to work when we got out of high school. By the time we'd saved enough money working as runners, clerks, hardware salesmen, and so on, to put ourselves through N.Y.U. and then to enroll in Columbia Dental School, we were a good ten years older than the rest of the students. Our financial situation was always shaky, and by the fall of 1926, when I was in my third year and Frank in his fourth, it was desperate. We went to see Dean Van Woert, and, to our astonishment, he said we could borrow fifteen hundred dollars from the university and he would cosign our note. What a generous act! That was one miracle. A few months later came the miracle of the tubs."

The George A. Fuller Company was engaged in putting up the Savoy-Plaza, and one day in January, 1927, a Fuller engineer called up Dean Van Woert and asked if he could recommend a dental student who might like to make a bit of money. It appeared that the company had run into labor trouble, and that one consequence had been the banging up, with hammers or other heavy instruments, of every tub in the hotel. The tubs were of solid porcelain, and they were recessed; to rip them out and replace them might cost a quarter of a million dollars. The Fuller people had therefore appealed to ceramists, stonecutters, and even sculptors to devise some means of repairing the tubs—in vain. As a last resort, somebody had proposed dentists.

Dean Van Woert recommended John Miller for the job. Down to the Savoy-Plaza he went, and he was given two weeks to solve the problem. "Some of the gouges in the tubs were no bigger than a baby's fist, but others you could put both feet into," Dr. Miller said, reliving those two anxious weeks. "I tried all sorts of dental fillings, and in bulk they all tended to fall apart. Finally, one night toward the end of the second week, I made a base of plaster and covered it with a dental porcelain called S.S. White Kryptex. The plaster kept the Kryptex moist; I tried patching a couple of tubs, and the patches held. Naturally, there was too much work for one man, and when I reported this to the company, they hired my brother as well."

The Fuller people having had several thousand dollars' worth of dental equipment and supplies delivered to the hotel, the Millers arranged to turn up there every night after classes; diligently they would set to work in the empty building, plugging in their portable electric drills and cleaning and shaping the gouges exactly as if they were cavities in a tooth, then packing in plaster and Kryptex, and polishing the fillings with such care that only the most finicky inspection would reveal where the tub porcelain stopped and Kryptex began. Toward the end of June, having a few score tubs to go but having long since signed up for lifeguard duty in the Rockaways, the Millers turned the project over to a fellow-student. By then, they had used up enough Kryptex to fill approximately a million ordinary cavities and had earned five thousand dollars between them—enough to pay off their debt to the university and to graduate in a state of unprecedented solvency.

As for the subsequent history of the tubs, we put in a call to the hotel—now the Savoy Hilton—and were glad to hear that, in the opinion of the management, the tubs are as good as new. When we told this to Dr. Miller, he smiled, and said, "We must have been rather good dentists, at that. How many fillings last thirty years?"

•

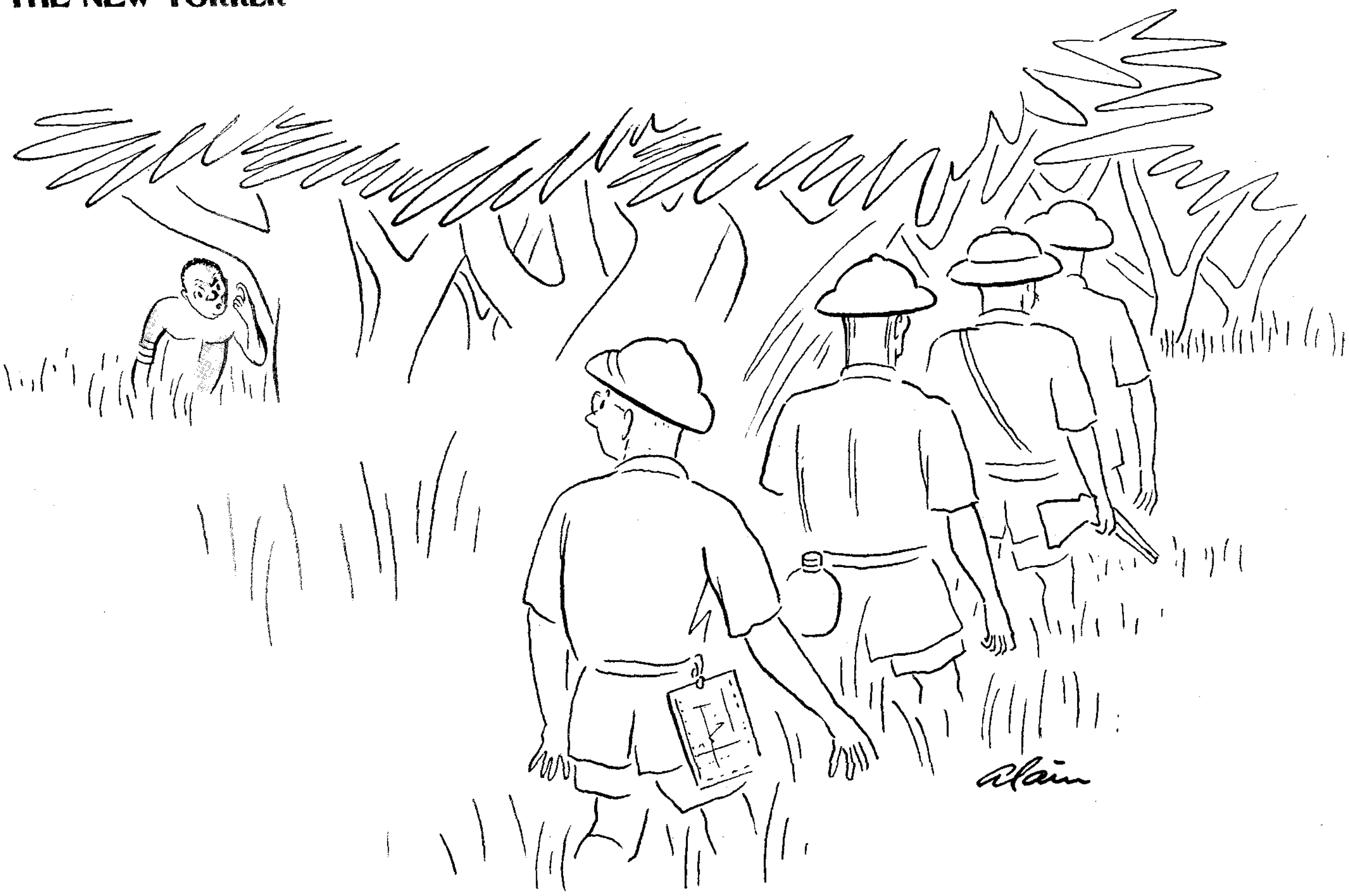
OVERHEARD in a club car plunging into Connecticut, a gentleman with bourbon-on-the-rocks to a lady with a Gibson: "Well, what else would you expect of a man with a second mortgage?"

Mayor

WE went down to City Hall the other afternoon, by appointment, for a chat with Mayor Wagner—our first since the start of his second term, last January. We arrived at the venerable structure a few minutes early, to find the first-floor corridor leading to His Honor's office as quiet and deserted as a country courthouse in the dog days. A pleasant man at a desk at the western end of the corridor clicked open a small gate and escorted us to a stately, empty waiting room. "The Mayor's not in the building, but he'll be here any minute," he said. "Please take a seat." We took a seat, and had barely had time to ponder on the remarkable silence at City Hall before the silence was shattered. Three men rushed through the waiting room, bearing folders. "Mayor's in the building," one said. William R. Peer, the Mayor's executive secretary, rushed through the waiting room with a sheaf of papers. "Mayor's in the building!" he called to us, disappearing through a distant door. A delegation of six men took seats near us. From the corridor we could hear the surflike rumble of many voices. Miss Anne M. Kelly, the Mayor's secretary, appeared in the distant doorway and rushed through the waiting room, headed for the corridor. "Mayor's here!" she said. We assumed the Mayor was in the building.

A few moments later, we were ushered into the Mayor's office, a small, dignified chamber with a glittering chandelier and tasteful rose draperies. The Mayor was seated behind his Duncan Phyfe writing table, which was piled high with letters, telegrams, and official documents. He was wearing a gray suit, a white button-down shirt, and a figured blue tie, held in place by an initialled gold tie clasp. His glasses had thick tortoise-shell earpieces. He was looking fit and trim, and somewhat more solemn than when we had last seen him. We sat down beside him.

"I feel good these days," the Mayor said. "I guess I am a fellow who follows a routine, and I pretty much follow a routine in this office. I've learned to pace myself, especially with all the ceremonies that a mayor must attend. I'll stay down here as late as necessary when it comes to ceremonies or signing proclamations. These things mean so much to people who are working day in and day out for the good of the city, and often a proclamation or the appearance of the mayor is the only reward they get. The least the Mayor of the City of New York can do is give his wholehearted coöperation. I still do a great deal of work up at Gracie Mansion, getting the morning conferences under way by nine; this gives me time to read the papers. We're still keeping the Mansion open to civic groups, as long as they don't fund-raise; my wife, Susan, estimates that fourteen thousand people passed through the first year. Tomorrow, for instance, there will be a reception for the State Commission Against Discrimination in Housing—three hundred and fifty people. People come in here and look at me and say, 'You're older.' Well, I *am* older. One's first term is a matter



"Psst! Fertility rites?"

• •

of fresh ideas; one's second term is a matter of looking forward, making certain that things don't go stale, abandoning programs that don't work out. The city is expanding, the whole country is expanding, and this job expands, too. Our first problem is finances—finding money for services, seeking new taxes. We've cut out between twenty-five hundred and three thousand jobs, but there's a demand for more police, more pay for teachers, more sanitation, more health care."

Miss Kelly burst into the office. "Mr. Cashmore's on the phone," she said. "There's someone he wants you to see."

"Where am I having lunch tomorrow?" asked the Mayor.

"Downtown Athletic Club," said Miss Kelly.

"Good. That's nearby," said the Mayor. "Arrange it for after lunch."

Miss Kelly disappeared.

"Finances," said the Mayor. "Betting money is going somewhere, and nobody is paying taxes on it. A service charge on off-track betting would bring in money. Seems to me it's hard to justify that someone is a criminal when he bets off-track. Of course, we'll have to solve the moral issue and keep out the underworld—I'm awaiting the reaction of a committee I appointed to look into this matter—and then, instead of chasing bookmakers, the police could chase after other crime. Education is a tremendous problem. Of course, the five-hundred-million-dollar school-bond referendum is a statewide issue. It would be difficult to plan to spend a hundred million dollars a year, but we must have some insurance for a logical school program. We not only have to examine construction costs but we have the problem of old schools and double sessions. We have to examine the shifts in population throughout the city. There are vacancies in some schools, to be sure, but there would be protests if you put kids from one neighborhood in buses and sent them to areas with vacancies. I'm battling for the middle-income people, the young married people; they're a stable crowd, and we want to keep them here."

Mr. Peer burst into the room. "Press conference when you're ready," he said. "Mischa Elman is here. C.B.S. is set up across the hall—an interview on your slum tour."

The Mayor nodded and Mr. Peer departed.

The Mayor glanced at the mountain of papers on his desk. "I try to get away to the country, to Islip, over weekends, and every night in the summer," he said. "Both my boys are away at school. Bobby, the older, is a lower-middler at Exeter. I was asked to speak up there the other day—a fifteen-minute formal talk before the entire school, and then an hour-long, no-holds-barred question-and-answer period before the seniors. They let Bobby sit in. Those fellows at Exeter are *smart.* The questions! What happened in New York State this election? What about civil rights? Who'll get the Democratic nomination? *Some* hour." The Mayor took off his glasses and twirled them. "One thing I try to do is clear the decks when the boys come home on vacation," he said. "The Mansion is lonesome without them. Darn lonesome."

Bill

AN upstate lady tells us she returned to her rural homestead this autumn after a summer abroad and, finding her FM radio set out of order, sent for the local repairman. He came and went while she was out visiting, and left a bill for seven dollars and a quarter, which she thought seemed steep until she looked at the items he had set down. There was two sixty-five for a new tube, two cords had cost ninety-five cents, a panel lamp came to fifteen cents, and under the heading "Labor Notes" the man had written, "Repairing mouse trouble, $3.50."

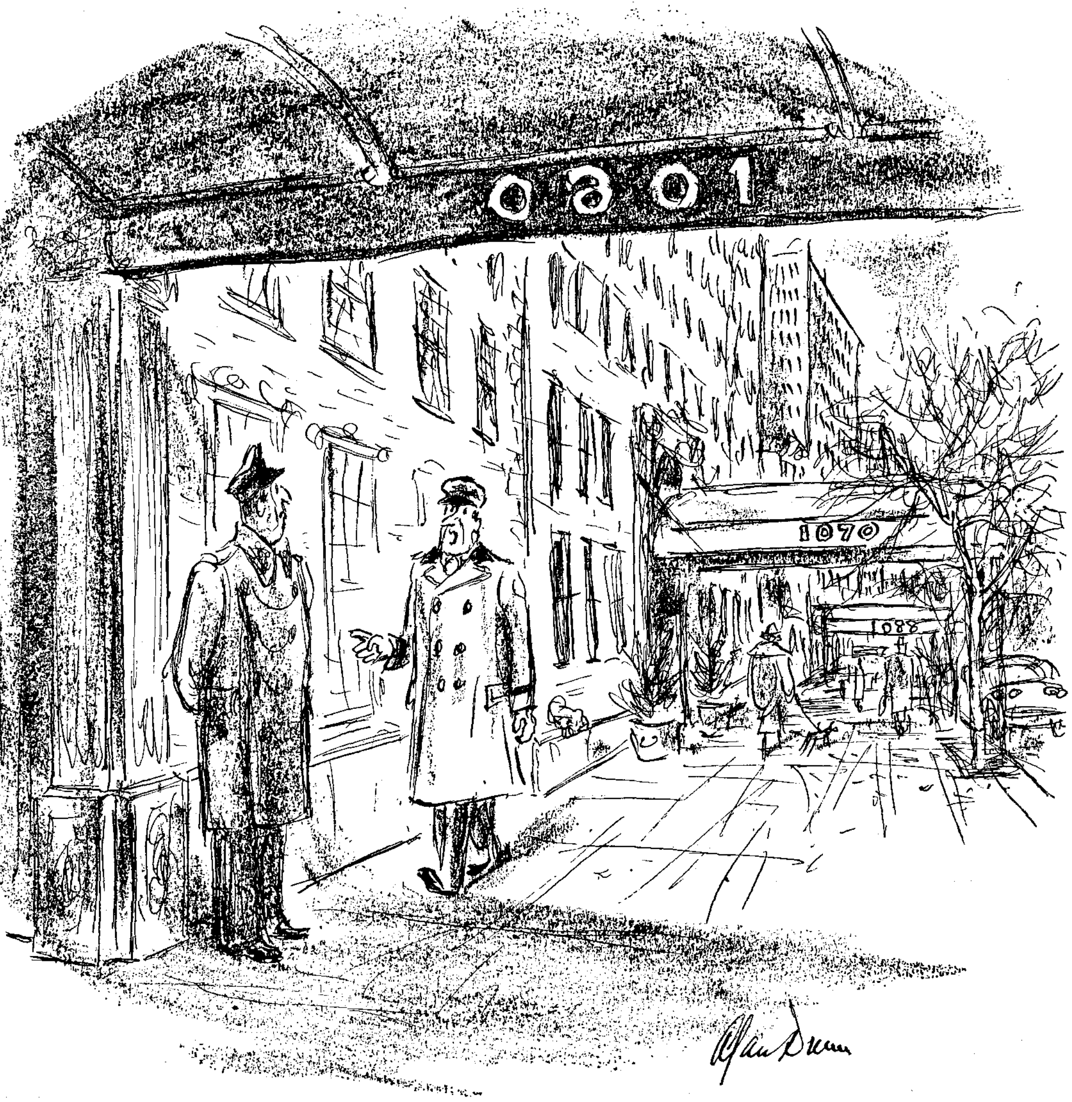
THE CASE IN FAVOR OF SIGN LANGUAGE

ON November 20th, according to the *Times* of November 21st, President Eisenhower "returned to his favorite vacation spot"—the Augusta National Golf Club, in Augusta, Georgia. In many ways, the circumstances surrounding this trip were like those surrounding his previous trips to Augusta. The President "arrived at Bush Field, just outside Augusta, in midafternoon aboard his special plane, the Columbine III;" he was met at the airfield "by Col. Paul Snowden, commanding officer of Fort Gordon," and by "Jerome Franklin, an executive of the American Cyanamid Corporation, and Albert Peabody, treasurer of the Augusta National Bank;" and he "was on the first tee of the par-72 Masters tournament course as quickly as he could change [from a dark blue suit and gray fedora] into golfing clothes." The significant thing about this trip on November 20th was that, as the *Times* explained, "he was accompanied on the flight from Washington only by George Champion, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank of New York," and the significant thing about that sentence is not the name of his companion or the line of work in which his companion is engaged; it is the fact that he was accompanied "only" by that companion. The reason he was accompanied "only" by Mr. Champion was given farther along in the *Times* story from Augusta: "Mrs. Eisenhower did not accompany the President on the flight from Washington. She was hostess at a White House luncheon for women delegates to the United Nations. She will arrive here by train tomorrow morning." The *Times* told about the luncheon itself in a separate story, from Washington, tacked on the end of the one from Augusta. It was brief and it appeared on page 20, whereas the one about Mr. Eisenhower's trip was a column long and started on page 1. Because there seems to me to be a possibility that what happened at the luncheon will revolutionize diplomacy, bring the Cold War to a close, and create a spirit of understanding between all nations, large and small, that may lead to world disarmament and permanent peace, I feel that the least I can do is quote in full what the *Times* (with the assistance of the Associated Press) had to say:

> WASHINGTON, Nov. 20 (AP)—Mrs. Eisenhower overcame a language barrier by talking with her hands today while entertaining forty-one United Nations woman delegates and alternates.
>
> United Nations precedence placed the Soviet Union's representative, Mme. N. A. Muravyeva, on the First Lady's left at the luncheon table. The Soviet Minister of Social Security speaks little English. Mme. Muravyeva said later that she and Mrs. Eisenhower had understood each other very well.

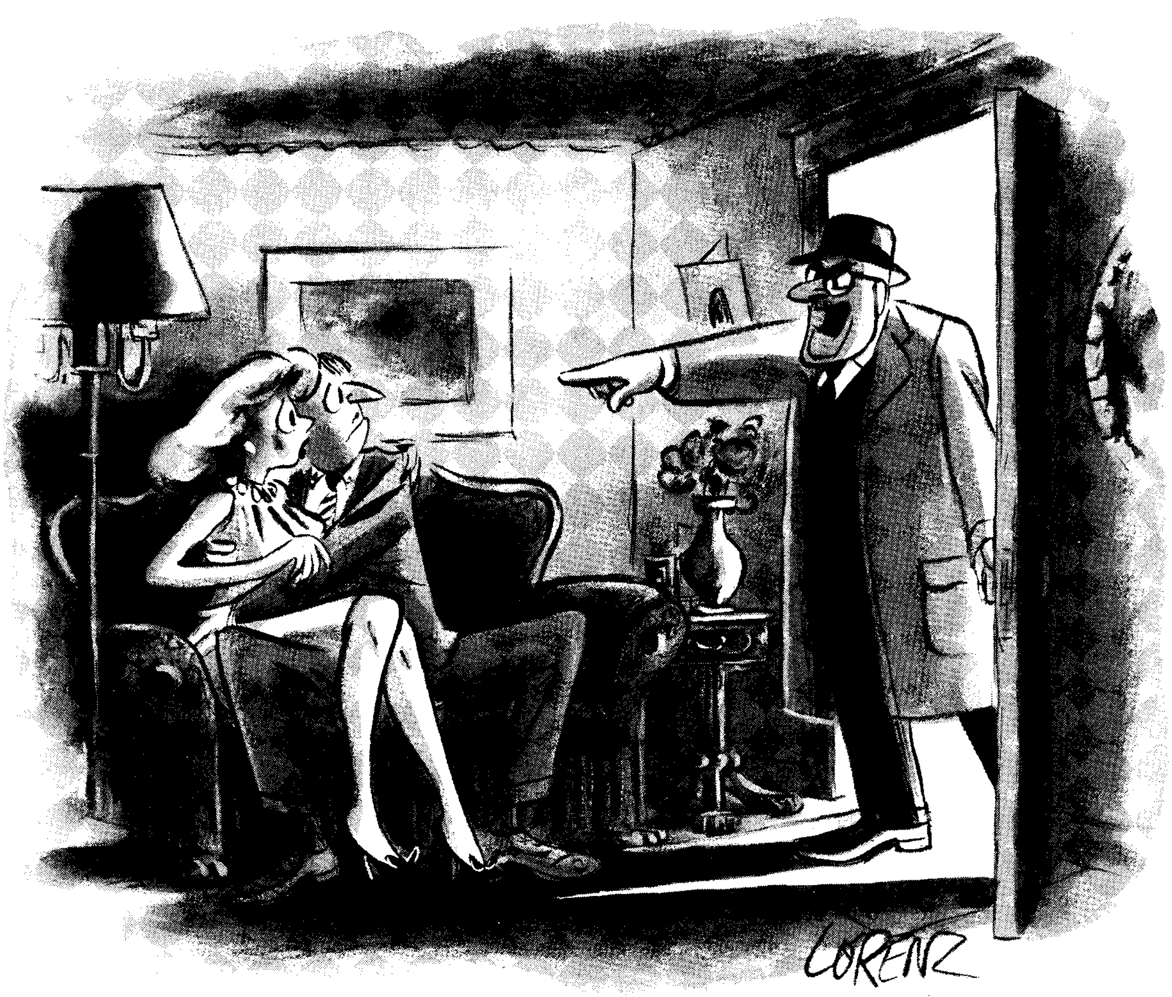
If you give the matter some serious thought, it is not surprising that Mrs. Eisenhower was the one to hit upon a means of communication between the Russians and us that may, if generally adopted, get us somewhere. It is just like a woman to do such a thing. Although the practice of talking has increased in volume in international circles during recent years, it has deteriorated as an effective means of communication in those circles. Even some talks that were supposed to lead to further talks failed to accomplish anything. The use of written language in diplomatic notes and in direct correspondence between the heads of this government and the Soviet government also petered out; in the end, this side simply sent the other side's letter back to it, saying it didn't deserve a reply.

Now, there are several well-known sign languages in existence, but it is not known which one Mrs. Eisenhower used at the White House luncheon. In any case, to avoid starting out on the wrong foot, or hand, these existing sign languages should be taken into silent consideration before it is decided which sign language will



"1088 jumped the gun. They're already saying 'Merry Christmas.'!"

be the most suitable for adoption on diplomatic levels, and on up. I have done a good deal of research on this subject, and am glad to offer some facts and conclusions for what they may be worth.



"J'accuse!"

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TRAPPIST monks, who observe absolute silence, use what is said to be an interesting and expressive sign language, but there are many drawbacks here for our purposes. The adoption of the Trappist monks' sign language by Western and Eastern diplomats and heads of state is not recommended. In the first place, there is the religious aspect. Neither Secretary Dulles nor the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Gromyko, for example, would greatly care for hobnobbing with Trappist monks in order to learn their sign language. Even if the two men could be persuaded by public opinion to do so, they would have a harder time learning that language than need be, for the paradoxical reason that the Trappist monks don't talk. In eliminating talk and replacing it with sign language, it is best to approach the task of instruction in a spirit of compromise—to admit at the outset that a certain amount of talking between teacher and student in the course of the lessons will make that task easier and less time-consuming.

The American Plains Indians, before we began to massacre them, developed a sign language by means of which, according to one of my sources, "speakers of mutually unintelligible languages communicated freely." Some of the descendants of the Plains Indians are available in this country, and many of them can communicate orally as well as in sign language. However, the only examples of the Plains Indian sign language that are given by my source are unpromising. "For a lie," this source says, "first two fingers of the right hand spread apart and extended from the lips (i.e., two tongues); a dog, same two fingers drawn across the breast (i.e., track of a travois); a horse, same two fingers astride the extended fingers of the left hand (i.e., something ridden)." These examples suggest not only that the Plains Indian sign language is a limited, two-finger affair but also that the elements of accusation and epithet are unfittingly overemphasized for our purposes. And it is doubtful if the Russian diplomats, and Mr. Khrushchev, would think much of becoming the pupils of our Plains Indians. They would probably even prefer to learn the sign language from Trappist monks, in which case we would all be back where we started.

Sign languages said to be rich in vocabulary are frequently employed by the Naga hillsmen of Assam, in northeastern India, and by many African tribes, but all the Naga hillsmen are headhunters, and some of the African tribesmen are cannibals. Even if the students of sign language could overcome their prejudices against these customs, and would consent to go to the Nagas or the Africans for their lessons, they would have to learn the oral language in order to speed up the course of instruction, and this, again, would consume valuable time.

THERE is, finally, the sign language of the deaf. These are persons who are not, as they were once called, deaf-mutes, or dummies. They either were born totally deaf or became so at an early age, as a result of some childhood disease, such as measles or scarlet fever, but in almost all cases their vocal organs are in perfect order. They form a lively, intelligent minority group in every country of the world today. Although the New York public-school system is opposed to teaching the sign language to the deaf these days, and prefers to try to teach them to talk orally (with only a moderate degree of success, I have been told), many Roman Catholic schools for the deaf favor the sign language and use it in conjunction with the public schools' methods of teaching oral communication, and so do various Jewish institutions, notably the Jewish Society for the Deaf, on Eighty-fifth Street. Some of the graduates of such schools and institutions here and in other cities can communicate both oral-

THE CHILLY TIME OF YEAR

The chilly time of year
And mist have come again.
Water drips everywhere;
Paths fill with pools of rain.
The trees, as with a knife,
Are stripped from crown to root.
The only kind of life
Is crawling underfoot.

Ants carrying damp straws
Meet ants who carry none,
Put feelers out, and pause,
Rub feelers, and march on.
A spider edges round
A bug, numb as a nut,
And drags it underground,
And slams the kitchen shut.

Warm-blooded creatures are
Curled up, each in his house.
The moon and one bright star
Gleam through the barren boughs.
The air is still and thin;
Snow will be falling soon.
The kennelled pup howls in
The cold light of the moon.

—Louis Simpson

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ly and in sign language, and all of their instructors can. The instructors are also able to hear. Other countries of the world, including Russia and her satellites, have similar setups. It happens that an Olympic Games for the Deaf was held in Milan, Italy, in 1957 (there will be another, in Finland, in 1961, barring a third world war), and the American team returned with reports that they had been able to communicate most successfully by sign language with the members of the Russian team. According to Dr. Emil M. Zabell, a psychologist who is administrative assistant of the Jewish Society for the Deaf, this sign language is, to all intents and purposes, an international sign language. "The vast majority of the signs in all countries are the same," he told me. "Or the signs are so similar, or so expressive, that when there are differences, the average users of sign language can understand one another without difficulty."

The best estimate by experts with whom I talked is that it would take less than a year for an intelligent and enthusiastic diplomat or head of state to learn this sign language, provided the student had frequent lessons from an instructor who could both hear and talk, and provided further that the student fraternized in between lessons with people who knew the sign language but could not hear. There are social clubs for the deaf in this city, in other American cities, and in cities of all countries of the world. As a rule, the members of these clubs are far above the average in intelligence and education, and are unusually friendly and peace-loving. They appear to be so happy in their ability to communicate, even if it is only with their hands, that they discuss, rather than argue, and hardly ever come to blows, no matter what they are communicating about.

It might be well, at this point, to describe the gestures that represent, in this sign language, some of the terms frequently used orally at present in international circles. Here are a few:

Power, Strength—Hold out the fists in front from the sides, elbows at sides; lift the fists toward the right, and throw them over to the left with a circular swinging motion, and then bring them down; keep them in the same relative position as to distance and direction of motion all the time.

Weakness—Make a "V" of two fingers and show them standing, in the palm of the other hand; then bend them so the fingers seem to fall slowly into the palm.

To Influence, Cause, Effect by Force or Persuasion—Place the hands out a little, thumbs pointing upward, one well in front and the other off to one side, then turn the hands so that the thumbs finally point outward, moving both hands simultaneously.

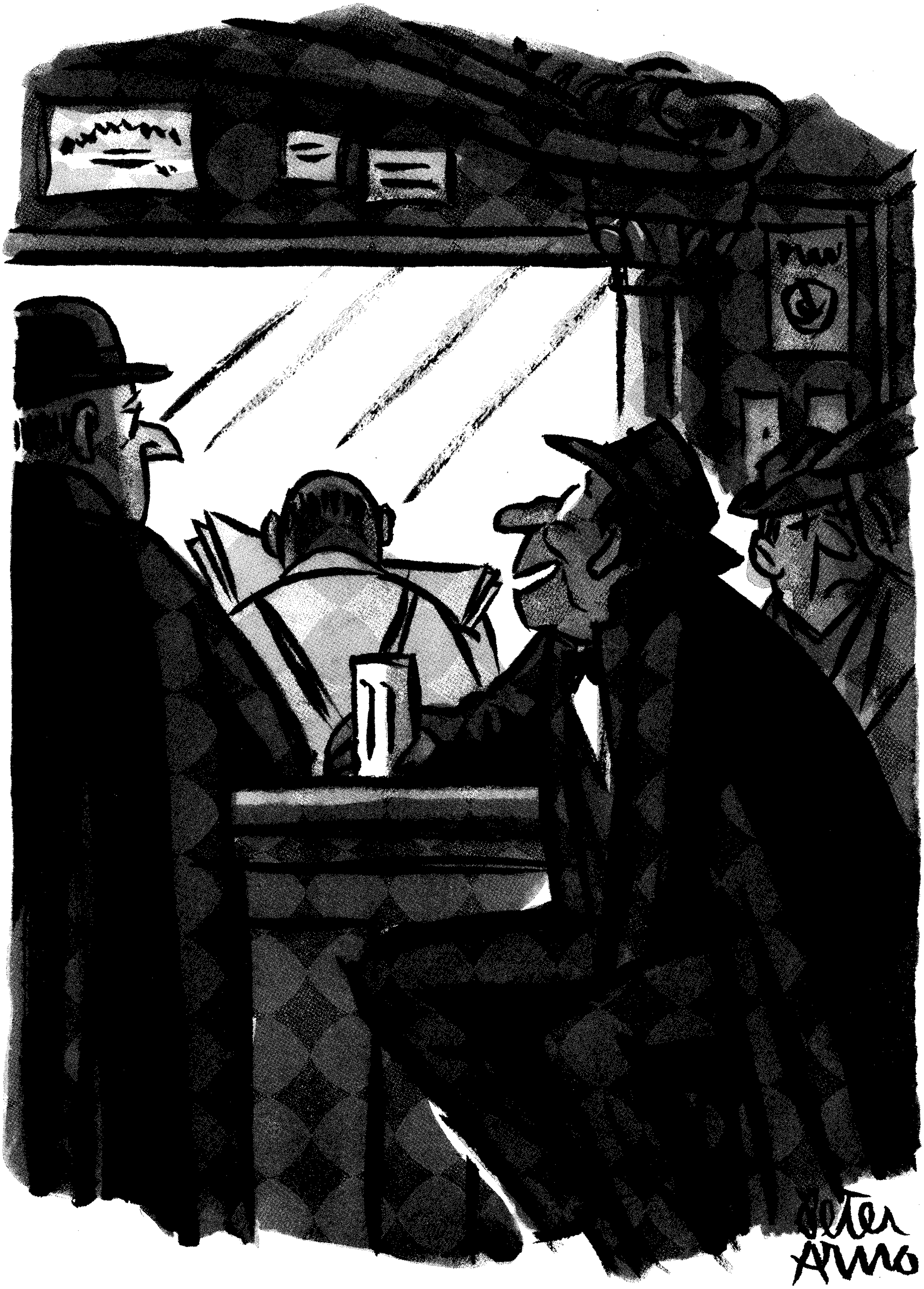
Peace—Clasp hands as if you were shaking hands with yourself, then turn them over and repeat the handshake upside down. Finally, bring the hands away from each other, palms down, as if stroking something on either side in opposite directions and in a soothing manner.

Fight—Knock the fists against the sides of the face, or before the face—one's own face, that is.

At first thought, it might appear that the use of sign language would prove too strenuous for the average diplomat or head of state, but actually the physical exertion required is negligible. Anybody who watches two or more people using this sign language is at once impressed by the beauty, rhythm, expressiveness, and easygoing nature of the gestures. "In making the signs," says a passage in a book called "The Sign Language—A Manual of Signs," by J. Schuyler Long, A.M., Litt.D., who was for many years principal of the Iowa School for the Deaf, "it is recommended that the arm be held in an easy position near the body. . . . It is not necessary to move the arm, but a short leverage is conducive to ease and is permissible, provided the hand delivers the sign within an imaginary ring of, say, ten inches in diameter. In colloquial uses the fingers need not be so closely held nor so firmly flexed . . . but sprawling should be avoided."

Although the users of sign language can and do communicate spiritedly and sometimes make statements of considerable length, few would undertake to communicate by signs for a whole hour or more without stopping. This is all to the good. Sign language offers a simple, clear, and silent method of communication. No interpreters are required. It is more or less unadaptable to either subtlety or circumlocution. A man using sign language pretty much says what he means, and says it solely for the benefit of the person or persons with whom he is communicating. Once learned and put to use in international circles, sign language will no doubt be taken up in other areas, producing effects that I hardly need go into at this early stage of the game, although the universal use of sign language would inevitably enhance the entertainment values of television, would eliminate everything but music from the radio, and would revive silent motion pictures, which many people feel would also be all to the good. It seems to me to go without saying that Mrs. Eisenhower has added still another laurel to her crown as First Lady of the Land.

—St. Clair McKelway



"I love this old place and everything it stands for."

THE DUCHESS

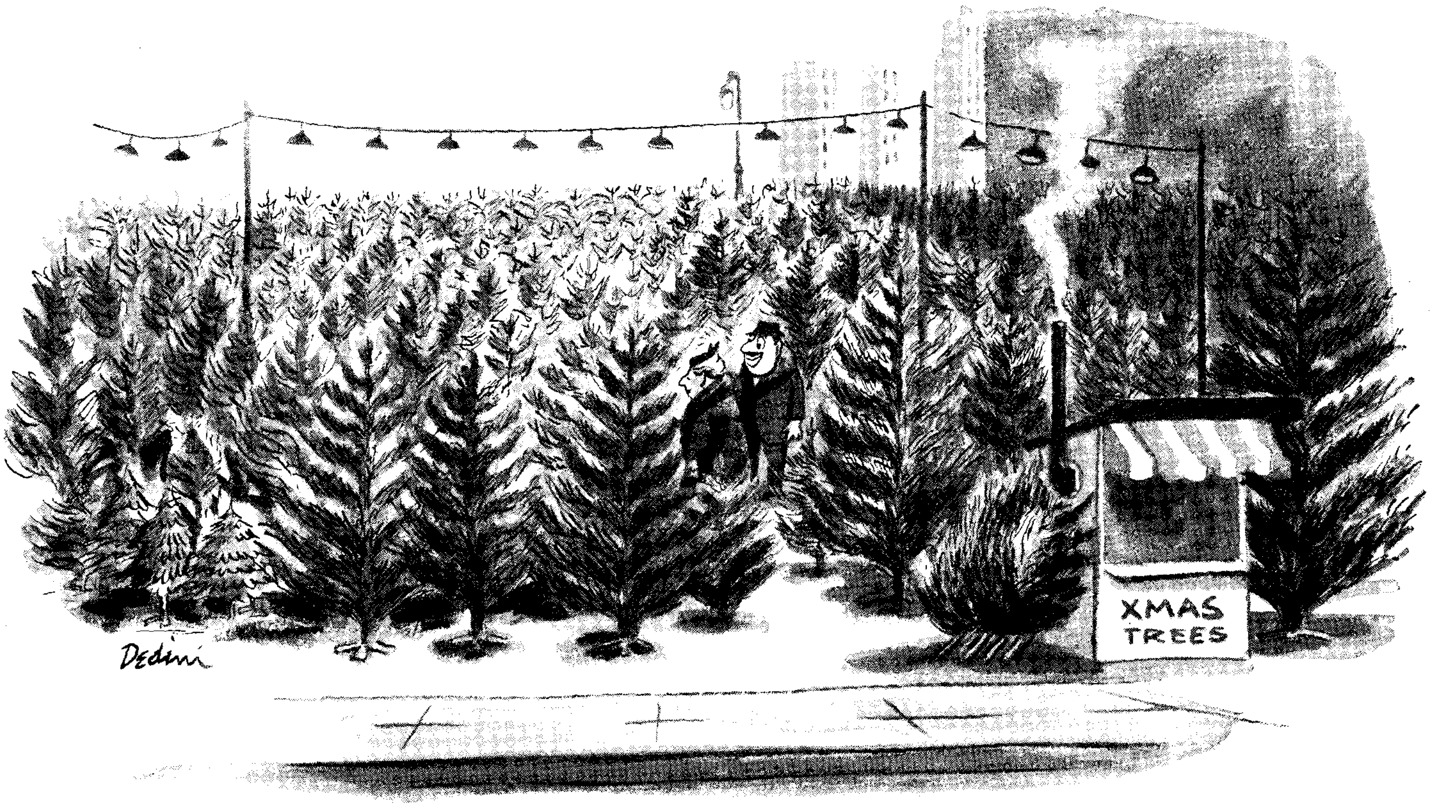
WHAT trappings! A lovely young duchess grieving in a Renaissance tomb; the clash of armies; a ruined garden in a thunderstorm; three popes, a doge, and thirty-six cardinals. Shakespeare and Gogol! It was in the time of Shakespeare that her lineal ancestor had stood at the head of his stairs and said that the promises of Elizabeth, Queen of England, were as false as her hair. And one would have to go back to Gogol to find anything like the coachman in ragged livery and the broken-springed calash in which she rode from the railroad station to her castle in Tuscany, where the peasants had written in tar on the high walls: "DEATH TO DONNA CARLA! DEATH TO THE DUCHESS!"

She was lovely. It was the most surprising fact, and the fact one returned to. She was slender, but not thin. And rather tall. Her hair was ash blond, and her fine, clear brow belonged against that grandiose and shabby backdrop of limestone and marble, the Roman palace where she lived. It was hers, and, stepping from the shadows of her palace to walk along the river to early Mass, she never quite seemed to leave the grainy light. One would have been surprised but not alarmed to see her join the company of the stone saints and angels on the roof of Sant' Andrea della Valle. This was not the guidebook city but the Rome of today, whose charm is not the Colosseum in the moonlight, or the Spanish Stairs wet by a sudden shower, but the poignance of a great and an ancient city succumbing confusedly to change. We live in a world where the banks of even the most remote trout streams are beaten smooth by the boots of fishermen, and the music that drifts down from the medieval walls into the garden where we sit is an old recording of Vivienne Segal singing "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," and Donna Carla lived, like you and me, with one foot in the past.

She was Donna Carla Malvolio-Pommodori, Duchess of Vevaqua-Perdere-Giusti, etc., and if you were the son of a coal miner, or had been brought up in a small Massachusetts town, and were introduced to her, her rank might arouse some vulgar excitement, but her titles and her lands did have, like the perfume of some varieties of apples, the power to evoke a landscape of unusual breadth. She came into the room like autumn, like spring; she was like a turn in the wind, a shower of yellow leaves that seems to be the thrilling essence of change. She would have been considered fair anywhere, but in Rome her blue eyes, her pale skin, and her shining hair were extraordinary. She spoke English, French, and Italian with equal style, but Italian was the only language she wrote correctly. She carried on her social correspondence in a kind of English: "Donna Carla thinks you for the flahers," "Donna Carla rekests the honor of your compagnie," etc. The first floor of her palace on the Tiber had been converted into shops, and she lived on the *piano nobile*. The two upper floors had been rented out as apartments. This still left her with something like forty rooms.

Most guidebooks carry the family history, in small print, and you can't travel in Italy without coming on those piles of masonry that the Malvolio-Pommodoris have scattered everywhere, from Venice to Calabria. There were the three popes, the doge, and the thirty-six cardinals, as well as many avaricious, bloodthirsty, and dishonest nobles. Don Camillo married the Princess Plèves, and after she had given him three sons, he had her excommunicated, on a rigged charge of adultery, and seized all her lands. Don Camillo and his sons were butchered at dinner by assassins who had been hired by their host, Don Camillo's uncle Marcantonio. Marcantonio was strangled by Cosimo's men, and Cosimo was poisoned by his nephew Antonio. The palace in Rome had had an oubliette—a chamber with a floor that operated on the principle of a seesaw. If you walked or were pushed beyond the axis, you went howling down for good into the bone pit. All this was long before the nineteenth century, when the upper stories were remodelled into apartments. Donna Carla's grandparents were exemplary Roman nobles. They were even prudish, and had the erotic frescoes in the ballroom rectified. They were commemorated by a marble portrait statue in the smoking room. It was life-size and showed them as they might have appeared for a walk on the Lungo-Tevere—marble hats, marble gloves, a marble walking stick. He even had a marble fur collar on his marble coat. The most corrupt and tasteless park commissioner could not have been bribed to give it space.

Donna Carla was born in the family village of Vevaqua, in Tuscany, where her parents lived for many years in a kind of exile. Her father was simple in his tastes, bold, pious, just, and the heir to an immense patrimony. Hunting in England as a young man, he had a bad spill. His arms and legs were broken, his skull was fractured, and several vertebrae were smashed. His parents took what was then the long trip from Rome to England, and waited three days for their brilliant son to regain consciousness. It was thought that he would never walk again. His recuperative powers were exceptional, but it was two years before he took a step. Then, wasted, leaning on two sticks and half supported by a busty nurse named Winifred-Mae



"Madam, you've put your hand right on the very one I'd have chosen myself."

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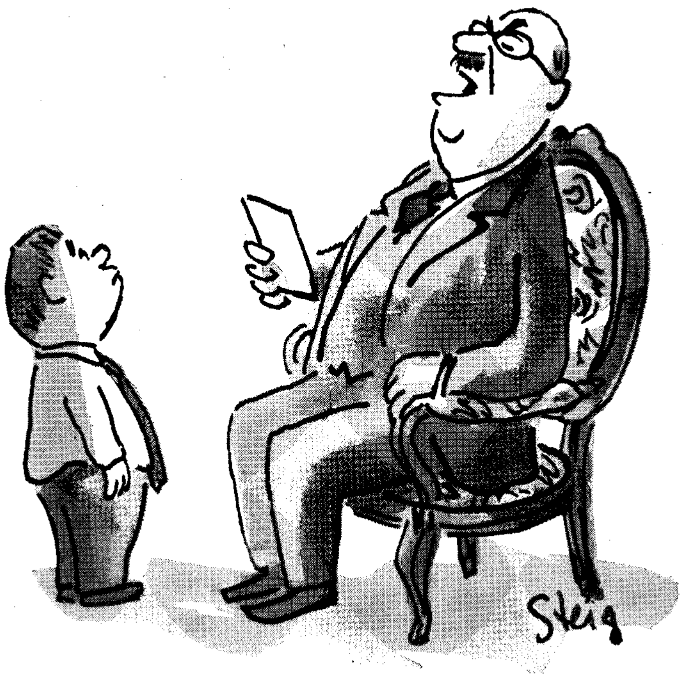
Bolton, he crossed the threshold of the nursing home into the garden. He held his head up, smiled his quick smile, and moved haltingly, as if he were delayed by his pleasure in the garden and the air, and not by his infirmity. It was six months before he could return to Rome, and he returned with the news that he was going to marry Winifred-Mae Bolton. She had given him—literally—his life, and what, as a good nobleman, could he do but give her his? The consternation in Rome, Milan, and Paris was indescribable. His parents wept, but they were up against that single-minded concern for probity that had appeared in his character when he was a boy. His father, who loved him as he loved his own life, said that Winifred-Mae would not enter the gates of Rome so long as he lived, and she did not.

Donna Carla's mother was a large, cheerful woman with a coronet of yellow-reddish hair and a very broad manner. The only Italian she ever learned was "*prego*" and "*grazie*," and she pronounced these "*prygo*" and "*gryzia*." During the years in exile in Vevaqua, she worked in the garden. Her taste in formal gardening was colored by the railroad-station gardens of England, and she spelled out her husband's name—Cosimo—in pansies and set it in a heart-shaped bed of artichokes. She liked to fry fish and chips, for which the peasants thought she was crazy. The only evidence that the Duke may have regretted his marriage was an occasional—a charming—look of bewilderment on his handsome face. With his wife he was always loving, courteous, and protective. Donna Carla was twelve years old when her grandparents died. After a period of mourning, she, Winifred-Mae, and the Duke entered Rome by the gate of Santa Maria del Popolo.

Winifred-Mae had probably, by then, seen enough of ducal gigantism not to exclaim over the size of the palace on the Tiber. Their first night in Rome set the pattern for their life there. "Now that we're back in a city again," she said, "with all the shops and all, I'll go out and buy a bit of fresh fish, shall I, ducky, and fry it for you the way I used to when you were in hospital?" Perfect love was in the Duke's smile of assent. In the fish market, she squealed at the squid and the eels, but she found a nice piece of sole, and took it home and fried it, with some potatoes, in the kitchen, while the servants watched with tears in their eyes, to see the fall of such a great house. After dinner, as had been the custom in Vevaqua, she sang. It was not true that, as her enemies said, she had sung ditties and kicked up her petticoats in English music halls. She had sung in music halls before she became a nurse, but she had sung the "Méditation" from "Thaïs," and "The Road to Mandalay." Her display of talentlessness was exhaustive; it was stupendous. She seemed to hold her lack of talent up to the light for examination, and to stretch its seams. She flatted, and she sharped, and she strummed noisily on the piano, but she did all this with such perfect candor and self-assurance that the performance was refreshing. The Duke beamed at these accomplishments of his wife, and did not seem in any way inclined to compare this entertainment with the days of his youth, when he had stood with his nursemaid on the ballroom balcony and seen a quadrille danced by one emperor, two kings, three queens, and a hundred and thirty-six grand dukes and grand duchesses. Winifred-Mae sang for an hour, and then they turned out the lights and went to bed. In those years, an owl had nested in the palace tower, and they could hear, above the drifting music of fountains, the belling of the owl. It reminded Winifred-Mae of England.

Rome had intended never to make any acknowledgment of Winifred-Mae's existence, but a lovely duchessina who was also a billionairess was too good a thing to pass up, and it seemed that Donna Carla would be the richest woman in Europe. If suitors were to be pre-



"B-plus is not good enough for a Zimmerman!"

sented to her, Winifred-Mae had to be considered, and she was called on by the high nobility. She went on cooking, sewing, singing, and knitting; they got her on her own terms. She was a scandal. She asked noble callers into the kitchen while she popped a steak-and-kidney pie into the oven. She made cretonne slipcovers for the furniture in the *salottino*. She complained, in explicit detail, about the old-fashioned plumbing in the palace. She installed a radio. At her insistence, the Duke employed as his secretary a young Englishman named Cecil Smith. Smith was not even liked by the English. Coming down the Spanish Stairs in the morning sun, he could remind you of the industrial Midlands. He smelled of Stoke-on-Trent. He was a tall man with brown curly hair parted and combed across his forehead like a drapery. He wore dark, ill-fitting clothes that were sent to him from England, and as a result of a fear of drafts and a fear of immodesty, he gave one the impression that he was buried in clothing. He wore nightcaps, undervests, mufflers, and rubbers, and the cuff of his long underwear could be seen when he reached out his cup for another spot of tea, which he took with Winifred-Mae. His manners were refined. He wore paper cuffs and an eyeshade in the Duke's office, and he fried sausages and potatoes on a gas ring in his flat.

But the sewing, the singing, the smell of fish and chips, and Cecil Smith had to be overlooked by the needy nobility. The thought of what Donna Carla's grace and her billions could do to lubricate the aristocracy would make your heart thump. Potential suitors began coming to the palace when she was thirteen or fourteen. She was pleasant to them all. She had even then the kind of inner gracefulness that was to make her so persuasive as a young woman. She was not a solemn girl, but hilarity seemed to lie outside her range, and some countess who had come to display her son remarked afterward that she was like the princess in the fairy tale—the princess who had never laughed. There must have been some truth in the observation, because it stuck; people repeated the remark, and what they meant was an atmosphere of sadness or captivity that one sensed in spite of her clear features and her light coloring.

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THIS was in the thirties—a decade, in Italy, of marching in the streets, arrests, assassinations, and the loss of familiar lights. Cecil Smith returned to England when the war broke out. Very few suitors came to the palace in those days. The crippled Duke was an implacable anti-Fascist, and he told everyone that Il Duce was an abomination and an infection, but he was never molested or thrown into prison, as were some less outspoken men; this may have been because of his rank, his infirmities, or his popularity with the Romans. But when the war began, the family were forced into a complete retirement. They were thought, wrongly, to be in sympathy with the Allies, and were allowed to leave the palace only once a day, to go to late or early Mass at San Giovanni. They were in bed and asleep on the night of September 10, 1943. The owl was hooting. Luigi, the old butler, woke them and said there was a messenger in the hall. They dressed quickly and went down. The messenger was disguised as a farmer, but the Duke recognized the son of an old friend. He informed the Duke that the Germans were coming down the Via Cassia and were entering the city. The commanding general had put a price of a million lire on the Duke's head; it was the price of his intransigence. They were to go at once, on foot, to an address on the Janiculum. Winifred-Mae could hear the owl hooting in the tower, and she had never been so homesick for England. "I don't want to go, ducky," she said. "If they're going to kill us, let them kill us in our own beds." The Duke smiled kindly and opened the door for her onto one of the most troubled of Roman nights.

There were already German patrols in the streets. It was a long walk up the river, and they were very conspicuous—the weeping Englishwoman, the Duke with his stick, and the graceful daughter. How mysterious life must have seemed at that moment! The Duke moved slowly and had to stop now and then to rest, but though he was in pain, he did not show it. With his head up and a price on it, he looked around alertly, as if he had stopped to observe or admire some change in his old city. They crossed the river by separate bridges and met at a barbershop, where they were taken into a cellar and disguised. Their skin was stained and their hair was dyed. They left Rome before dawn, concealed in a load of furniture, and that evening reached a small village in the mountains, where they were hidden in a farmhouse cellar.

The village was shelled twice, but only a few buildings and barns on the outskirts were destroyed. The farmhouse was searched a dozen times, by Germans and Fascists, but the Duke was always warned long in advance. In the village, they were known as Signor and Signora Giusti, and it was Winifred-Mae who chafed at this incognito. She was the Duchess Malvolio-Pommodori, and she wanted it known. Donna Carla liked being Carla Giusti. She went one day, as Carla Giusti, to the washing trough and spent a pleasant morning cleaning her clothes and gossiping with the other women. When she got back to the farm, Winifred-Mae was furious. She was Donna Carla; she must not forget it. A few days later, Winifred-Mae saw Donna Carla being taught by a woman at the fountain how to carry a copper vase on her head, and she called her daughter into the house and gave her another fierce lecture on rank. Donna Carla was always malleable and obedient, but without losing her freshness, and she never tried to carry a *conca* again.

When Rome was liberated, the family returned to the city, to find that the Germans had sacked the palace, and they then retired to an estate in the south and waited there for the war to end. The Duke was invited to help in the formation of a government, but he declined this invitation, claiming to be too old; the fact was that he supported, if not the King, the concept of monarchy. The paintings and the rest of the family treasure were found in a salt mine and returned to the palace. Cecil Smith came back, put on his paper cuffs, and resumed the administration of the family fortune, which had come through the war intact. Suitors began to call on Donna Carla.

In the second year after the war, a hundred and seventeen suitors came to the palace. These were straight and honest men, crooked men, men suffering from hemophilia, and many cousins. It was Donna Carla's prerogative to propose marriage, and she saw them all to the door without hinting at the subject. This was a class of men whose disinheritedness was grandiose. Lying in bed in the Excelsior Hotel, they dreamed of what her wealth could do. The castle roof was repaired. Plumbing was installed at last. The garden bloomed. The saddle horses were fat and sleek. When she saw them to the door without having mentioned the subject of marriage, she offended them and she offended their dreams. She sent them back to a leaky castle and a ruined garden; she turned them out into the stormy weather of impoverished rank. Many of them were angry, but they kept on coming. She turned away so many suitors that she was finally summoned to the Vatican, where the Holy Father refreshed her sense of responsibility toward her family and its ancient name.

Considering that Winifred-Mae had upset the aristocratic applecart, she took a surprisingly fervid interest in the lineage of Donna Carla's suitors, and championed her favorites as they came. There was some hard feeling between the mother and daughter on this score, and—from Winifred-Mae—some hard words. More and more suitors came, and the more persistent and needy returned, but the subject of marriage was still not mentioned. Donna Carla's father confessor then suggested that she see a psychiatrist, and she was willing. She was never unwilling. He made an appointment for her with a devout and elderly doctor who practiced within the Catholic faith. He had been a friend of Croce's, and a large cabinet photograph of the philosopher hung on one of the dark walls of his office, but this may have been wasted on Donna Carla. He offered the Duchess a chair, and then, after some questioning, invited her to lie down on his couch. This was a massive piece of furniture, covered with worn leather and dating back to the earliest days of Freud. She walked gracefully toward the couch, and then turned and said, "But it is not possible for me to lie down in the presence of a gentleman." The doctor could see her point; it was a true impasse. She seemed to look longingly at the couch, but she could not change the facts of her upbringing, and so they said goodbye.

WE BUY and SELL ANYTHING
TON SMITS

The Duke was growing old. It was getting more and more difficult for him to walk, but this pain did not change his handsomeness and seemed only to increase his vitality. When people saw him, they thought, How nice it will be to eat a cutlet, take a swim, or climb a mountain; how pleasant, after all, life is. He passed on to Donna Carla his probity, and his ideal of a simple and elegant life. He ate plain fare off fine dishes, wore fine clothes in third-class train carriages, and, on the trip to Vevaqua, ate his simple lunch out of a basket. He kept—at great expense—his paintings cleaned and in good condition, but the dust covers on the chairs and chandeliers in the reception rooms had not been removed for years. Donna Carla began to interest herself in what she would inherit, and spent some time going over the ledgers in Cecil Smith's office. The impropriety of a beautiful Roman noblewoman's studying ledgers at a desk caused some gossip, and may have been the turning point in her reputation.

THERE was a turning point. Her life was not especially solitary, but her shy gracefulness gave this impression, and she had made enemies of enough of her former suitors to be the butt of gossip. It was said that the Duke's probity was miserliness and that the family's simple tastes were lunatic. It was said that the family ate bread crusts and canned sardines, and had only one electric-light bulb in the whole palace. It was said that they had gone crazy—all three of them—and would leave their billions to the dogs. Someone else said Donna Carla had been arrested for shoplifting on the Via Nazionale. Someone had seen her pick up a ten-lira piece on the Corso and put it in her bag. When Luigi, the old butler, collapsed on the street one day and was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, someone said that the doctors at the Clinic had found him dying of starvation.

The Communist Party got on the band wagon and began to attack Donna

Carla as the archetype of dying feudalism. A Communist deputy in the Chamber made a speech, saying that the sufferings of Italy would not be over until the Duchessina was dead. The village of Vevaqua voted Communist in the local elections. She went there after the harvest to audit the accounts. Her father was too frail and Smith was busy. She travelled third class, as she had been taught. The old calash and the shabby coachman were waiting for her at the station. Clouds of dust came from the leather cushions when she sat down. As the carriage was entering an olive grove below the walls of the village, someone threw a rock. It struck Donna Carla on the shoulder. Another stone struck her on the thigh and another on the breast. The coachman's hat was knocked off, and he whipped the horse, but the horse was too used to pulling a plow to change his pace. Then a stone hit the coachman on the forehead and blood spurted out. Blinded with blood, he dropped the reins. The horse moved over to the side of the road and began to eat grass. Donna Carla got out of the calash. The men in the olive grove ran off. She bound up the coachman's head with a scarf, took up the reins, and drove the old carriage up into the village, where "DEATH TO DONNA CARLA! DEATH TO THE DUCHESS!" was written everywhere. The streets were deserted. The servants in the castle were loyal, and they dressed her cuts and bruises, and they brought her tea, and cried. When she began the audit in the morning, the tenants came in, one by one, and she did not mention the incident. With grace and patience she went over the accounts with men she recognized as her assailants. Three days later, she drove back through the olive grove and took the train, third class, to Rome.

But her reputation in Rome was not improved by this incident. Someone said that she had turned a starving child away from her door, that her avarice was pathological. She was smuggling her paintings into England and amassing a fortune there. She was selling the jewels. Noble Roman property owners are expected to be sharp, but stories of unusual dishonesty were fabricated and circulated about Donna Carla. It was also said that she was losing her looks. She was growing old. People disputed about her age. She was twenty-eight. She was thirty-two. She was thirty-six. She was thirty-eight. And she was still a familiar figure on the Lungo-Tevere, as grave and lovely as ever, with her shining hair and her half smile. But what was the truth? What would a German prince, a suitor with a leaky palace, find if he went there for tea?

PARTY KNEE

To drink in moderation, and to smoke
  A minimal amount, and joke
  Reservedly does not insure
Awaking from a party whole and pure.

Be we as temperate as the turtledove,
  A soiree is an orgy of
  This strange excess, unknown in France,
And Rome, and Nineveh: the upright stance.

When more than four forgather in our land,
  We stand, and stand, and stand, and stand;
  Thighs ache, and drowsy numbness locks
The bones between our pockets and our socks.

Forgive us, Prince of Easement, when from bed
  With addled knees and lucid head
  We leap at dawn, and sob, and beg
A buffered aspirin for a splitting leg.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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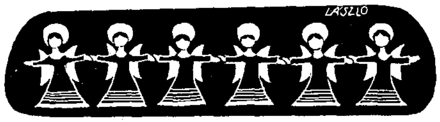
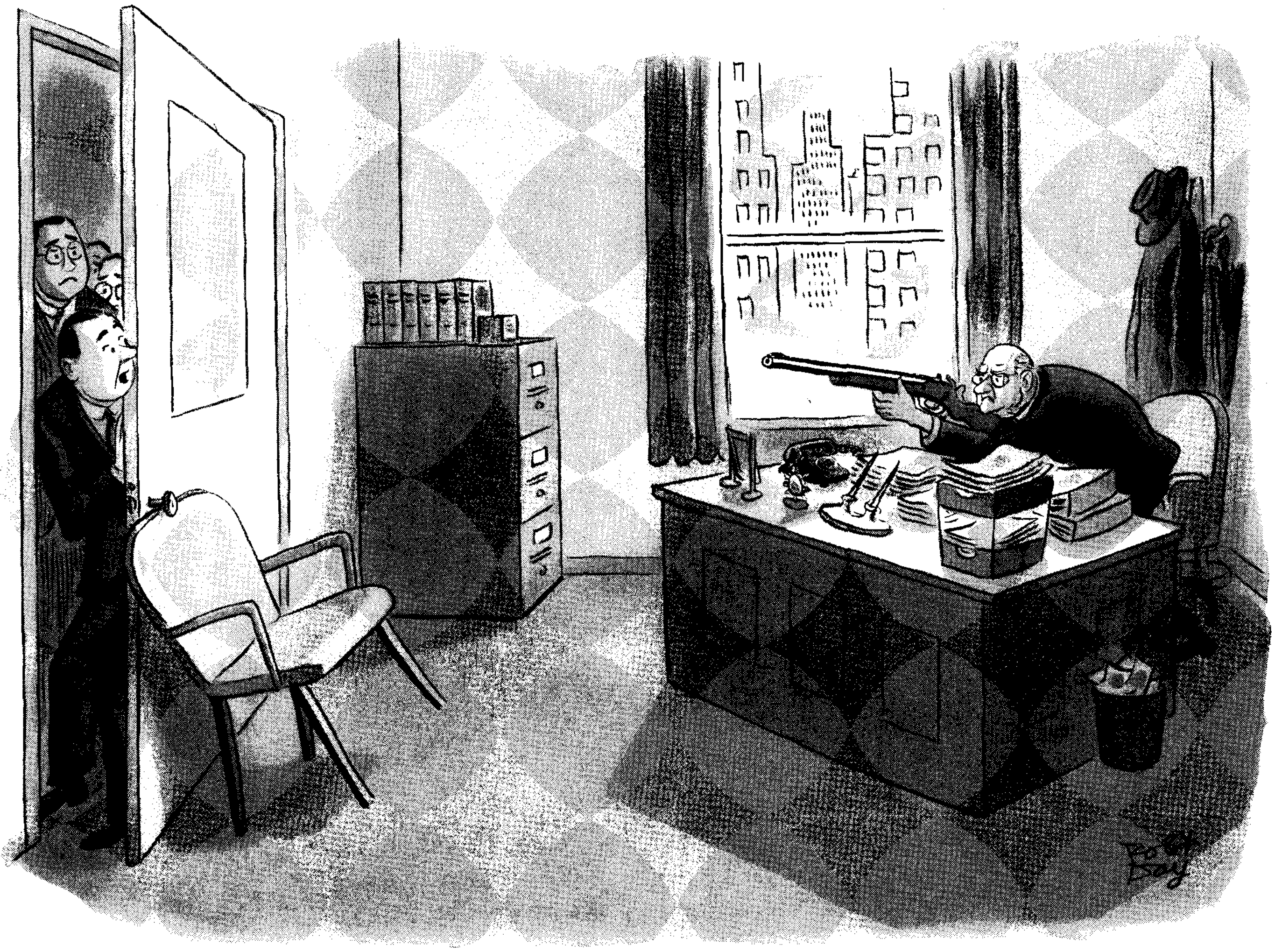
PRINCE BERNSTRASSER-FALCONBERG went under the massive arch at five one Sunday afternoon, into a garden where there were some tangerine trees and a fountain. He was a man of forty-five, with three illegitimate children, and with a jolly mistress waiting for him at the Grand Hotel. Looking up at the walls of the palace, he could not help thinking of all the good Donna Carla's wealth would do. He would pay his debts. He would buy a bathtub for his old mother. He would fix the roof. An old porter in yellow livery let him in, and Luigi opened a second pair of double doors, into a hall with a marble staircase. Donna Carla was waiting here in the dusk. "Awfully nice of you to come," she said, in English. "Frightfully gloomy, isn't it?" The fragile English music of her voice echoed lightly off the stones. The hall *was* gloomy, he could see, but this was only half the truth, and the Prince sensed at once that he was not supposed to notice that it was also stupendous. The young woman seemed to be appealing to him for some understanding of her embarrassment, of her dilemma at having to greet him in such surroundings, and of her wish to pretend that this was some quite ordinary hall, where two friends might meet on a Sunday afternoon. She gave him her hand, and apologized for her parents' absence, saying that they were unwell. (This was not quite the truth; Winifred-Mae had a cold, but the old Duke had gone off to a double-feature.)



The Prince was pleased to see that she was attractive, that she had on a velvet dress and some perfume. He wondered about her age, and saw that her face, that close, seemed quite pale and drawn.

"We have quite a walk ahead of us," she said. "Shall we begin? The *salottino*, the only room where one can sit down, is at the other end of the palace, but one can't use the back door, because then one makes a *brutta figura*. . . ." They stepped from the hall into the cavernous picture gallery. The room was dimly lighted, its hundreds of chairs covered with chamois. The Prince wondered if he should mention the paintings, and tried to take his cue from the Duchess. She seemed to be waiting, but was she waiting for him to join her or waiting for a display of his sensibilities? He took a chance and stopped in front of a Bronzino and praised it. "He looks rather better now that he's been cleaned," she said. The Prince moved from the Bronzino to a Tintoretto. "I say," she said, "shall we go on to someplace more comfortable?"

The next gallery was tapestries, and her one concession to these was to murmur, "Spanish. A frightful care. Moths and all that sort of thing." When the Prince stopped to admire the contents of a cabinet, she joined him and explained the objects, and he caught for the first time a note of ambivalence in her apparent wish to be taken for a simple woman who lived in a flat. "Carved lapis lazuli," she said. "The vase in the



"Cut it out, B.J.! You know that retirement at sixty-five is mandatory!"

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center is supposed to be the largest piece of lapis lazuli in the world." Then, as if she sensed and regretted this weakening of her position, she asked, as they stepped into the next room, "Did you ever see so much rubbish?"

Here were the cradles of popes, the crimson sedan chairs of cardinals, the bread-and-butter presents of emperors, kings, and grand dukes piled up to the ceiling, and the Prince was confused by her embarrassment. What tack should he take? Her behavior was not what one would expect of an heiress, but was it, after all, so queer, so unreasonable? What strange attitudes might one not be forced into, saddled with a mile or more of paintings, burdened with the bulky evidence of four consecutive centuries of wealth and power? She might, playing in these icy rooms as a girl, have discovered in herself a considerable disinclination to live in a monument. In any event, she would have had to make a choice, for if she took this treasure seriously, it would mean living moment by moment with the past, as the rest of us live with our appetites and thirsts, and who would want to do that?

Their destination was a dark parlor. The Prince watched her stoop down to the baseboard and plug in a feeble lamp.

"I keep all the lamps unplugged, because the servants sometimes forget, and electricity is frightfully expensive in Rome. *There* we are!" she exclaimed, straightening up and gesturing hospitably to a sofa from which the worn velvet hung in rags. Above this was a portrait by Titian of the first Malvolio-Pommodori pope. "I make my tea on a spirit lamp, because in the time it takes the man to bring tea from the kitchen the water gets quite cold. . . ."

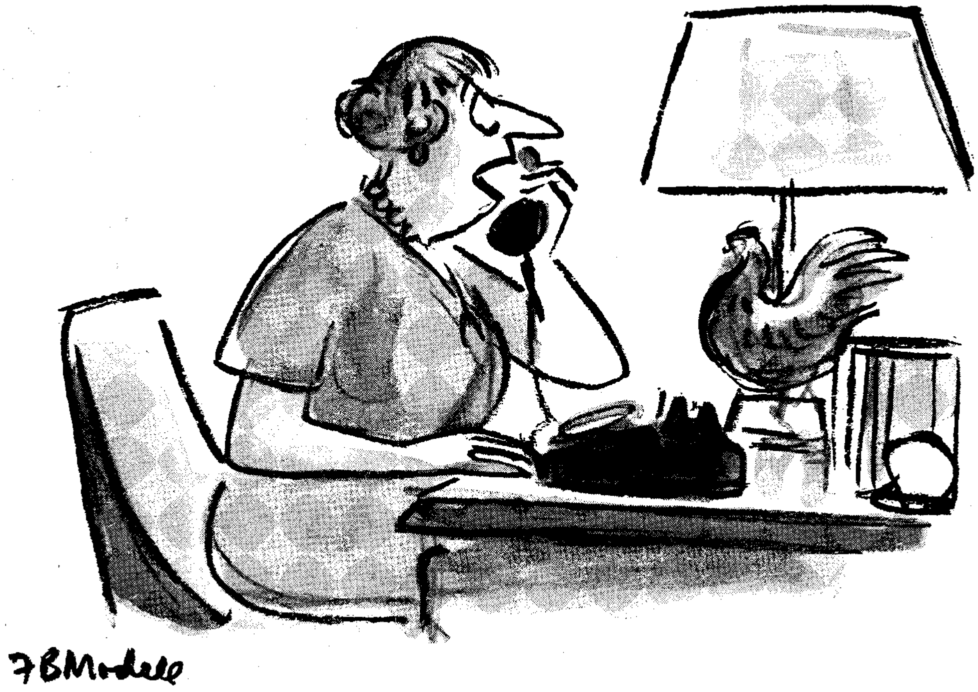
They sat waiting for the kettle to boil. She handed him his tea and smiled, and he was touched, although he didn't know why. But there seemed about this charming woman, as there was about so much that he admired in Rome, the threat of obsolescence. Her pallor was a little faded. Her nose was a little sharp. Her grace, her accent were close to excessive. She was not yet the kind of woman who carries her left hand adrift in midair, the little finger extended, as vulgar people are supposed to hold a teacup; her airs and graces were not yet mistaken, and through them the Prince thought he felt the beating of a healthy and decent heart. But he felt, at the same time, that her days ended inexorably in the damps of a lonely bed, and that much more of this life would transform her into that kind of wasted virgin whose musical voice has upon men the force of complete sexual discouragement.

"My mother regrets that she was unable to come to Rome," the Prince said, "but she asked me to express to you her hope that you will someday visit us in our country."

"How nice," Donna Carla said. "And please thank your mother. I don't believe we've ever met, but I do recall your cousins Otto and Friedrich, when they were in school here, and please remember me to them when you return."

"You should visit my country, Donna Carla."

"Oh, I would adore to, but I can't leave Rome, as things stand now. There



"Operator, I seem to be on a line with Edward Murrow and three other people."

is so much to do. There are the twenty shops downstairs and the flats overhead. Drains are forever bursting, and the pigeons nest in the tiles. I have to go to Tuscany for the harvests. There's never a minute."

"We have much in common, Donna Carla."

"Yes?"

"Painting. I love painting. It is the love of my life."

"Is that so?"

"I would love to live as you do, in a great house where one finds—how can I say it?—the true luminousness of art."

"Would you really? I can't say that I like it much myself. Oh, I can see the virtues in a pretty picture of a vase of flowers, but there's nothing like that here. Everywhere I look I see bloody crucifixions, nakedness, and cruelty." She drew her shawl closer. "I really don't like it."

"You know why I am here, Donna Carla?"

"Quite."

"I come from a good family. I am not young, but I am strong. I . . ."

"Quite," she said. "Will you have some more tea."

"Thank you."

Her smile, when she passed him his cup, was an open appeal to keep the conversation general, and he thought of his old mother, the Princess, taking her bath in a pail. But there was some persuasiveness, some triumphant intelligence in her smile that also made him feel, with shame, the stupidity and rudeness of his quest. Why should she want to buy his mother a bathtub? Why should she want to fix his roof? Why had he been told everything about the Duchess but the fact that she was sensible? He could see her point. Indeed, he could see more. He saw how idle the gossip had been. This "swindler," this "miser," this "shoplifter" was no more than a pleasant woman who used her head. He knew the kind of suitors who had preceded him—more often than not with a mistress waiting at the hotel—and why shouldn't they have excited her suspicions? He knew the brilliant society she had neglected; he knew its grim card parties, its elegant and malicious dinners, its tedium, not relieved in any way by butlers in livery and torchlit gardens. How sensible of her to have stayed home. She was a sensible woman—much too sensible to be interested in him—and what lay at the heart of the mystery was her brains. No one would have expected to find blooming in ancient Rome this flower of common sense.

He talked with her for twenty minutes. Then she rang for Luigi and asked him to show the Prince to the door.

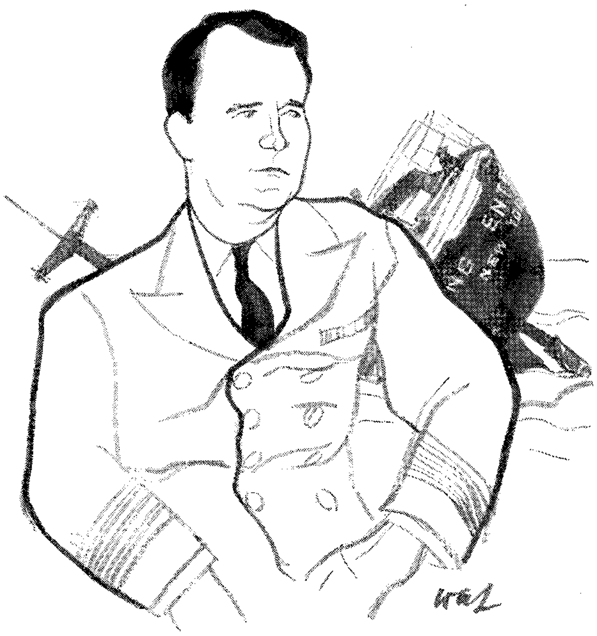
IT came with a crash, the old Duke's death. Reading Joseph Conrad in the *salottino* one night, he got up to get an ashtray and fell down dead. His cigarette burned in the carpet long after his heart had stopped beating. Luigi found him. Winifred-Mae was hysterical. A cardinal with acolytes rushed to the palace, but it was too late. The Duke was buried in the great Renaissance tomb, surrounded by ruined gardens, on the Appia Antica, and half the aristocracy of Europe went into mourning. Winifred-Mae was shattered. She planned to return to England, but, having packed her bags, she found she was too ill to travel. She drank gin for her indigestion. She railed at the servants, she railed at Donna Carla for not having married, and then, after three months of being a widow, she died.

Every day for thirty days after her mother's death, Donna Carla left the palace in the morning for early Mass and then went out to the family tomb. Sometimes she drove. Sometimes she took a bus. Her mourning veil was so heavy that her features could hardly be seen. She went rain or shine, said her prayers, and was seen wandering in the garden in a thunderstorm. It made one sad to see her on the Lungo-Tevere; there seemed to be such finality to her black clothes. It made everyone sad—the beggars and the women who sold chestnuts. She had loved her parents too well. Something had gone wrong. Now she would spend the rest of her life—how easy this was to imagine—between the palace and the tomb. But at the end of thirty days Donna Carla went to her father confessor and asked to see His Holiness. A few days later, she went to the Vatican. She did not go bowling through the Piazza San Pietro in a hired limousine, wiping off her lipstick with a piece of Kleenex. She parked her dusty little car near the fountains and went through the gates on foot. She kissed His Holiness's ring, curtsied gracefully to the floor, and said, "I wish to marry Cecil Smith."

Wood smoke, confetti, and the smell of snow and manure spun on the wind on the changeable day when they were married, in Vevaqua. She entered the church as Donna Carla Malvolio-Pommodori, Duchess of Vevaqua-Perdere-Giusti, etc., and came out Mrs. Cecil Smith. She was radiant. They returned to Rome, and she took an office adjoining his, and shared the administration of the estate and the work of distributing her income among convents, hospitals, and the poor. Their first son—Cecil Smith, Jr.—was born a year after their marriage, and a year later they had a daughter, Jocelyn. Donna Carla was cursed in every leaky castle in Europe, but surely shining choirs of angels in Heaven will sing of Mrs. Cecil Smith. —JOHN CHEEVER

PROFILES

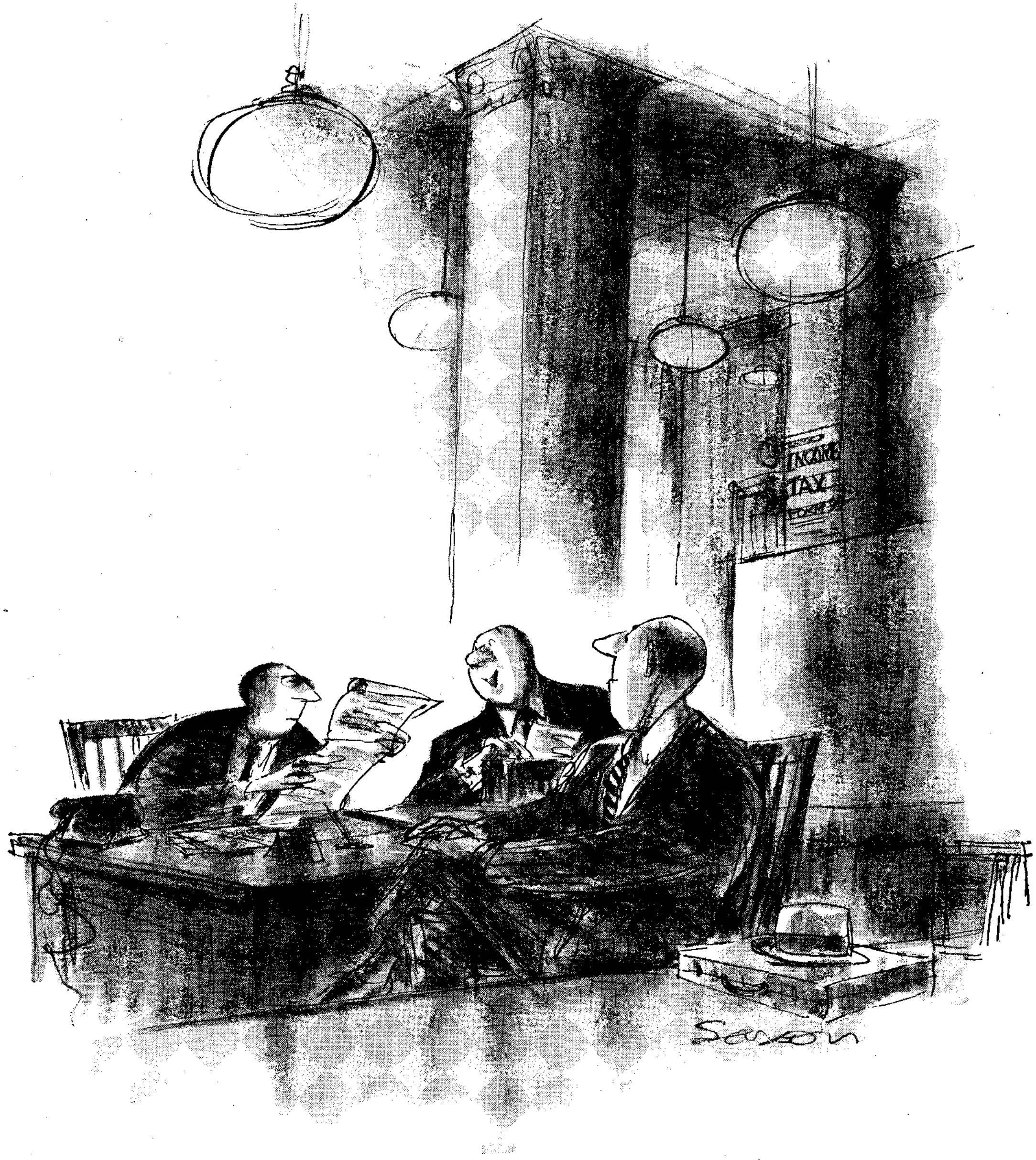
A POWERFUL SENSE OF HIS DUTY



Henrik Kurt Carlsen

OF all the winter storms to sweep the North Atlantic in recent years, few are more sorely remembered by seafaring people and the inhabitants of many European coastal areas than the gales that prevailed over the eastern part of the ocean during the last few days of 1951. The area of disturbance extended from Scandinavia to the Iberian Peninsula, and even into North Africa—snow began falling one day during Christmas week at Maktar, Tunisia—and the storms stretched westward into the ocean for several hundred miles. A news dispatch from London that the New York *Times* printed on its front page on December 30th described the Atlantic as "one vast boiling cauldron, from the Bay of Biscay to Britain," and it went on to estimate at twenty-six the total number of people dead or missing in the storms—an estimate that was to rise to sixty before the year was out. Winds within the storm area were said to be blowing at full hurricane force. Ships were in distress everywhere. Even the largest ocean liners had a terrible time of it; when the Queen Mary, badly knocked about, arrived in Southampton seventy-two hours late, Captain Harry Grattidge, her skipper, told the press that the voyage to New York and back was the worst he had known since 1914. "There was no other word for the seas but terrific," he was quoted as saying. The skippers of many smaller vessels found the seas disastrous. The Norwegian tanker Osthav buckled amidships and broke in two off the Spanish coast, near Coruña; the German freighter Irene Oldendorff went down off the North Sea island of Borkum with a loss of twenty-two lives; and the Dutch coastal steamer Gemma was driven aground near Biarritz and her eight-man crew was drowned. These and many other maritime casualties were faithfully reported in this country during the dying days of December; occurring, as they did, in the midst of the festive season, they provided the safely landlocked public with a chilling inventory of the ferocities of nature and of the perils endured by those who made their living on the high seas.

Of all the manifold adversities brought on by the storms, none attracted such intense interest here and throughout the world as the plight of a United States freighter named the Flying Enterprise. The American public began to hear about the Flying Enterprise on December 29th, when press dispatches from Europe reported that several ships in the eastern Atlantic had picked up an emergency radio message from the freighter to the effect that she was encountering severe hurricane conditions some three hundred and thirty miles southwest of Cape Clear, on the southern tip of Ireland; that she was "just drifting," with a heavy list; and that her situation was grave. The significance of this last phrase was underlined by the additional information that the Flying Enterprise had fifty-one people aboard—ten passengers in addition to her master and her crew of forty. By the following day, the storms were at their worst over most of the eastern Atlantic, and it became apparent that the gravity of the freighter's position had deepened into desperation; the press reported that the passengers and crew had been ordered to abandon ship, and that they, along with the body of one passenger who had drowned, had been picked up by boats from rescue ships. While these events were dramatic, what really focussed attention on the Flying Enterprise, as distinct from the many other ships in difficulties at the time, was the news that her captain had chosen to remain aboard after ordering everybody else off, and that (as the *Times* put it), having "stubbornly resisted repeated attempts to rescue him," he was sticking to his ship—now heeled over at a sixty-to-eighty-degree angle—with the expressed determination to keep command of her as long as she remained afloat, or at least until a tug took her safely in tow. The name of the captain, a thirty-seven-year-old native of Denmark who was currently a resident of Woodbridge, New Jersey, was Henrik Kurt Carlsen—a name that was to become familiar throughout the world over the next two weeks. The story of Carlsen's unremitting efforts to save the Flying Enterprise, relayed to the public in day-by-day installments in the press and over the air, was enough to excite anybody's imagination—how he held out aboard his wallowing ship for thirteen days and nights, the first six of them alone and the rest in the company of the young mate of a British rescue tug who had joined him on board; how, alone or with the aid of his young companion, he managed, time after time, to haul towlines onto the Flying Enterprise, only to have them part in rough seas; how, having surmounted these and other obstacles, he and his helper kept the ship under tow toward the Cornish port of Falmouth, until, with a safe harbor tantalizingly close, a new storm arose and the ship went down; and how he and the mate jumped from her funnel before she disappeared and were picked up by an attending tug. It was a heartbreaking climax to a drama that had all but pushed the war in Korea off the front pages for almost a fortnight, and public sympathy for Carlsen over the loss of his ship was exceeded only by the universally expressed admiration for his courage and resourcefulness in attempting to save her. He was welcomed in Falmouth with flowers, speeches, and cheers; New York gave him an enthusiastic ticker-tape reception; and medals and citations for bravery were pressed upon him by Congress and the governments of many other countries. All sorts of commercial offers were pressed upon him, too, and if he had accepted them, he would have become wealthy overnight. But Carlsen did not accept them; he refused to cash in on his popularity. "I only did my duty as a simple sea-



"Be reasonable! How could a man like Mr. Weller afford the time to join a golf club just for the fun of the game?"

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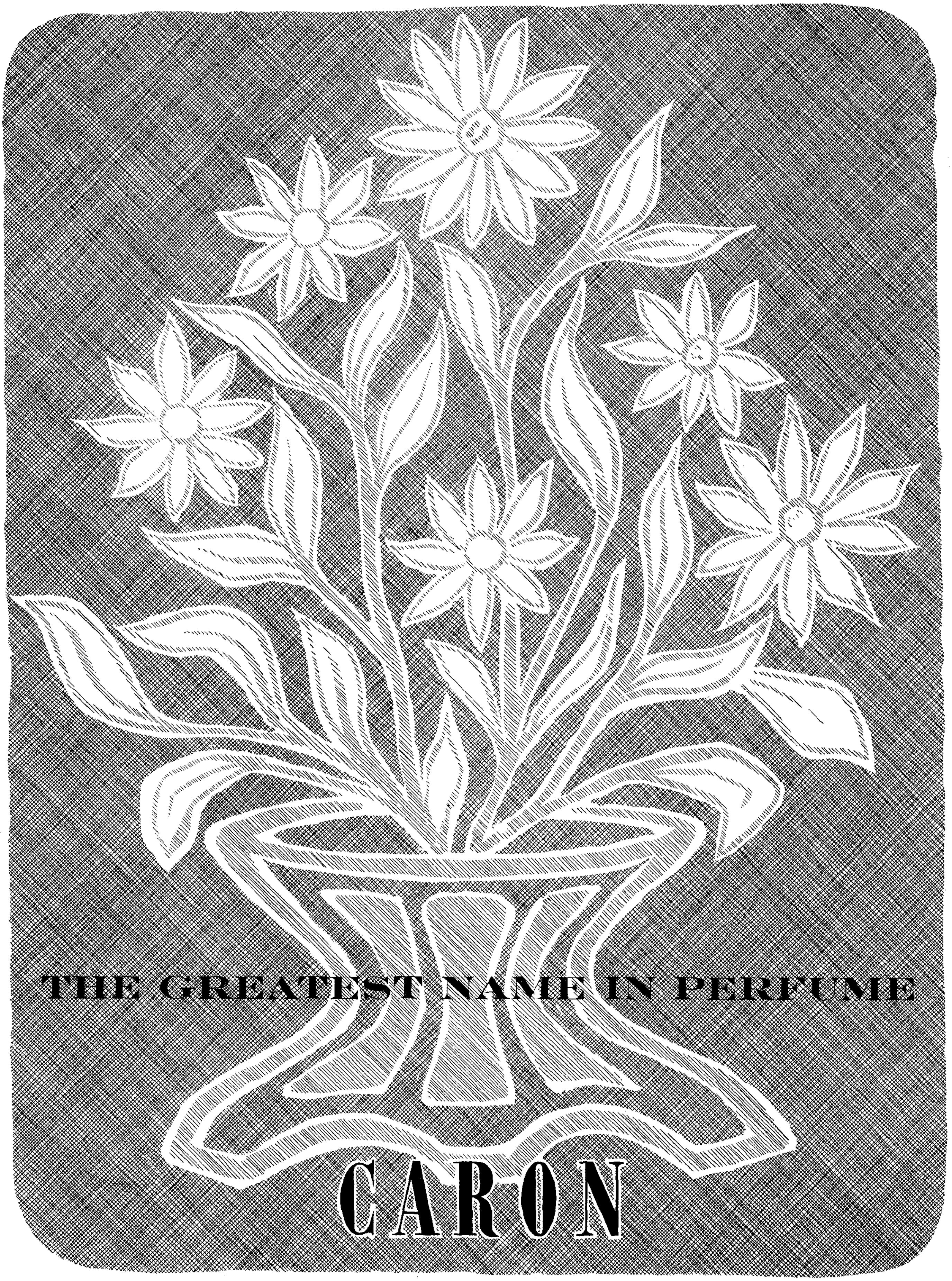
man," he explained. He seemed like a hero from another time.

THE Flying Enterprise began her final voyage on December 21, 1951, when she left Hamburg for New York. She was a seven-year-old vessel of 6,711 tons—a wartime C-1 freighter, slightly smaller and slower than a Victory ship—which the Isbrandtsen Company, a relatively small but well-known and aggressive cargo line, had bought from the United States Maritime Commission in 1947. She had two decks in her superstructure—the topmost bridge deck, which contained the officers' quarters and the radio room, and the cabin deck, where the passengers were quartered. Isbrandtsen had had her on the European run for some three years, carrying general cargo and a small number of passengers, and now, as she headed down the Elbe for the North Sea under Carlsen's command, she was lightly loaded, to about a third of her carrying capacity, with a typical assortment of freight. In addition to her principal burden—twelve hundred and seventy tons of pig iron, which had been loaded in Rotterdam—her holds contained four hundred and eighty-six tons of coffee, seven hundred bales of peat moss, twelve Volkswagens, three hundred and ninety-three barrels of bone meal, twenty-five barrels of onions and gherkins, three tons of bird cages, a hundred and twenty-five bales of animal hair, five tons of carpets, sixty tons of graphite, four hundred and forty-seven tons of rags, a number of German-made typewriters, a further number of antiques, a load of mail and express packages, and a hundred and twenty-five sections of steel pipe. She also carried, on her main deck, fore and aft, dozens of bags of naphthalene—the stuff of which mothballs are made—placed there so as not to contaminate the cargo in the holds.

To her captain, the route to New York was a comfortably familiar one. Carlsen, a short, stocky man with a pleasant, rather boyish face, was an experienced sailor for his age, having spent twenty-three of his thirty-seven years at sea. The son of a Jack-of-all-trades from Hillerød, he began his career at fourteen as a cook's helper aboard a Danish schooner engaged in the grain trade, worked for a couple of years as a deckhand and sailmaker aboard other big Danish sailing vessels, and then, after a stint in the Danish Navy, carried on in the Danish Merchant Marine as an able seaman and, later, as a junior officer. In 1938, when he was second officer of the Danish freighter Sessa, he married a Jutland girl, Agnes Sørensen, and shortly afterward, when his ship was assigned to a regular run between Chilean ports and New York, he brought his bride over here to live; during the war years, when he took out American-citizenship papers, he sailed as chief mate and master of various ships in the United States Merchant Marine that belonged to or were chartered by the Isbrandtsen line. He had skippered the Flying Enterprise for most of the time that Isbrandtsen had had her on the European run, and this voyage was to be his forty-fourth crossing of the Atlantic as her master.

The Flying Enterprise was due in New York on January 3rd; aside from a fog that further slowed the freighter's normally slow and cautious progress down the Elbe, Carlsen had no special indications that the voyage ahead would be an abnormally rough one for early winter, or that the arrival of the ship at her destination was likely to be seriously delayed. An abundant Christmas table was promised for everybody on board, and while Carlsen would have been happy if the ship's schedule had permitted him to spend the holidays with his family in Woodbridge, he was looking forward to longer-than-usual chats with them by short-wave radio, since he was an enthusiastic and skillful ama-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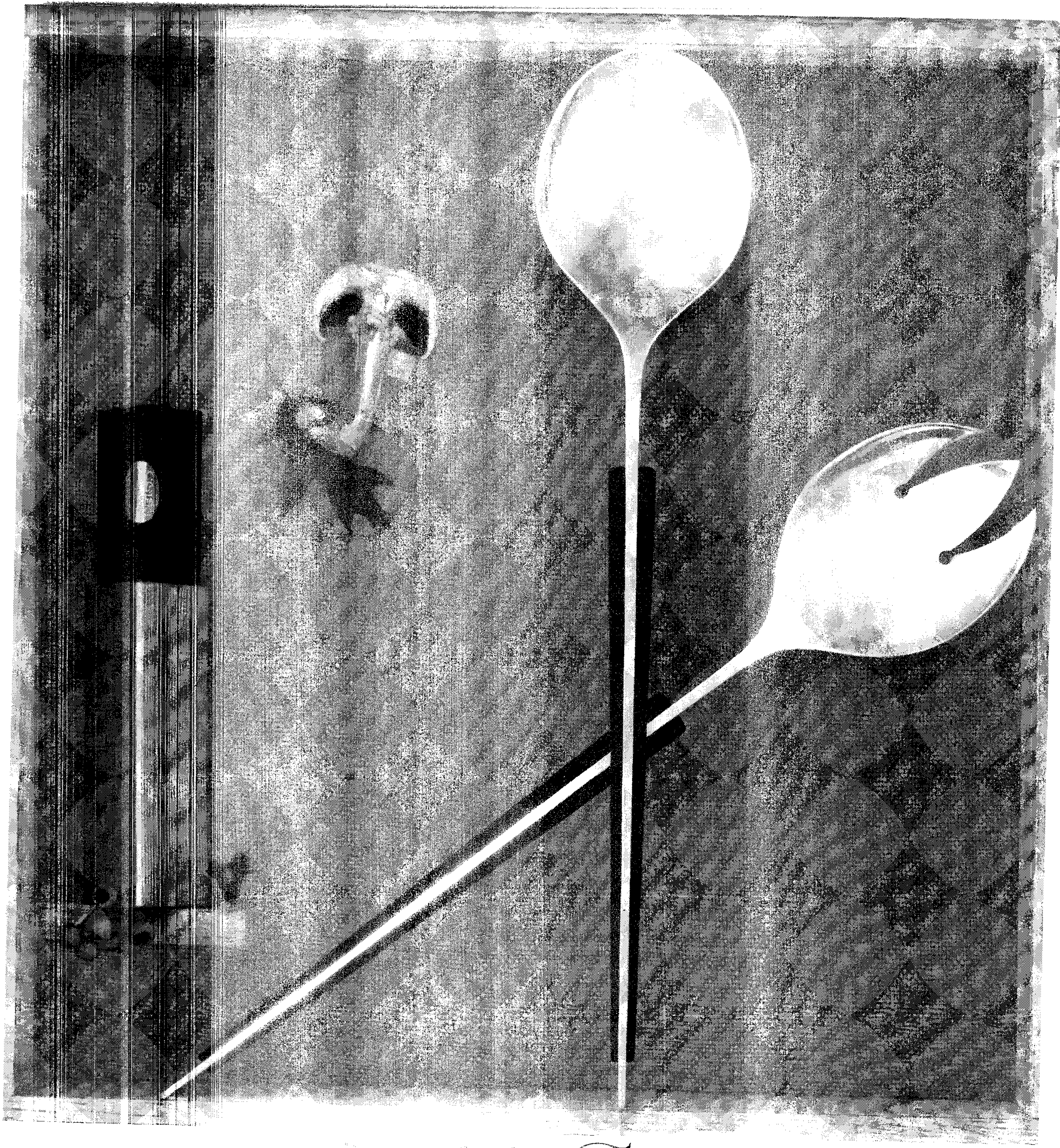
teur radio operator and kept a private transmitter in his cabin. As a treat for his passengers and crew, he had promised to allow them to talk to their families, too, at Christmas, via coöperative amateur radio operators near their homes.

There was to be little of such shipboard cheer. The Flying Enterprise continued to encounter heavy fog until she reached a point about halfway down the English Channel, and then, on December 24th, in the open sea, rough weather set in from the west. Conditions steadily worsened, and most of the passengers spent Christmas Day being thoroughly seasick, for the Flying Enterprise was taking a bad buffeting. Continual strong winds were now forecast for the area, and by December 26th both the wind and the seas had risen to such an extent that Carlsen—giving due regard to the miserable state of his passengers, most of whom were fairly elderly, as well as to the security of the Volkswagens in his cargo, which were stowed uncrated in one of the holds—decided that it would be wise to heave to and ride out the worst of the weather. He did so, heading the ship off the wind and keeping the propellers turning at the minimum rate necessary to maintain steerageway. All that night, the Flying Enterprise lay pitching and rolling in very heavy seas. The velocity of the wind increased steadily, until it reached Force 12—the highest reading on Beaufort's scale of wind power, indicating hurricane-force winds of at least sixty-five miles an hour—and, as dawn approached, the waves breaking over the ship were between thirty and forty feet high. At about six-thirty in the morning, everybody on board was startled by an explosive snapping noise. Under the crashing seas, the ship's steel deck and hull plates had cracked in two places amidships. One fracture ran from a corner of No. 3 hatch to the port side and twelve feet down the hull; the other ran from a corner of the deckhouse to the starboard side and also twelve feet down the hull.

Carlsen immediately ordered all hands on deck, and put a gang to work on the fractured area. Cracked plates were nothing new to a seaman of his experience, and although he knew that the damage was serious, he felt confident that he could bring the ship and her passengers safely into port. To ease the strain on the fore part of the vessel, Carlsen kept her headed well off the wind. During the morning, his deck gang, working in seas that broke



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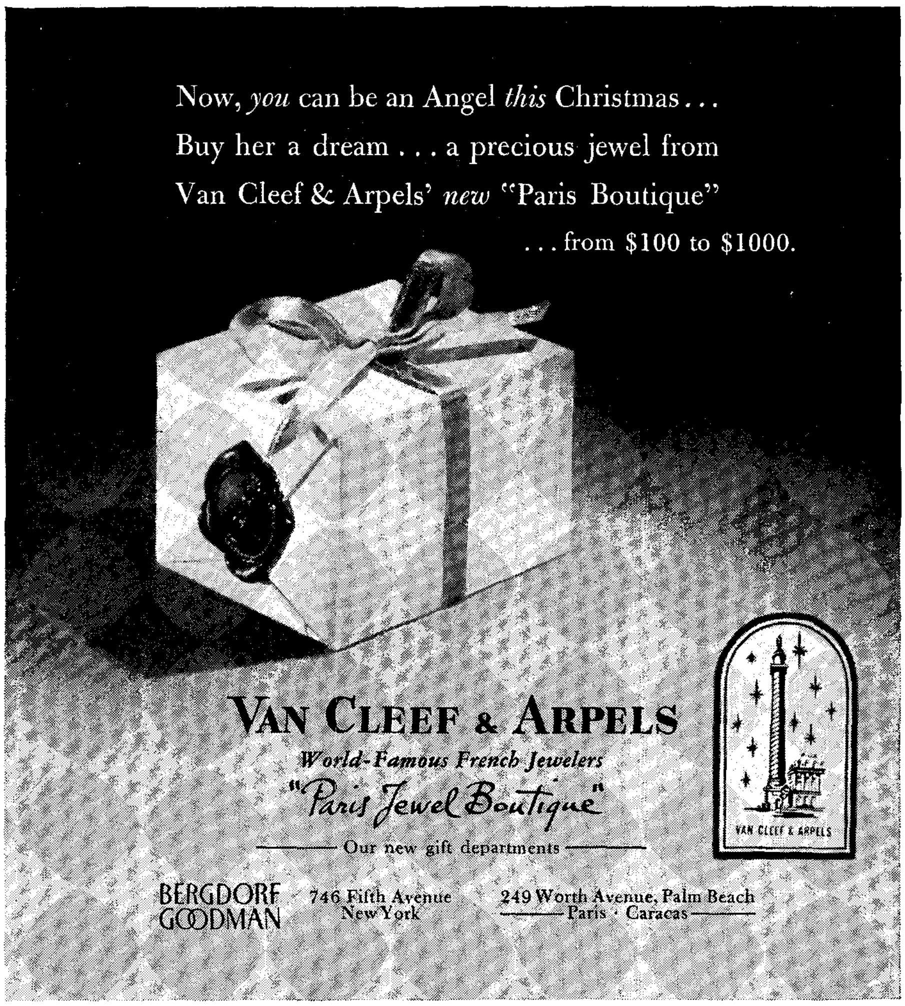

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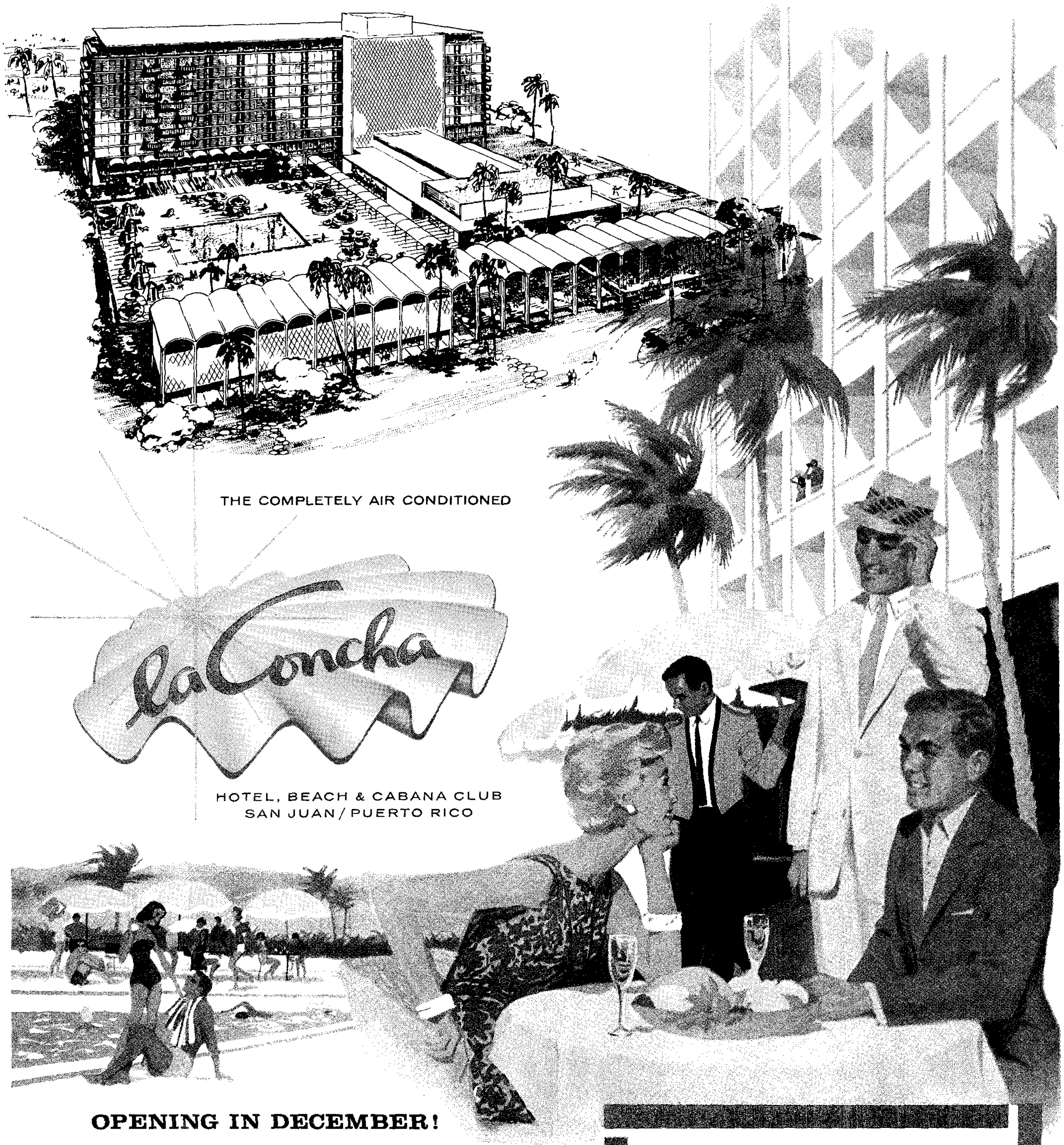
heavily and constantly over the foredeck, toiled away at suturing the cracks. For this, they used the bitts—the steel mooring posts placed at intervals along a ship's deck—fore and aft of the cracks, lashing them together with wire hawsers to keep the cracks from widening. To help prevent water from entering the interior of the ship, Carlsen also had his men fill the cracks with concrete, and, in addition, he had them construct a breakwater across the deck forward of the fracture with some of the bags of naphthalene. When this work was completed, he dispatched a brief radio message to his owners reporting the incident and his position, which, because of wind and drift, was now some fifty miles north of his normal course. Although he knew that about the best he could do in the prevailing weather was to hold his own, he had already concluded that he would have to put in for repairs either at an English or French port or in the Azores.

On the night of December 27th, the wind and seas abated somewhat, and Carlsen, who had been on the bridge for seventy-five hours, was able to get a few hours' sleep in his cabin, on the starboard side of the bridge deck. The next morning, however, the ship ran into a new cyclonic storm. The wind increased to hurricane force, and the seas became the most violent in Carlsen's memory, with the exception of some he had been through in the Caribbean during the notorious hurricane of 1938. The waves that now bore down upon the Flying Enterprise assumed dreadful size, and under their impact she rolled about more or less helplessly. Then, at about 11:30 A.M., she was hit broadside from starboard by a wave sixty feet high, which struck her a blow so jarring that it smashed the starboard lifeboat, ripped loose the steel furniture that was bolted to the floor in the passenger cabins, and even tossed the ship's compasses out of their binnacles. The crosstrees on the foremast disappeared in a solid mass of flying water. Under the shuddering impact of the great wave, the Flying Enterprise was tossed over into the trough of the sea almost on her beam-ends, and instead of recovering and rolling back upright, she remained listing to port at an angle of about twenty-five degrees. Her cargo had shifted. In an attempt to right her, Carlsen immediately ordered the engines full ahead and the wheel hard right. The Flying Enterprise did not respond, so he ordered full ahead with a hard-left wheel. Again she failed to respond, and Carlsen re-



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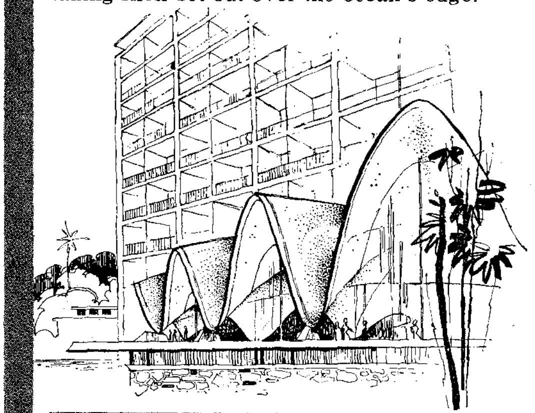

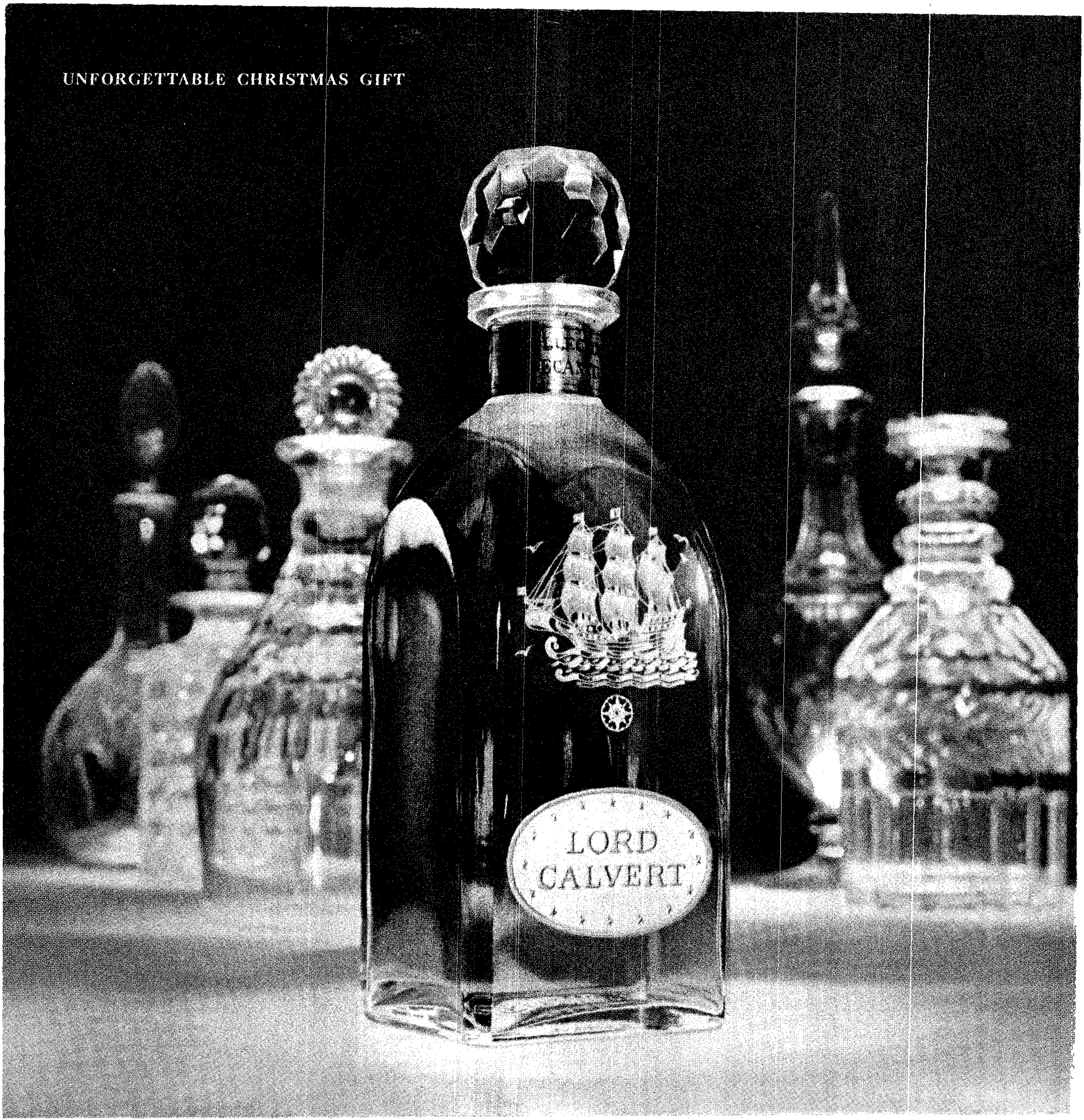

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quested his engine-room crew to check the steering gear. The chief engineer reported back that the steering controls appeared to be in order; the trouble was that the engines were inoperable, owing to a loss of lubricating oil caused by the list of the ship, and it would take hours to get them going again, if they could be started at all. Until then, the Flying Enterprise would be left helpless, wallowing and drifting at the mercy of the elements. Her list increased to thirty degrees.

It was at this point that Carlsen told his radio operator to send out the distress call that the press here reported on December 29th. The call consisted of what is known as an urgency signal—a series of three "X"s tapped out on the telegraphic key and representing not an SOS but an urgent notification that the signalling vessel is in serious difficulties. The signal was followed by a message summarizing the situation aboard the Flying Enterprise and requesting other ships in the vicinity to indicate their positions. In the meantime, Carlsen had ordered his dazed and frightened passengers—none of whom, miraculously, had been injured by the shattering smash from starboard—to put on life jackets and assemble in one of the passageways on the cabin deck; now he asked them to keep themselves as warm as they could and to conserve their strength, because it might be necessary for them to leave the ship.

A number of vessels quickly responded to the urgency signal. At three o'clock that afternoon, Carlsen, having been told by his chief engineer that there was no hope of getting the engines going again, and seeing the ship's list gradually increase, changed his urgency signal to a full SOS, and several ships in the vicinity immediately changed course and headed, through terrible seas and in winds that sometimes reached ninety miles an hour, for the Flying Enterprise. They included the British freighters Sheridan, Sherborne, and War Hawk; the United States freighter Southland; the German freighter Arion; the Norwegian tanker Westfal Larsen; and the United States Navy transport General A. W. Greely. None of them reached the disabled ship before the approach of darkness, and rescue operations had to be put off until early the next morning. By that time, the Flying Enterprise had increased her list to sixty degrees—and eighty degrees in rolls—and to those aboard the assisting ships gathered at the scene, she appeared to be about ready to go under. Oc-

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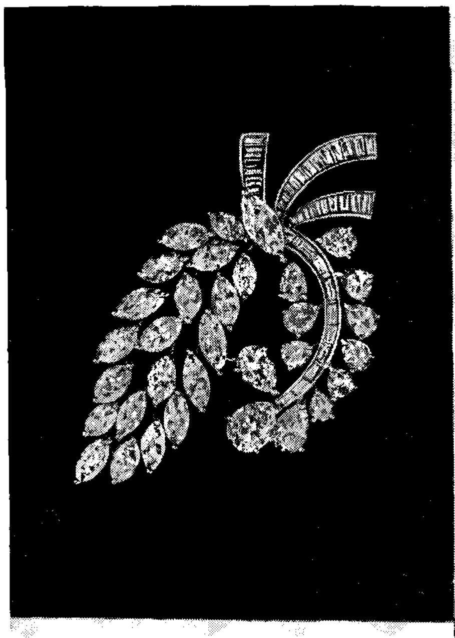

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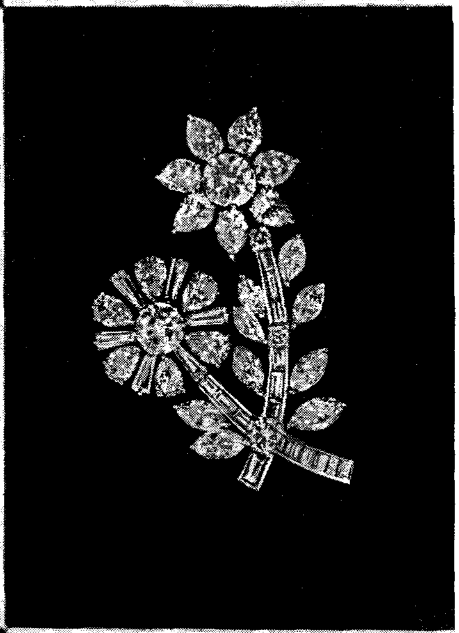

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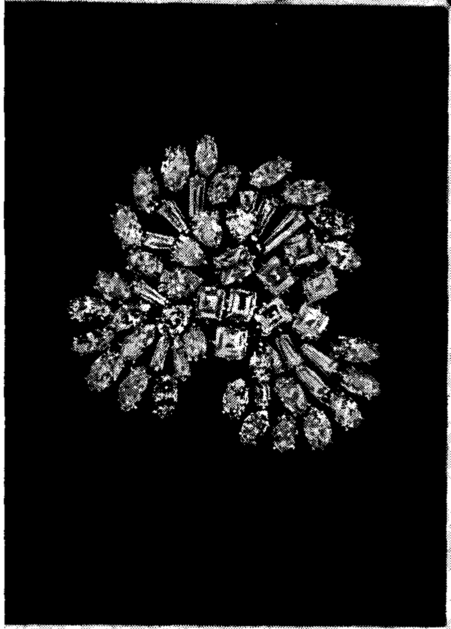

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casionally, she heeled over so far that she shipped water through her funnel. Although the weather had moderated considerably overnight, it was still very severe—so rough that during the ensuing rescue operations, five lifeboats from the assisting ships were knocked out of action. One lifeboat sent from the Sherborne foundered; two more—one from the War Hawk and the other from the Westfal Larsen—capsized; a fourth, from the Greely, was carried against the hull of the Southland when its motor failed, and damaged both itself and the fifth, one of the Southland's own lifeboats, which lay alongside.

As for the Flying Enterprise's own two lifeboats, both were out of commission, the starboard boat having been smashed by the sea on the previous day and the port boat being unusable, in Carlsen's judgment, because of the list of the ship. Since it was impossible for the lifeboats from the rescue ships to come alongside the Flying Enterprise, there was no way for those aboard to leave except by jumping into the sea. Carlsen therefore ordered the passengers to the port rail of the bridge deck, and, while lifeboats from the rescue vessels closed in and the tanker Westfal Larsen circled around pumping hundreds of tons of oil overboard to moderate the waves, they began jumping one by one, each accompanied by a crew member. Then came the turn of the rest of the crew—except for a group of volunteers—and they jumped in groups of five, at first from amidships and then, when that position seemed too dangerous because of the rolling of the ship, from the stern. Most of the castaways and the body of the one casualty, a stateless man named Bunjakowski, who was drowned with his pet dog, were picked up by boats from the Greely; the rest were hauled aboard the boats of the Southland, the Arion, and the Westfal Larsen.

While this complicated and perilous lifesaving operation was going on, the masters of the attending ships, naturally enough, were in no position to concern themselves with the fate of the Flying Enterprise as a ship; in any case, her condition appeared to be hopeless. On the previous day, however, her owners had arranged for a Dutch salvage tug to head for the ship from a position some seven hundred miles away, in the Bay of Biscay, and at the time the rescue operations started, Carlsen had hope, despite the desperate plight of his vessel, that she would remain afloat long enough for the tug to get her in tow. It was on the basis of this hope that the volun-

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As the last lifeboat pulled away from the Flying Enterprise, Carlsen, exhausted though he was, at once turned to the preparations necessary for carrying on his lonely watch aboard the shattered hulk. One of his first tasks was to look to his means of communicating with the rescue vessels that remained standing by. Because the tremendous sea that had struck the ship had knocked out the electric generators, the Flying Enterprise was without light, without heat, and without power, and one result of this power failure was that the ship's big regular one-kilowatt transmitter, in the radio cabin, on the port side of the bridge deck, was useless, as was Carlsen's own amateur one-kilowatt transmitter, which he kept in his cabin, on the starboard side. The radio cabin also contained a fifty-watt battery-powered Morse transmitter, but since the batteries were running low (the set had been in almost continuous use since the failure of the ship's generators, and as the ship's list increased, some of the acid had spilled out of the batteries), Carlsen decided to reserve the use of this set for the most dire kind of emergency; he rigged it so that if he should be forced to leave the radio room in a hurry, he could instantly jam the Morse key to keep the set producing a continuous signal on the international distress wave length. In his own cabin, he dug out from among his amateur equipment a little five-watt battery-powered voice transmitter, which he had bought some time before for use in a small cabin cruiser his father-in-law had built. Using a length of the electric cord from his desk lamp and an

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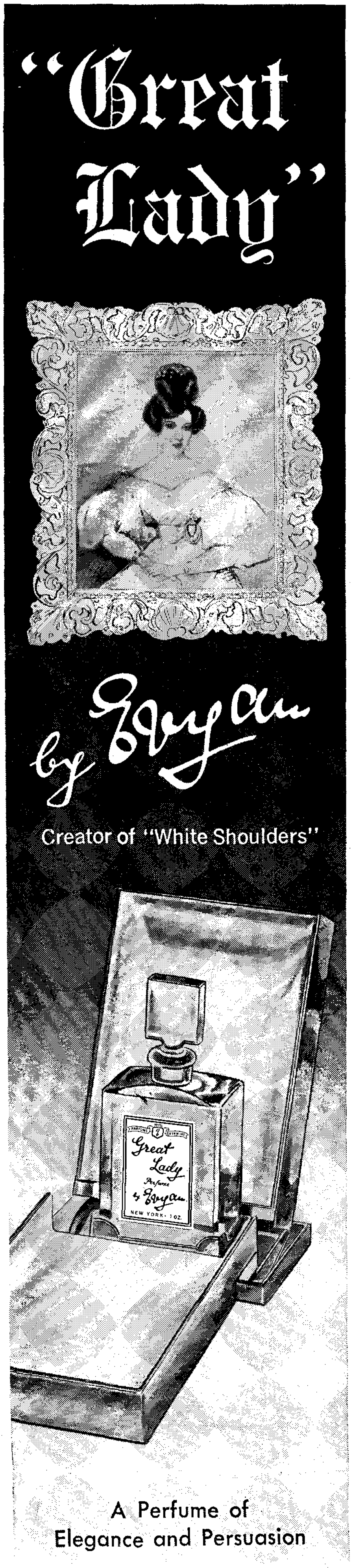
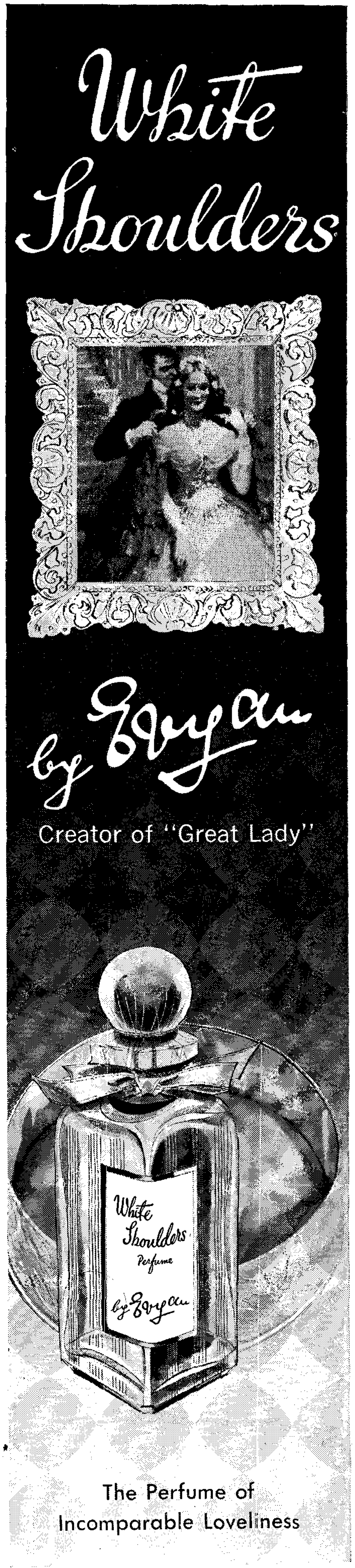


oar from the smashed lifeboat, he rigged up a makeshift antenna and stuck it out of one of the portholes of his cabin, which were now nearly overhead. Considering its tiny power and the limitations of its jury rig, the transmitter functioned remarkably well. Carlsen got in touch with the Greely and methodically set up arrangements for future communications, including radio contacts at prescribed intervals; he also requested the Greely to continue standing by until the arrival of the Dutch tug, and to continue relaying, as she had been doing for some twenty-four hours, radio messages between the Flying Enterprise and distant points—Isbrandtsen headquarters in New York, for example. During these and subsequent radio conversations, as Captain Neil Olsen, the master of the Greely, later told the press, Carlsen did not express the least anxiety about his ship but spoke with an air of calm cheerfulness.

As Carlsen's first day alone aboard his ship drew to a close, he was able to report to the Greely, before announcing his retirement for the night (his listeners were struck at the idea of a man's expecting to get any sleep under such conditions), that although his ship had been shipping tons of water in her cracked hold and was still listing at sixty-five degrees, with rolls to eighty degrees, she did not show signs of riding any lower. His principal concerns now appeared to be the weather prospects and the progress of the tug that was coming to his assistance.

Earlier, Carlsen had calculated on the basis of information supplied him by Isbrandtsen headquarters by way of the Greely that the tug would arrive not much more than forty-eight hours after the transfer of his passengers and crew. The name of the tug was the Oceaan, and it was the second tug of Dutch ownership—no British or French seagoing tugs could be obtained in that week of emergencies—that Isbrandtsen had tried to engage. The owners of the first Dutch tug, the Zwarte Zee, had got into a disagreement with Isbrandtsen over the hiring terms, and by the time that the terms were straightened out, the Zwarte Zee had already been engaged by another ship, the British freighter Angusbrae, which had lost her rudder and was lying helpless off the coast of Portugal. Isbrandtsen then enlisted the services of the Oceaan, which immediately set out for the Flying Enterprise. At noon on December 31st, Carlsen informed his owners, via the Greely's radio, that the weather forecast was favorable and that the Oceaan

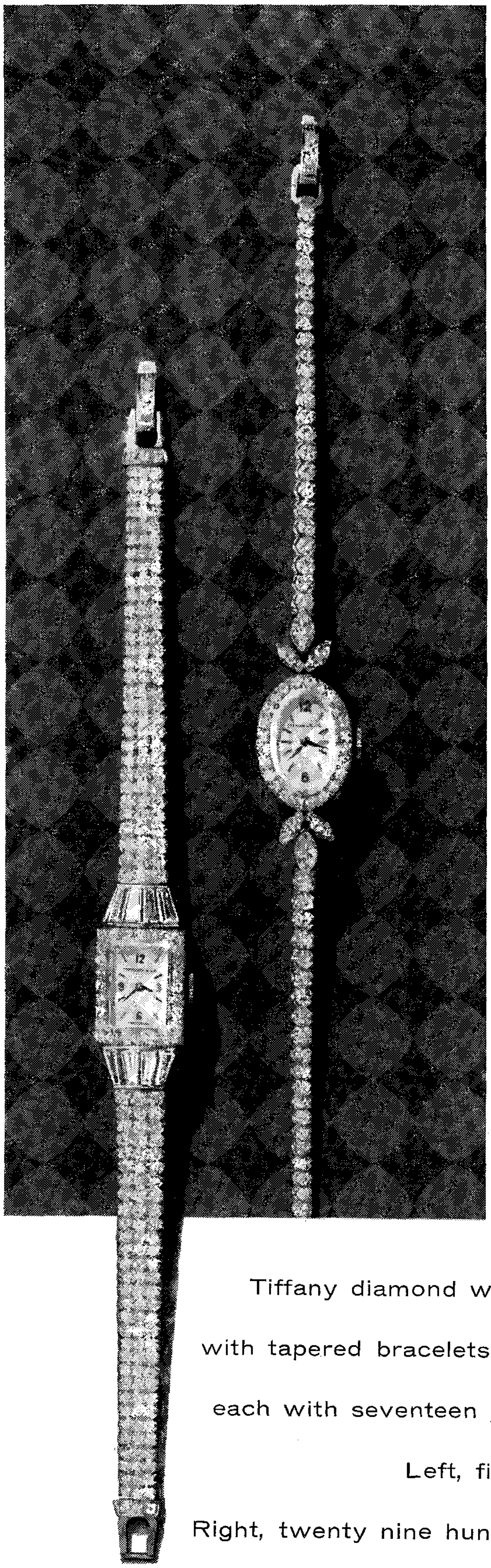


was expected to arrive the following day.

But Carlsen was in for another setback. While the Oceaan was steaming toward the Flying Enterprise, the other Dutch tug, the Zwarte Zee, towing the distressed Angusbrae through heavy seas in the Bay of Biscay, was struck by the Danish freighter Bjoern Clausen, and suffered such serious damage that she herself had to send out an SOS call. Since the lives of the men aboard the Zwarte Zee were in danger and the Flying Enterprise was all but abandoned, the Oceaan was diverted to the assistance of the other tug, which she eventually managed to take in tow and bring into Saint-Nazaire. Carlsen was left to carry on alone without any definite prospect of help.

The Isbrandtsen people had to start hunting for a tug all over again, and later that day they informed Carlsen by radio that they had succeeded in engaging the services of the British eleven-hundred-and-thirty-six-ton Turmoil, which, with its four thousand horsepower, was, and still is, one of the most powerful tugs in the world. In the same message, Isbrandtsen gave Carlsen a new date for the estimated arrival of his desperately needed towing help—noon on January 1st—but once again the skipper was disappointed. The Turmoil, then towing the storm-damaged British tanker Mactra into Falmouth, was delayed by a break in the towline, and did not set out from Falmouth Roads until daylight of January 1st. It took her three days to reach Carlsen's ship.

IN the six days and nights between the abandonment of the Flying Enterprise by her passengers and crew and the arrival of the Turmoil, Carlsen adapted himself to the hardships of life aboard his unheated, unlighted, and half-capsized ship with ready inventiveness and a kind of plodding orderliness. In addition to her permanent list of sixty-five degrees to port, the ship, with tons of water sloshing and booming around in her flooded No. 3 hold, lay with her head settled fairly well down, with her stern riding high in the air, and (although Carlsen never knew it until he was informed by one of the standby ships) with her rudderpost broken and the blade swinging free above the water. Of all the problems he constantly had to cope with, that of moving from one place to another about the ship was among the most difficult. When the last of the rescuing lifeboats departed on December 29th, he was left alone in a



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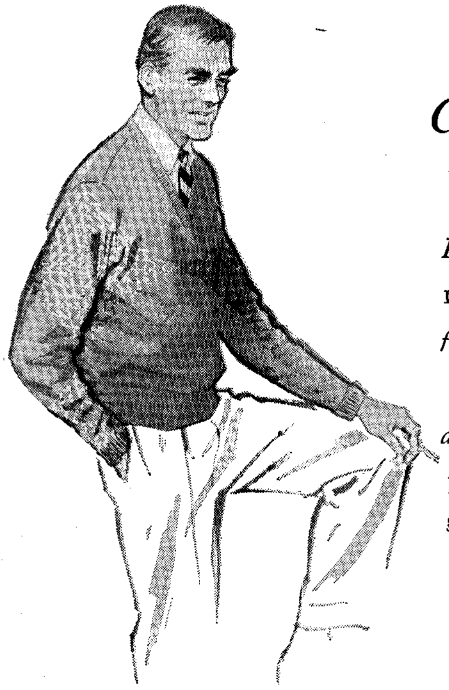

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crazily inverted world, where what had been a deck now became a nearly upright bulkhead, and what had been a bulkhead now served as a deck—where once level passageways across the ship became steeper than a sharply pitched house roof and, moreover, heaved and lurched in a wild, unpredictable fashion. Under these circumstances, the negotiation of even a relatively short distance was extremely hazardous and physically exhausting, but such excursions were frequently necessary for inspecting various parts of the ship, for obtaining supplies, and for maintaining communication with the outside world.

On his first day alone, Carlsen decided to make his headquarters not in the captain's quarters, on the starboard, or high, side of the bridge deck—the only deck not partly awash—but in the radio operator's cabin, on the port, or low, side, where, in the event of further emergency, he could quickly jam the key that would start the continuing distress signal on the ship's auxiliary radio. This living arrangement itself cost him a great deal of effort, for in order to get to his own cabin and its voice transmitter, he had to slide downhill and out the door of the radio cabin, turn to the right, make his way along a passageway so tilted from side to side that he had nothing but the trough of a V as a foothold, turn right again and pull himself by a handrail up a transverse passageway, just aft of the wheelhouse, to the door of his cabin. To keep to his radio schedule, he had to make the round trip six times a day. At night, he slept in the radio cabin. The bunk installed there was on the high side of the room and, of course, impossible to use; to make a relatively level place to sleep, Carlsen collected blankets and pillows from nearby cabins, wedged them into the V-shaped angle made by a built-in settee and the bulkhead on the low side, and stretched a mattress over them. It was cold and wet—the cabin was unprotected from the chilling wind and spray, because he could not risk being hindered by any closed doors if the ship should begin to founder, and his clothes were thoroughly soaked from his frequent trips on the open deck—but Carlsen slept as long as he could, since, as he later remarked, he was determined to get enough sleep to keep in good physical condition.

Within a few hours after the rescue of his passengers and crew, Carlsen began to get hungry and thirsty. After rising the next morning and making

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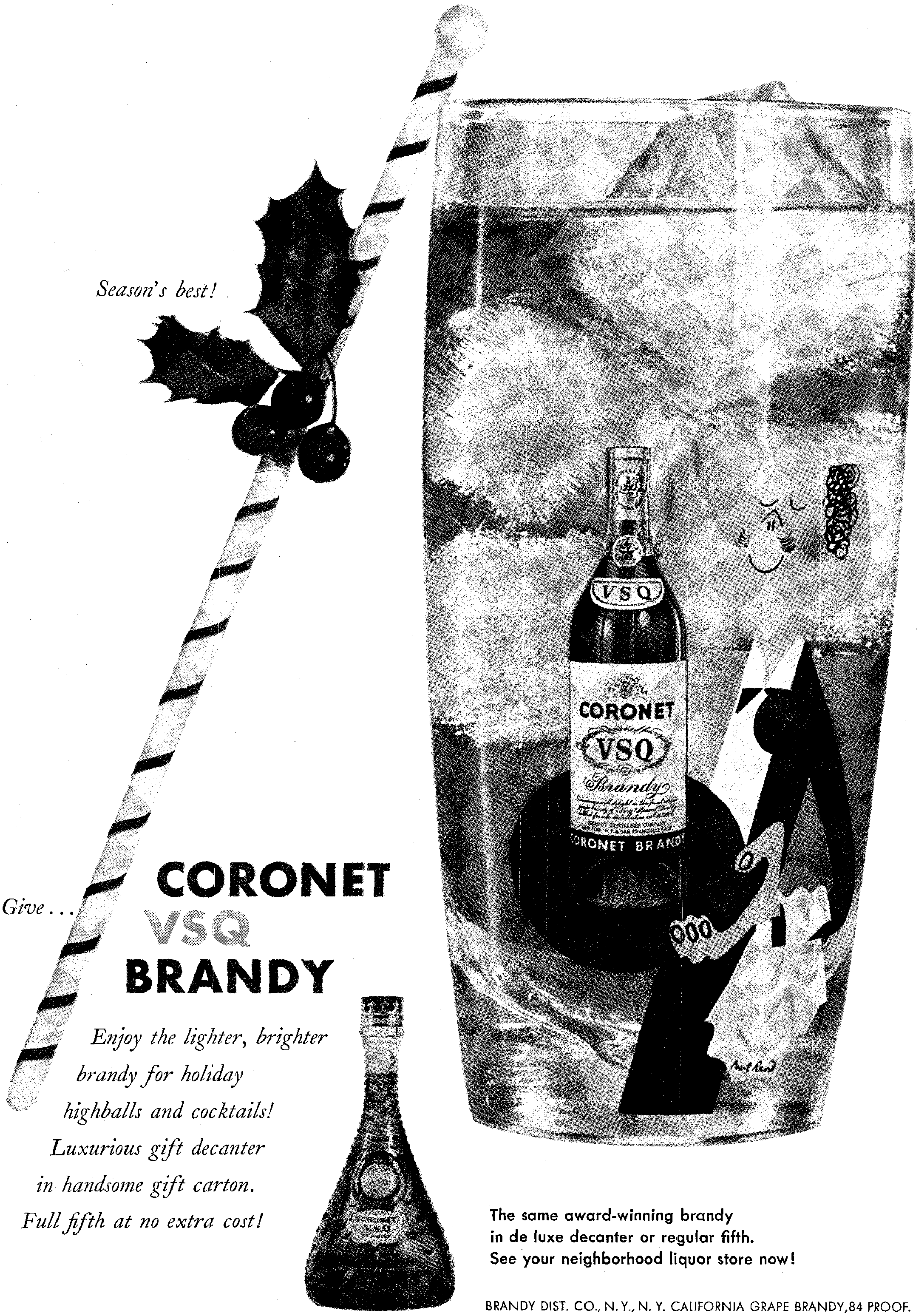
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the first of the day's scheduled radio contacts with the Greely, he set off on a foraging expedition into the reeling interior of the deckhouse. Climbing, crawling, and slithering around in semidarkness, he at last reached the ship's dry-storage room, on the main deck. After getting its steel door open and floundering around among the chaotically jumbled contents, he managed to extract a large doughnut-shaped poundcake that the cook had prepared for the New Year's celebration. As he was getting out the poundcake, a big can of tomato juice fell on him from above, and he decided to take that along, too. Because he needed both hands to get himself up to the radio cabin again, he thrust his arm through the hole in the center of the poundcake and carried it as though he were wearing a huge bangle; as for the can of tomato juice, he moved it along by kicking and dribbling it, like a soccer player. The poundcake lasted Carlsen a good many days, but the tomato juice was soon gone, leaving him once more short of liquid; owing to the failure of the ship's hydraulic-pressure system, none of the faucets on the ship produced any water. Carlsen remedied this situation by further excursions to the ship's dry-storage room, which produced a number of quart bottles of beer.

Besides being without heat, Carlsen was in need of light—his flashlight had disappeared, probably washed overboard—but he was able to solve the latter problem readily enough. Rummaging around in his own cabin, he came up with a few candles and a set of holders with pins attached to them—the kind sometimes stuck into cakes for festive occasions. They had been casually given to him in Hamburg, just before the ship sailed, by a fellow amateur radio operator and his wife, who had thought they might add a decorative touch to the skipper's Christmas table. From then on, Carlsen had light in the radio cabin at night whenever he wanted it. He would jab the spiked holder into the mattress of his makeshift bunk, and then, as the wind howled outside the open door and his light burned fitfully in the chilly, wet drafts, he would read before going to sleep. His reading matter consisted of one book—"The Law of Seamen," by Martin J. Norris, a standard guide to admiralty law for seafaring men.

As the days of waiting passed and a succession of U.S. Navy ships carried on the task of standing by the Flying Enterprise—the Greely was relieved on January 1st by the Navy supply ship

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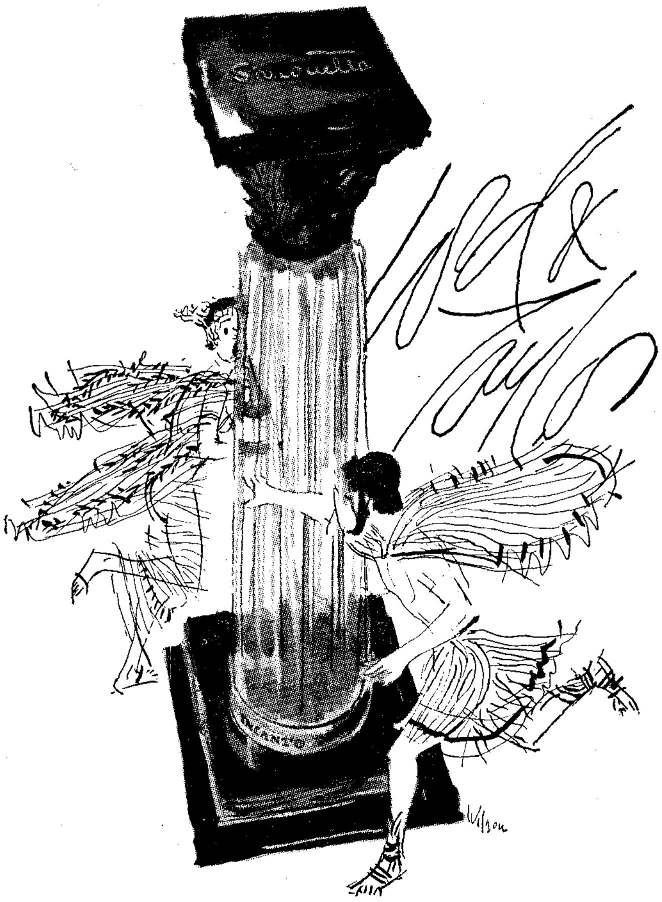

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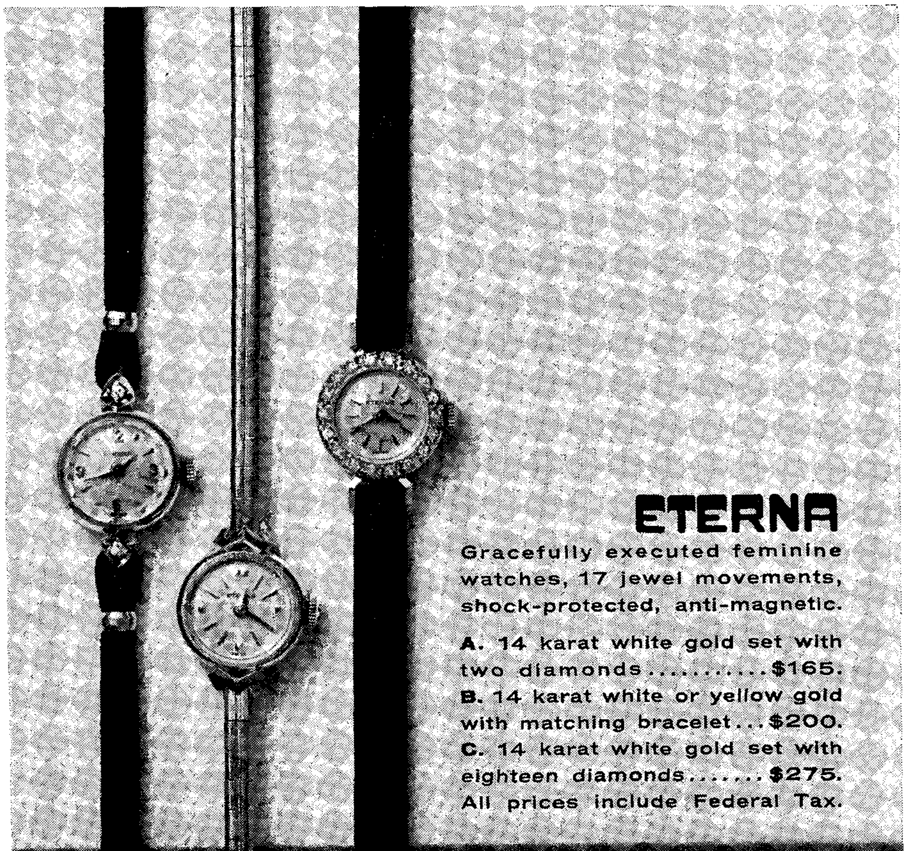

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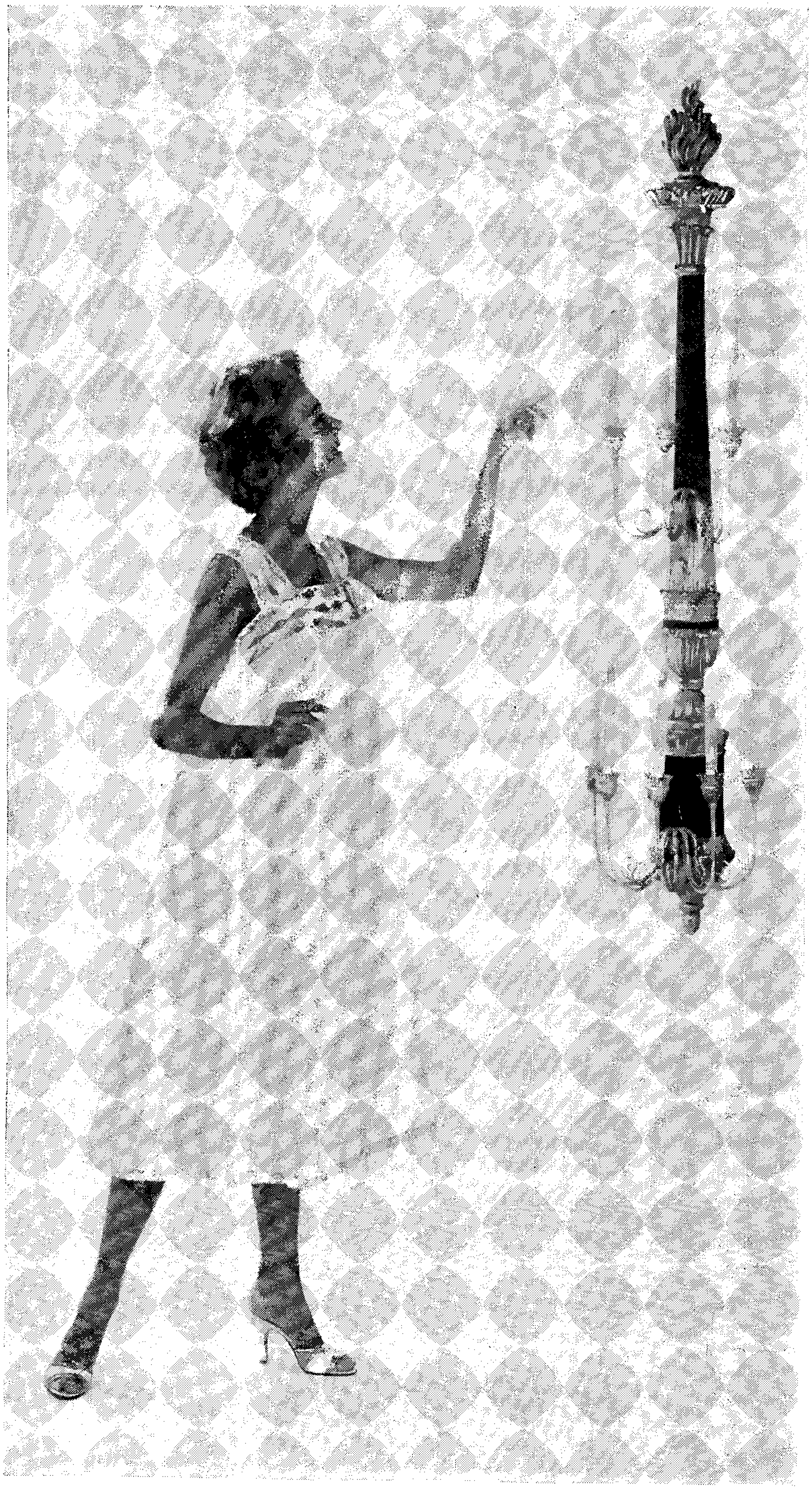
Golden Eagle, which, in turn, was relieved on January 2nd by the destroyer John W. Weeks—Carlsen continued to subsist on his diet of poundcake and beer, and doggedly kept up an exhausting daily routine of inspecting the fractures on the foredeck and incessantly climbing, crawling, scrambling, and sliding between the radio cabin and his voice transmitter in the captain's cabin. He also systematically occupied himself with other work, such as assembling as many of the ship's records as he could, among them payroll documents and his officers' maritime-license certificates, which he removed from their frames on the bulkhead of a passageway. He even recorded the amounts of money deductible from various officers' and crew members' pay because of purchases from the ship's canteen. Some of these records he eventually placed in a watertight container that he lashed to two life jackets and threw overboard, to be picked up by the standby ship (this, however, was lost in the racing seas); certain other documents, such as the ship's log (which he faithfully kept up to date), the bridge log, and the ship's register, he put in a little handbag, with the intention of keeping them with him, sink or swim. (These documents, too, were eventually lost in the seas.)

In his regular radio contacts with the standby ship, which began at eight o'clock in the morning and continued at two-hour intervals until eight o'clock at night, Carlsen remained unfailingly optimistic about the outcome of his struggle to bring the Flying Enterprise into port, and impervious to all suggestions—including several from Hans Isbrandtsen, the president of the Isbrandtsen Company—that he place his own safety above his concern for his ship. As an old mariner with considerable respect for the traditions of the sea, Isbrandtsen was unwilling to undercut Carlsen's authority as a ship's master by giving him orders at sea, but as soon as he learned that Carlsen was remaining aboard alone, he sent off a message firmly informing him that no useful purpose could be served by his risking—or even, as he put it, sacrificing—his life, and going on to "recommend" strongly that Carlsen transfer to the Greely. To this, Carlsen replied merely with a request that his employers dictate to him, in plain language, the terms under which he should permit a tow to be connected ("NO CONTRACTS AVAILABLE HERE"), adding, almost casually, "WILL OF COURSE STAY WITH VESSEL UNTIL PORT IS REACHED OR SHE GOES

DOWN." With equal resolution, he rejected a subsequent proposal that he be transferred, on a purely temporary basis, to the standby ship pending the arrival of the tug, and in a radio conversation he had on New Year's Day with Captain William E. Donohue, master of the Golden Eagle, he explained, in a rather pedantic manner, "We captains when entrusted with a large amount of dollars' worth of cargo and mail should look after them as being our responsibility. We cannot go away and leave it." He went on to dictate one of several messages of greeting that he sent to his wife and children. In the early-morning hours of January 2nd, as the Golden Eagle, having been relieved by the Weeks, prepared to steam away, he said to Captain Donohue, in a final, unscheduled radio contact, "Goodbye, Captain. Everything is all right. There is nothing new, nothing exciting. I'm getting a little lonesome but kind of getting used to it now. I am sorry this has upset your schedule—you have lost a couple of days." Then he slid and scrambled back down the nearly upright passageway to the radio cabin, to his poundcake and beer, and to further hours of earnest perusal, under the flickering light of his candle, of "The Law of Seamen."

Carlsen says he does not remember having any special reason for reading "The Law of Seamen." "I just thought it would make constructive reading for me," he once remarked. There seems little doubt, however, that in continuing to stick with his ship, which he was convinced he could bring into port, he was preserving her status under the maritime laws governing salvage, which he might have jeopardized if he had stepped off her even temporarily. The legal problem that seems to have been worrying Carlsen was not whether his ship might become a sort of "free prize" of the sea if he left her—the concept of the "free prize," although widely held among laymen, does not exist in admiralty law—but, rather, what kind of salvage claims might be levelled against her owners if she were to reach port under tow. There are two general types of ship salvage—contract salvage and pure salvage. In contract salvage, the salvor carries out the job under a contractual arrangement with the owner of the ship or his representative, who may be the insurance underwriter or the ship's captain; in pure salvage, a derelict ship is taken into port, usually with the consent of the owner but sometimes without it, and the charge for the job becomes akin to



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October:	3,350,000
November:	3,650,000
December:	3,850,000

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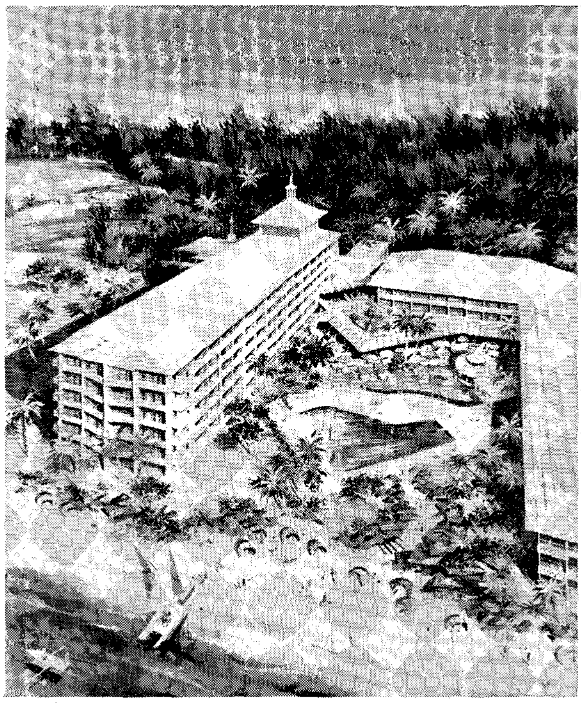

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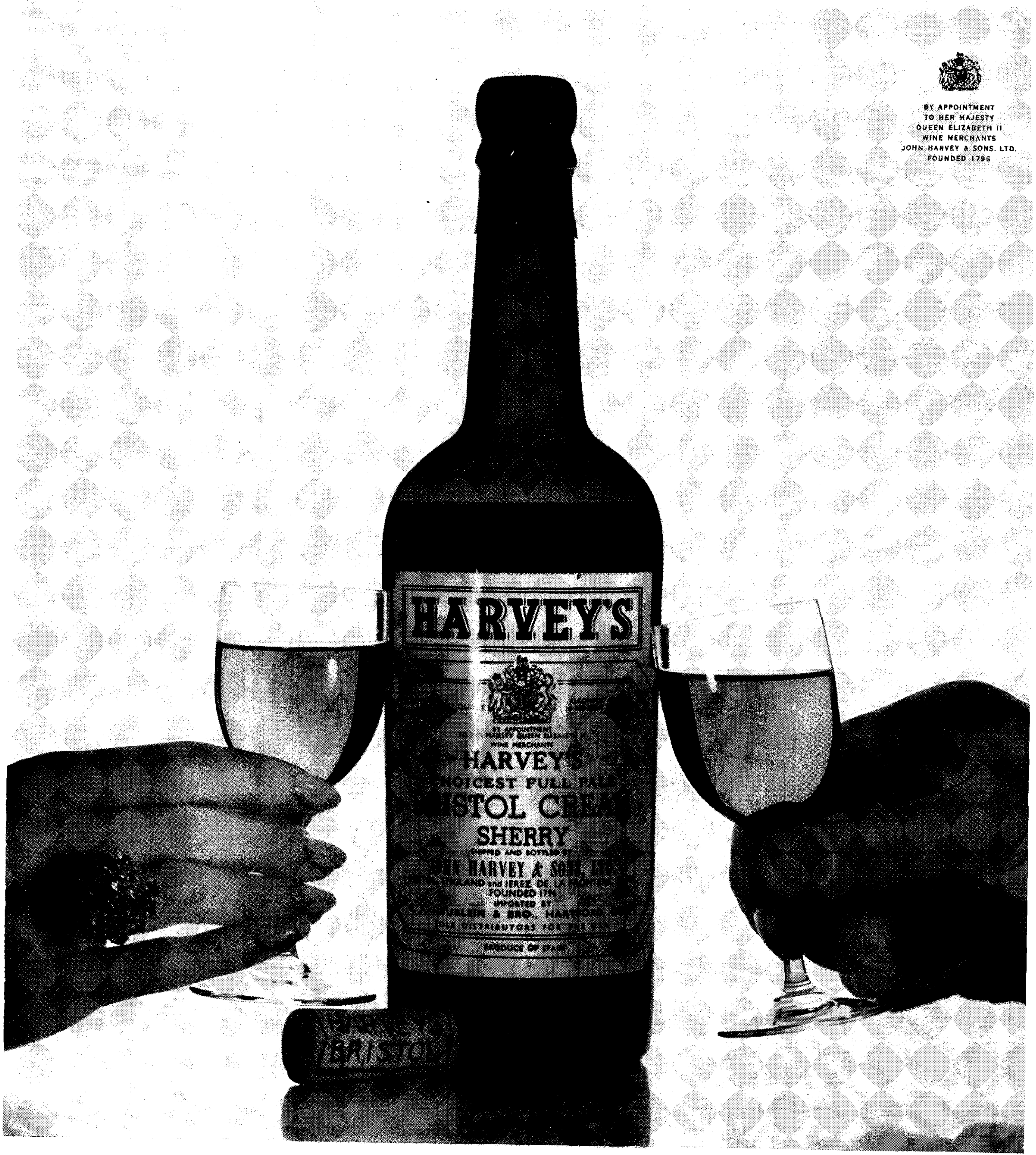
a lien on the ship. Contract salvage is carried out under several kinds of arrangement: the whole job may be done on a flat-fee basis; or the owner, the insurance underwriter, or the captain may hire a tug by the hour or day, without further reward; or the tug may be contracted for without detailed discussion of the terms, which can later be negotiated privately or through arbitration or a court decree; or the tug's services may be obtained under the contractual principle known as "no cure, no pay," by which the shipowner loses nothing if the salvage attempt is unsuccessful and the salvor, if successful, stands to gain, through subsequent arbitration or court action, a fee commensurate with the size of his gamble.

In response to Carlsen's message asking for the terms of a suitable towing contract, Isbrandtsen informed the skipper that the Turmoil had been hired on a no-cure, no-pay basis. With knowledge of such a contract and of the legal protection inherent in it, another skipper in Carlsen's position might now have felt free to seek safety on an escort vessel without fear of losing his full rights in the ship or of leaving her prey to any unwelcome salvor. (A ship's master has the right to reject offered salvage.) Carlsen nevertheless stayed where he was.

On January 2nd, via the Golden Eagle, he sent a message to Isbrandtsen saying, "SITUATION MORNING OF THE SECOND. NUMBER THREE HOLD FULL OF WATER. ENGINE ROOM TAKING SOME WATER HOWEVER NOT MUCH. DECKS AWASH TO HATCH COAMINGS PORT SIDE BUT CHANCES ARE GOOD THAT SHE WILL STAY AFLOAT. LIST ABOUT 65 DEGREES. OTHERWISE CONDITIONS UNCHANGED. WILL TRANSFER TO TUG WHEN CONTRACT IS SIGNED SATISFACTORILY AND LINES ARE FAST." And he added, "ALL YOUR MESSAGES HAVE BEEN RECEIVED BY ME. PLEASE NOTIFY MY FAMILY I AM WELL AND HAVE SUFFICIENT PROVISIONS." Later that day, after the Weeks had made three unsuccessful attempts to pass food and supplies to him by line across very rough seas, Carlsen managed to provide himself with something hot to drink—for the first time in five days. Collecting a quart or so of water from what was left in the thermos flasks in the passenger cabins below, he poured a cupful into the empty tomato-juice can and patiently held the can over a sprig of three or four candles stuck into his mattress until at last the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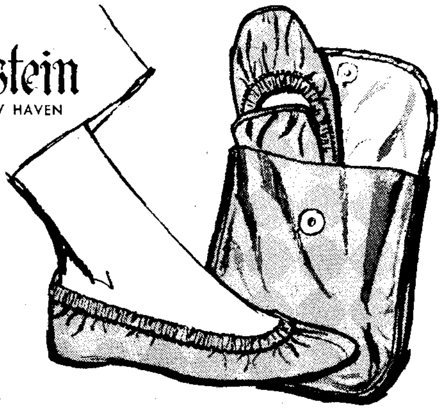

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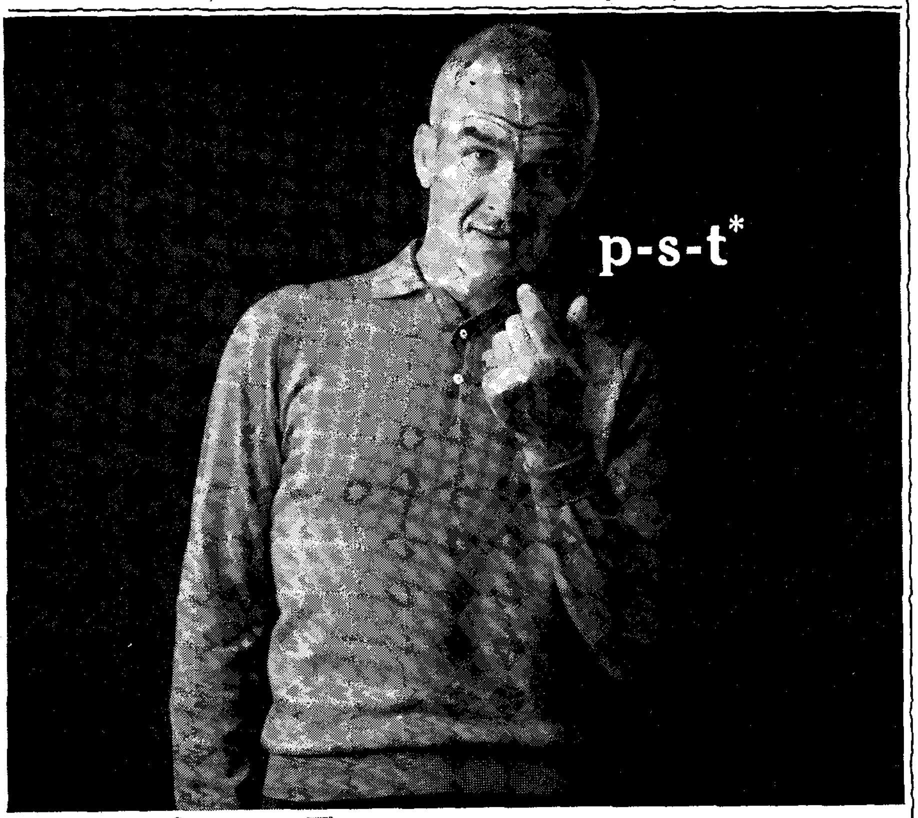

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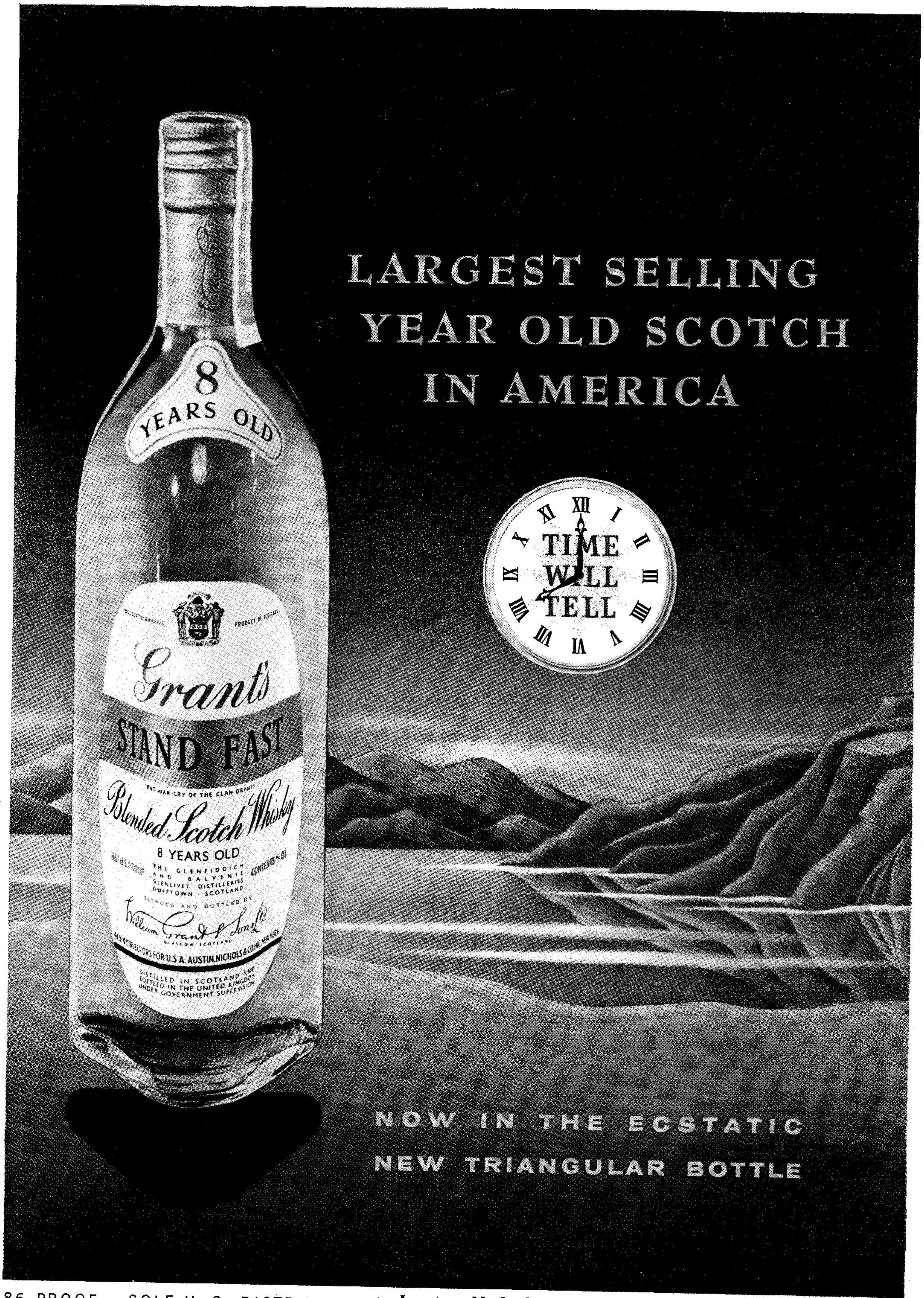
water came to a boil. Then, with a tea bag he had obtained from the dry-storage room, he brewed himself a cup of tea.

THE Turmoil arrived in the vicinity of the Flying Enterprise at about 11 P.M. on January 3rd. As she approached the casualty in the dim moonlight that occasionally broke through heavy clouds, her crew could see no signs of life aboard the darkened hulk, but when the Turmoil had come within a few hundred yards of her, they saw the play of a flashlight on the after bridge deck. The flashlight was one of a few supplies that the Weeks had finally succeeded in passing to Carlsen by line during the day, and, using it, the captain was making his way to a point at the stern rail on the main deck where he might receive a heaving line from the tug. Several hours earlier, Carlsen had held a three-way radio conversation with Captain William L. Thompson, the commander of the Weeks, and Captain Dan Parker, the master of the Turmoil, to discuss arrangements for connecting a towline, and it had been agreed among them that the Flying Enterprise would be towed from the stern, rather than from the bow, in order to shield the low-lying forward hatches from the heavy westerly seas. Because connecting a towline aboard a ship listing as heavily as the Flying Enterprise is a tricky affair, requiring very heavy labor, Captain Parker had estimated that he would need to get about twelve experienced men aboard the casualty to handle towropes and tackle, but as he got close to the Flying Enterprise it became clear that such a transfer would be far too dangerous to attempt, either by day or by night, in the prevailing conditions. Carlsen told Captain Parker that he intended to attempt to take a line aboard alone, and without waiting for daylight.

Customarily, the procedure for getting a towline aboard a manned ship from a tug is for the tug to throw over a light, half-inch heaving line, to which are attached a series of successively heavier lines, known as messengers, and, finally, the towline itself, a wire rope about two inches in diameter. However, hauling in four or five hundred feet of two-inch wire rope was obviously impossible for one man, and it was decided that the Turmoil would use a modified procedure. She would send over a heaving line to which was attached a length of messenger line looped double all the way back to the tug; the eye of this loop would then be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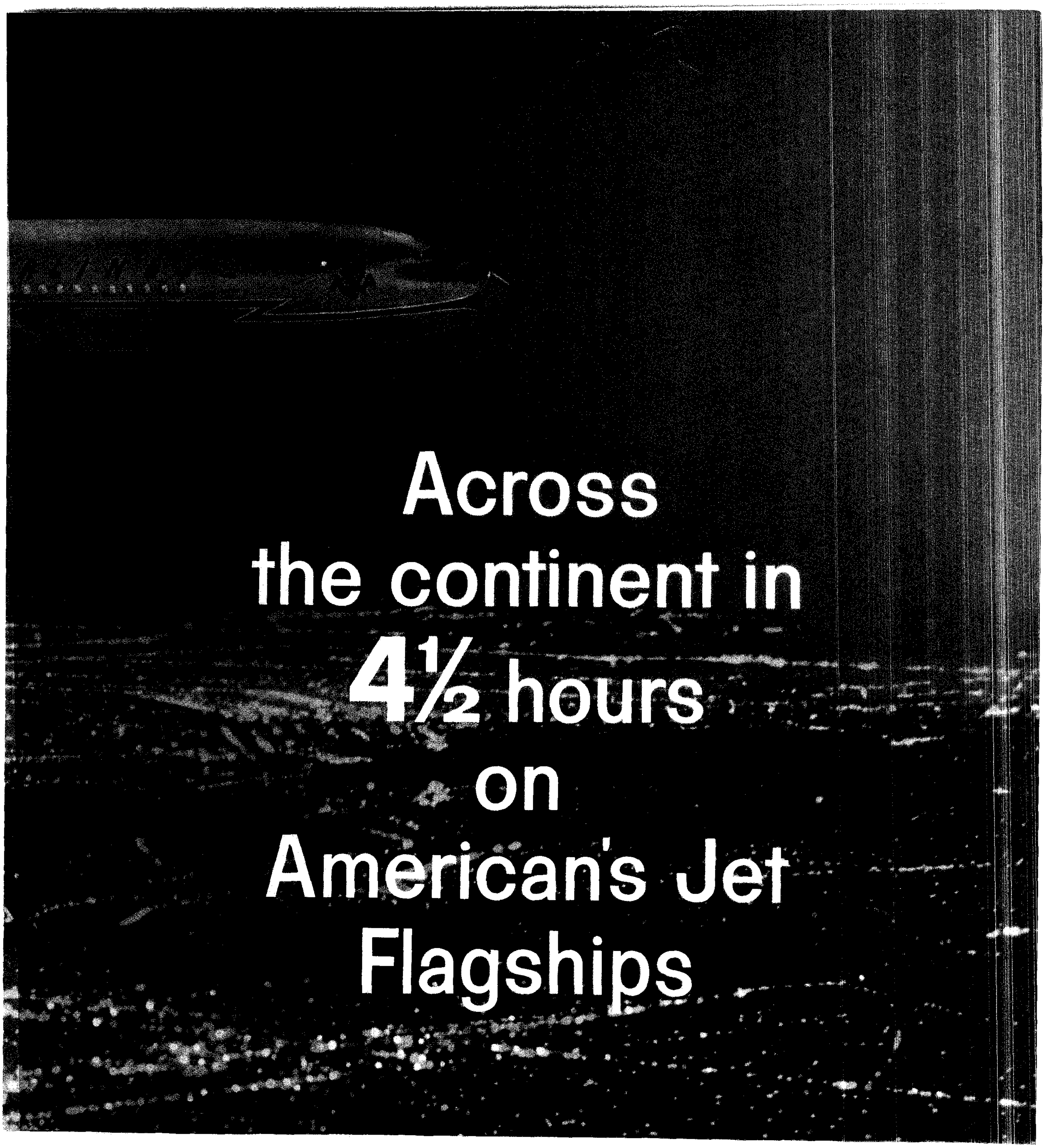

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WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S world-famous Spanish Sherry hooked around one of the bitts at the stern of the Flying Enterprise, and the tug, now in possession of something like an endless line controlled by her winches, would draw heavier and heavier lines around the bitts until the towline itself arrived and Carlsen could make it fast.

In conformity with this plan, Carlsen stationed himself at the starboard, or high, rail at the stern, and at about midnight the Turmoil was maneuvered into a position from which a heaving line could be flung over to him. Owing to the fact that the disabled ship had a sixty-five-degree list, and to the fact that the Flying Enterprise and the Turmoil were drifting around in the heavy swell at different speeds, and to the further fact that Carlsen was under a severe handicap—he could not let go of the rail to pick up the heaving line without being in danger of sliding down the drenched and oily deck into the sea, which left him only one hand free for catching—the job of getting the heaving line to him was a frustrating business. But after three unsuccessful attempts had been made, Carlsen caught it. Hauling the line in to give himself some slack, he had almost managed to get it around one of the starboard bitts when a wave carried the Turmoil away and the line snapped.

All the next day, from eight o'clock in the morning until the middle of the afternoon, in mounting seas and a thirty-five-mile-an-hour wind, attempts were made to get a line fast on the Flying Enterprise. It was exhausting and dangerous work for Carlsen, and also tedious work for the crew of the tug. Every time the heaving line fell back into the sea, the tug had to back away to avoid fouling its propellers, the crew had to rerig the line, and Captain Parker had to maneuver the tug into position all over again. Eventually, on his seventh try, Carlsen managed to catch and retain the heaving line. This time, he was also able to haul in the doubled one-inch messenger line and loop it around the bitts. The Turmoil started her winches and began hauling successively heavier messenger lines around the bitts and back to the tug, until the steel towline itself appeared out of the water, wound itself around the bitts, and started back to the tug. But then, just as it was about to be hauled on board the Turmoil, the messenger line pulling it gave way. The heavy steel hawser raced around the bitts on the Flying Enterprise in a shower of sparks, and plunged into the sea. The tow was lost.

It was well into the afternoon before

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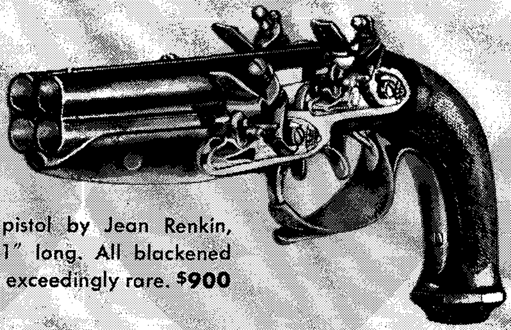
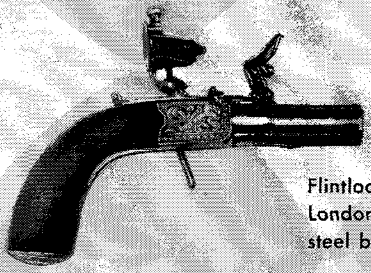
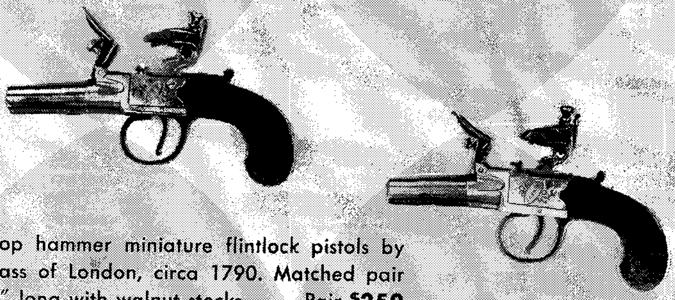


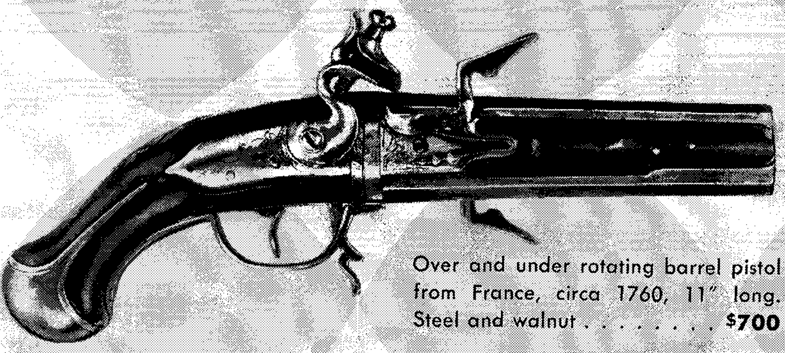
Four barrel flintlock pistol by Jean Renkin, France, circa 1770. 11" long. All blackened steel with walnut stock, exceedingly rare. $900



Flintlock pocket pistol by James Wilkinson of London, circa 1810. 6½" long. Embellished steel barrel. Checkered walnut stock . . $100



Top hammer miniature flintlock pistols by Bass of London, circa 1790. Matched pair 5" long with walnut stocks . . . Pair $250



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the Turmoil could get back into position for another try, and the sea had become very rough. For once, this was a circumstance that worked in Carlsen's favor. As the Turmoil moved in close astern of the Flying Enterprise, a great wave lifted her and banged her against the freighter. In that instant of collision, the mate of the Turmoil, a twenty-seven-year-old Englishman from Hook Green, Kent, named Kenneth R. Dancy, impulsively leaped from the deck of the tug and caught hold of the stern rail of the Flying Enterprise not far from where Carlsen was hanging on. Reaching through the bars of the rail, he shook hands with Carlsen, who was wearing a blue-and-orange life jacket and who, despite his drenched and long-unshaven appearance, seemed in surprisingly fit condition. As Dancy recalls the moment, Carlsen said to him, "Welcome to the Flying Enterprise. Make yourself comfortable."

That evening, after efforts to connect a tow had been abandoned for the day, Carlsen explained to Dancy how he moved about on deck—in a sort of crouching, clinging, sidewise crawl—and then he led him slowly amidships and up into the captain's cabin, where he found a life jacket for the mate, since Dancy had leaped from the Turmoil without one. From the moment that he staggered into the housing of the crazily listing ship, Dancy (as he wrote some time later) was almost overcome by an oppressive claustrophobic feeling, which never entirely left him during his entire stay aboard the Flying Enterprise. This feeling was hardly assuaged when Carlsen, saying that he would show him his sleeping-and-living quarters, escorted him down the pitching, heaving corridor, as slippery and dark as a coal chute, to the gloom and wet cold of the radio cabin. Once there, Carlsen cleared away the litter of beer bottles and fragments of poundcake and helped Dancy pad out and rig up sleeping accommodations similar to his and roughly alongside them, between the floor and the edge of the settee. A number of blankets were available, and both men, soaked through, wrapped themselves up as thoroughly as they could. Carlsen then announced his intention of going to sleep. "Good night, Mr. Dancy," he added politely. During the whole time the two men spent together on the ship, Carlsen never addressed him without the formal prefix. The mate respectfully addressed him as "Captain" or "Mr. Carlsen."

Dancy did not get much sleep that first night; he lay for a long time in

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the cold, clammy cabin listening to and trying to identify the noises that incessantly echoed about the broken ship. "When a sea hit her beam-on, the whole ship would shudder from bow to stern," he later wrote in a magazine article. "A dozen and one bits of gear that had broken loose clattered and scraped against the decks and bulkheads. Persistently there was a pounding noise from the stern. It came again and again, at intervals of half a minute or so. That [must have been] the rudder being jarred back and forth by the heavy seas breaking under the stern. Carlsen, on the settee beside me, seemed to be quite composed and able to sleep through it all." Eventually, Dancy himself got in a couple of short periods of sleep. When he awoke in the morning, he found Carlsen up and about. "Would you like a cup of tea?" Carlsen asked, and Dancy looked on in fascination as the captain took a single lighted candle—the last of his original supply—in one hand and a tin of water in the other, and slowly brought the water to a boil.

At nine o'clock that morning, in seas that had moderated during the night, the Turmoil moved in for a further try—this time, by prearrangement between Carlsen and Captain Parker, at the bow of the Flying Enterprise, rather than at her stern. Before long, Dancy and Carlsen had the heaving line in and the first of the messenger lines looped around the bitts. Eventually, a one-inch Manila messenger made its appearance, followed by the steel towline itself. But this time the cable was not pulled back to the tug; the idea was to lead it through a chock in the bow and make a self-tightening noose around the bitts by cinching the cable together with a heavy shackle, which the Turmoil had already sent up, attached to the strongest messenger line. A shackle of this type is a hundred-pound U-shaped piece of steel with a removable cotter pin across its open end, and locking it into place was the most arduous and hazardous part of the operation for Carlsen and Dancy. It was a job that would have called for heavy labor by six or eight men even under relatively favorable circumstances, and when done by only two men, on a deck listing at sixty-five degrees and constantly rolling and pitching, it called for almost superhuman effort. It was also an exceedingly dangerous task, because at any moment the towline might have broken loose and whipped violently around the bitts, in all probability cutting the men to pieces. But after a bout of furious work they finished

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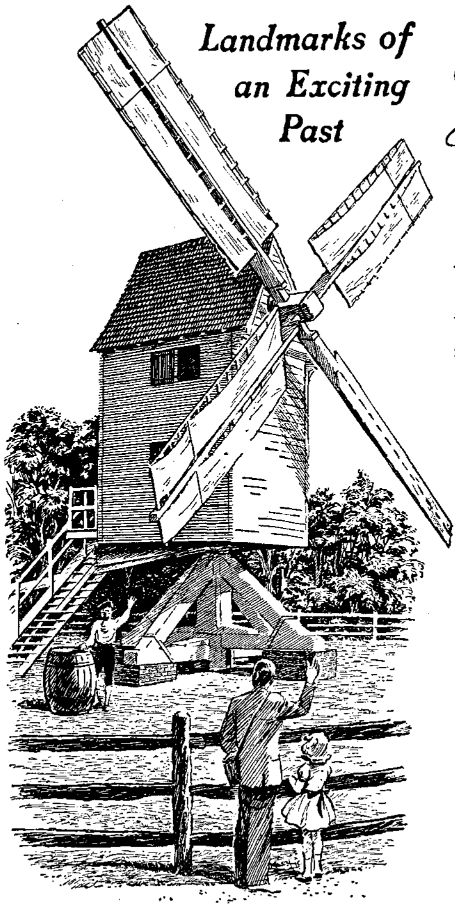

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the job. Ten minutes later, looking down from the starboard rail toward the low side of the ship, they had the satisfaction of seeing the sea slipping steadily past them. At last the Flying Enterprise was in tow—toward Falmouth, three hundred miles away.

As soon as the ships were safely under way, Carlsen scrambled amidships to check with the Turmoil by radio. When he emerged on deck again, he was carrying a one-pound tin of butter, which he had found in one of the ship's storerooms and which, in place of the heavy grease that lay stored in an inaccessible part of the ship, he applied to the towline at the bow chock to keep it from chafing and fraying. (On the following day, a sufficient quantity of regular grease, along with hot food and other badly needed supplies, was delivered to the men by line from the destroyer Willard Keith, which had relieved the Weeks an hour or so before the towline was secured.) Next, Carlsen suggested to Dancy that they make an excursion together to the ship's slop chest on the main deck to obtain dry clothes, and Dancy, in spite of the feeling of suffocation that the interior of the ship tended to inflict on him, went along. Because of the angle of the ship and the position of the locker, it was hard work getting the heavy steel door of the slop chest unlocked and open (Carlsen had been unable to do it by himself), but the two men managed it—by Dancy's lying on the vertically sloping deck with his feet braced against a bulkhead and Carlsen's climbing on his shoulders. Carlsen crawled into the room and handed out the dry clothing they needed, along with a few other supplies. When that was done, he took a pencil and notebook from his pocket and, as Dancy looked on in wonder, carefully noted down each article removed. That done, he climbed out again, closed the door, carefully locked it, and pocketed the key.

THE arrival of the Turmoil at the side of the Flying Enterprise, the many efforts to get a line over to the disabled ship, Dancy's dramatic leap, and the eventual securing of a towline—all these events made for big headlines in the newspapers in this country. The British press was in a state of high excitement, too. "SHE'S IN TOW! HEADING HERE," a headline in the London *Evening News* of January 5th read, and the Manchester *Guardian* ran an editorial saying that Carlsen's quiet courage recalled the sea tales of Joseph Conrad, with modern touches, such as the captain's skill as a radio

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"ham." The editorial added that Carlsen deserved a happy ending to his story. During the next few days, as the wind and sea moderated and the two ships proceeded toward port at a fairly steady rate of three knots, it looked very much as if the ending were indeed going to be happy, and the press here and in Britain prepared to make the most of it. Not content with reporting every scrap of news that could be gleaned from the daily bulletins issued by the Willard Keith ("Tow riding easily. Captain Carlsen and Mr. Dancy chafed hands yesterday heaving food-transfer line on board. Attempting Tulley rig today for transfer more substantial load. . . . They tried cream and sugar in hot vegetable soup yesterday, mistaking it for coffee but enjoying it anyway"), several newspapers, wire services, and broadcasting and newsreel companies hired seagoing tugs, at fees ranging upward from fifteen hundred dollars a day, or airplanes, from two thousand dollars a day, to obtain their own reports and photographs. The Associated Press chartered not only a tug for its reporters and photographers but also a courier tug to carry exposed film back to Falmouth. As for chartered airplanes, so many of them appeared over the Flying Enterprise during one day that the British Ministry of Civil Aviation felt obliged to instruct them to observe a counterclockwise circuit in flying above the ship. On January 7th, the Associated Press reported that the progress of the ship toward port had become "more of a triumphal procession than a rescue," going on to say:

> Some 750 yards behind the Turmoil came the wallowing, lopsided hulk of the Enterprise, with its stubborn skipper waving happily at a small parade of planes and ships which passed to cheer him on. To the stern he had affixed a new flagstaff from which fluttered the Stars and Stripes. In addition to the destroyer Willard Keith, which was hovering close, the French tug Abeille was bringing up the rear, tagging along in case of emergency.

The A.P. also reported that Falmouth was enjoying a boom, owing to the influx of more than a hundred newspapermen and many other people to await Carlsen's arrival. According to a Falmouth dispatch to the New York *Times*, these people included Carlsen's parents, who had been brought there from Denmark "as guests of a London newspaper." The *Times* also reported that a number of agents "seeking book, magazine, radio, television, and film rights—and even comic-strip rights—to his story" were lying in wait for Carlsen.

But on January 8th, the progress of

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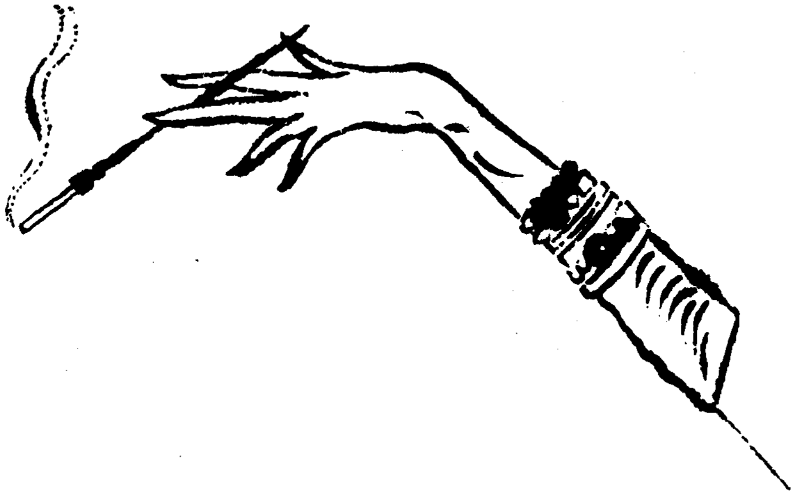

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the "triumphal procession" faltered, and early the next day, about fifty-seven miles southwest of Falmouth, it came to a halt. On the morning of the eighth, the wind and sea rose considerably, and Carlsen and Dancy, watching the weather from the high side of the Flying Enterprise, began to suspect that a storm was advancing upon them. They were right. As the day progressed, it became more and more difficult for them to make the journey to the bow every two hours, as they had been doing since the tow started, to grease the towline, and late in the afternoon the weather turned so savage that Captain Parker was forced to heave to. For about three hours, the Flying Enterprise lay drifting and rolling heavily at the end of the Turmoil's towline. The tow got under way again after nightfall, in moderating seas. The Flying Enterprise was now riding lower in the water than ever, and the commander of the Willard Keith, reporting on his radio conference with Carlsen at eight o'clock that night, noted that the captain "seemed a little concerned for the first time." But Dancy wrote later that Carlsen reacted to the situation with his customary composure, and that before going to sleep that night he turned as usual to "The Law of Seamen" and read for a while by candlelight. (The Willard Keith had replenished the supply of candles three days earlier.)

Both men slept for only a short time before being awakened by a loud crash that seemed to come from just outside the radio cabin, on the low side of the ship. Carlsen and Dancy quickly got up, ducked under the bedsheet they had rigged up as a windbreak, and peered down the heaving deck to see what had happened. The port lifeboat had broken partly loose and was banging against the hull. This melancholy clanging and crashing continued for some time; eventually, the last ropes holding the lifeboat parted, and it drifted away. Carlsen crawled up to his cabin and sent a message to the Willard Keith requesting that the lifeboat be machine-gunned as a menace to navigation. Then he rejoined Dancy in the radio cabin to sleep, but at one-thirty in the morning they were awakened again, this time by an even more ominous noise—six short blasts from the Turmoil's siren, an agreed-upon emergency signal. The tow had parted.

By now, the seas were so heavy that neither Carlsen nor Dancy could reach the bow, and Carlsen, in a radio conversation with Captain Parker, agreed that it would be useless to attempt to secure a new tow before daylight. They

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also discussed the possibility of trying another technique—rarely used and extremely difficult—of establishing a tow: Carlsen would let down his anchor chain, and the Turmoil and the Abeille, with a heavy line stretched between them, would approach the ship as in a mine-laying operation and try to pick it up. If all went well, they would then tow the Flying Enterprise to port by her own anchor. Carlsen, however, decided against the attempt; he knew that he could not stop the anchor chain from paying out once it had started, and if the operation was not a success, the anchor would only drag the ship still farther down at the head.

When daylight came, the weather was still heavy, and it was only with great difficulty that Carlsen and Dancy were able to get to the bow. At ten o'clock, the commander of the Willard Keith reported:

> Turmoil skillfully maintaining the stern close off bow of Enterprise while Carlsen and Dancy work frantically with a hacksaw to cut off main shackle damaged during night. Enterprise rolling to 80 degrees port and pitching, with spray breaking over the main bow. Turmoil awaiting wave of life jacket from Carlsen, which is "ready signal" to approach bow for passing line and new shackle.

But there was to be no ready signal. At about the time this message was being transmitted from the Willard Keith, a wave considerably bigger than the thirty-foot swells in which the ship had been riding struck the bow of the Flying Enterprise, knocked Carlsen off his feet and down the sloping deck, and actually washed him overboard for several feet. But he swam back, grasped one of the foremast shrouds, and managed to struggle up onto the deck. However, he was exhausted by the effort, and since Dancy had been half stunned by the impact of the wave and had nearly been washed overboard himself, the two men hauled themselves back to the radio cabin to rest and to wait for some improvement in the weather. Instead of improving, the weather worsened, and by three o'clock in the afternoon the skipper of the Willard Keith reported that it was impossible to pass a line in the existing seas. He added that the outlook for the immediate future was "not favorable." As the increasingly serious plight of the ship became known to the press, more and more chartered airplanes carrying reporters and photographers arrived on the scene, and circled around the Flying Enterprise until darkness set in.

By dawn the next day, January 10th, the wind had risen to a strong gale, and the prospects of getting a towline aboard

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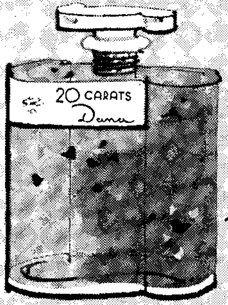

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began to appear depressingly remote to Carlsen and Dancy. "We can but hope and pray, hope and pray," Captain Parker told Carlsen during the eight-o'clock radio conference. In another radio contact, the captain of the Willard Keith relayed an offer from the Royal Air Force to pick up the two men by helicopter, but Carlsen declined it with thanks. He and Dancy spent most of the morning huddled in blankets in the radio cabin, with Carlsen doggedly reading on in "The Law of Seamen." Toward noon, the list of the ship increased, and it became obvious that the radio cabin was growing hourly more unsafe. Dancy went down to the cabin deck to inspect conditions on the low side of the ship and found water pouring through the cabin ports and weather doors. He attempted to tighten the bolts around several of the portholes, but failed to slow the inrush of water significantly. He returned to the radio cabin. When the seas began reaching into their only exit from the cabin, Carlsen and Dancy plainly saw that the time had come for them to move on. With great difficulty, they climbed up to the captain's cabin. The ship was now listing so heavily that the chintz curtains hanging at the portholes made a narrow angle with the ceiling.

Carlsen decided that they had better make provisions for a quick flight from the cabin. Fastening a strong rope to the starboard rail of the ship, he dropped it through the cabin's open door, which was now almost horizontal. Then they sat—or, rather, lay down—in two easy chairs resting against the lower wall of the cabin. The pounding of the seas against the hull, and the lurching of the whole ship, became more marked than ever. The men stayed where they were, saying very little. As time went on, they could observe the relentlessly narrowing angle between the chintz curtains and the ceiling. Underneath the door on the low side of the cabin, which was now like a trapdoor to a cellar, they could hear the seas sloshing about only a few feet below them in the interior of the ship. Waves were breaking over the bridge, and their spray poured in on the men from the open door overhead. At about two o'clock, Dancy pulled himself up the rope, hand over hand, and took a look around outside. "She's almost on her beam-ends, Captain," he called down to Carlsen. Clambering up the rope, Carlsen joined him, to see for himself. After a long study, he finally said, "It's no good. She won't last." He lowered himself into the cabin again

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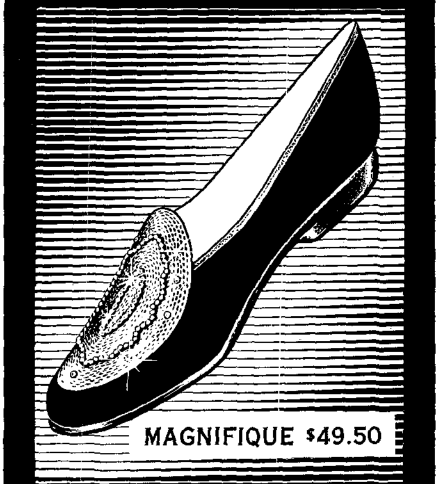

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to get Captain Parker on the radio and give his assent to being picked up by helicopter. Then he rejoined Dancy, and the two of them climbed over the deck rail and sat smoking cigarettes on the side of the ship itself. A little later, there was a loud explosion. The combined pressure of water and air had blown out the door of the wheelhouse.

What happened after that is recorded in messages emanating from the ships standing by:

3:08 P.M.—Keith: "Flying Enterprise is going down."

3:09—Turmoil: "We have just received word that the weather is too bad for the helicopter. She can't make it and is returning to base. It is up to us to take them off now."

3:16—Keith: "Flying Enterprise listing 80 degrees. Still afloat. Captain Carlsen and Dancy on starboard of deck."

3:20—Keith: "Flying Enterprise now taking water down stack."

3:22—Turmoil: "Dancy and Carlsen are preparing to jump from the funnel. Stand by."

3:26—Keith: "Carlsen and Dancy have jumped from the funnel."

3:32—Turmoil: "We have got both off Enterprise."

3:33—Keith: "Congratulations."

3:38—Turmoil: "Both men are O.K. and are now in the captain's cabin changing their clothes."

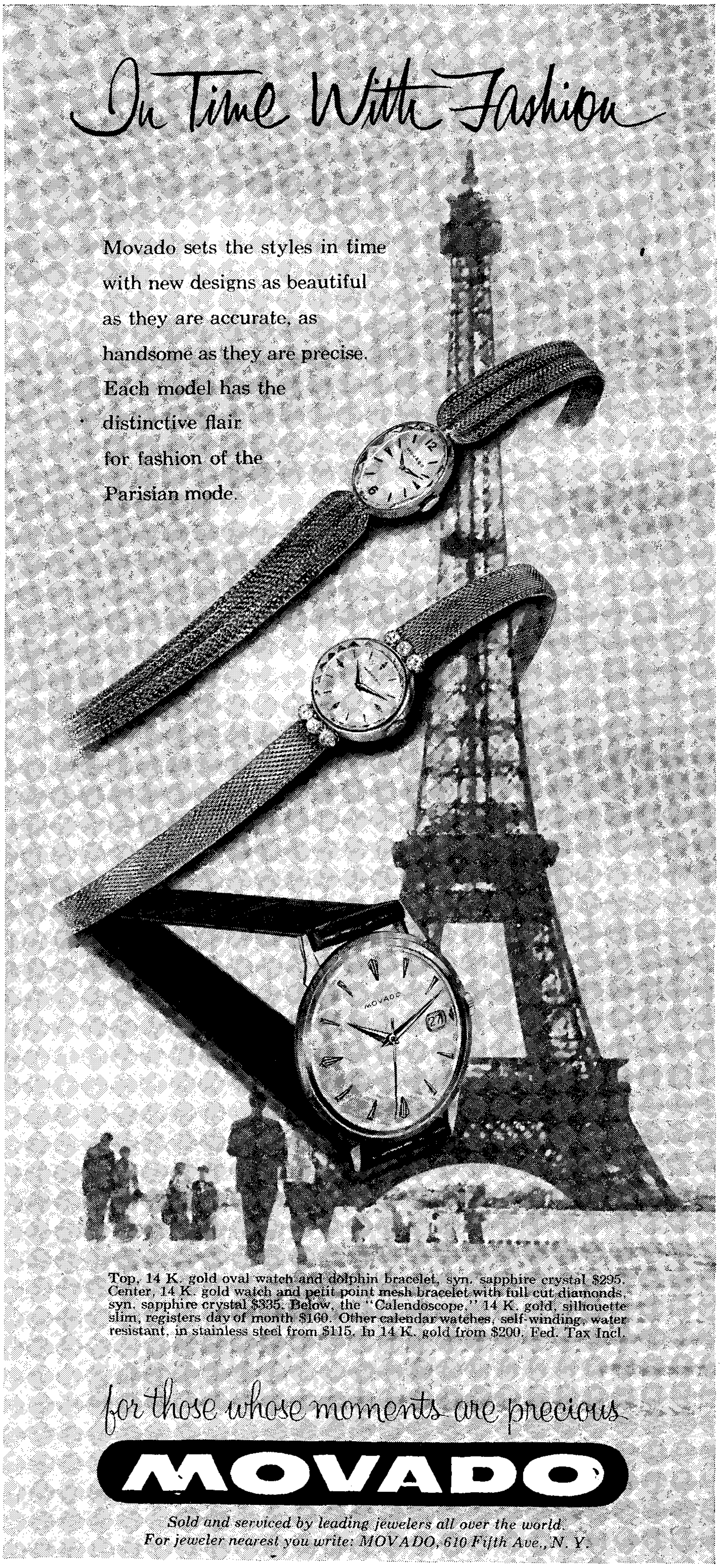
3:44—Turmoil: "Flying Enterprise completely covered in water. Cargo floating everywhere."

4:01—Turmoil: "Starboard bow just showing above the waves. She is very brave. Keeps going down and coming up."

4:03—Keith: "Enterprise now about 90 per cent under water."

4:13—Keith: "In raging sea filled with debris, bow of Flying Enterprise rose 15 feet and slipped under at 1612 Z [4:12 P.M. Greenwich Mean Time] at Lat. 49-38N., Long. 04-23W."

The Turmoil did not linger at the scene, and Carlsen did not see the end of his ship. After he had changed into dry clothes and sipped some hot tea and rum in Captain Parker's cabin, he went up on the deck of the tug and took a last look at the Flying Enterprise as she lay sinking. Then he turned away. How the sight affected him is something that he has been reluctant to talk about. But some time later, in a letter to a Danish shipowner who had offered him a command in the Danish Merchant Marine, Carlsen, after turning the offer down, touched briefly on his attitude toward the Flying Enterprise. "I can say that I brought that ship up to perfection," he wrote. "Her engines and auxiliaries were purring comfortably as a cat, and I had the full loyalty of my crew, most of whom I had with me for a number of years." Then he added, "There was not as much as a piece of toast wasted." If



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Carlsen, who was capable of taking time to make an accounting of every dry sock he withdrew from the store of a half-capsized, disabled, and deserted vessel rolling and yawing in a tormented sea, could feel strongly about seeing a piece of toast wasted, how he felt at seeing his whole ship wasted is not easy to calculate.

WITH his companion, Carlsen, freshly shaved and wearing borrowed clothes and an old beret, stepped ashore in Falmouth on January 11th to a hero's welcome that was rendered all the warmer by public sympathy for his hard luck. There were cheering crowds, bursts of light from photographers' flashbulbs, laudatory civic speeches, and a big press conference—the first of a number of such receptions that Carlsen had to face in the coming weeks. At the press conference, Carlsen recounted his adventures with a modesty and earnestness that impressed his listeners, and he expressed his gratitude to all those who had taken part in the rescue and towing operations, and especially to Dancy and Captain Parker. Asked why he had decided to remain aboard his ship after everyone else had left, he replied, "I felt it was my duty to my owners." He firmly denied the rumor that he had stayed with the *Flying Enterprise* in order to collect some sort of salvage award for himself. "It is absolutely not true," he said. "The master of a ship cannot in any circumstances claim salvage. The thought of commercial or financial advantage has never entered into my mind at all."

Fending off entreaties for interviews from agents and promoters armed with contracts for magazine and motion-picture rights to his story, for personal appearances on television, and for his endorsement of all sorts of commercial products, Carlsen retired to a small hotel near Falmouth to spend some time alone with his parents, to telephone his wife and children back in Woodbridge, and to make plans for returning to his small home there as quietly as possible. But there was no way of escaping the clamor. Three days later, when he arrived in London by train, crowds broke through police lines at the station to press greetings and congratulations upon him. While he was in London, the Danish Ambassador to Great Britain, acting on behalf of King Frederik IX of Denmark, presented him with the Cross of the Order of the Dannebrog, one of Denmark's highest civilian orders; he was escorted to Lloyd's, where the Lutine bell (a ship's bell recovered from

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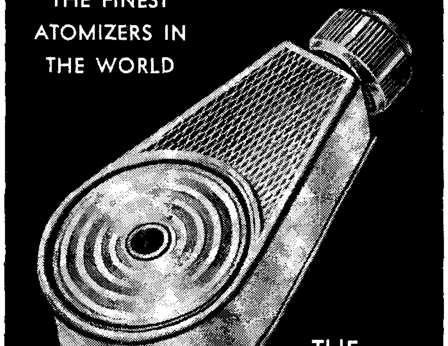

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the British frigate Lutine, which, in 1799, sank, like the Flying Enterprise, off the English coast in an Atlantic gale) was tolled twice in his honor; and he was decorated before two thousand assembled insurance and underwriting people with Lloyd's rarely awarded Silver Medal, "in recognition of his outstanding courage and devotion to duty, by which he worthily upheld the high traditions of the sea." Then he flew back to the United States. Before he got home to Woodbridge, the City of New York gave him a big, noisy harbor welcome, in which between three hundred and four hundred craft participated, and a ticker-tape parade up Broadway to City Hall, where Mayor Impellitteri presented him with the city's Medal of Honor. "I want you to know that you have enkindled in all of us a renewed faith in the all-pervading strength and dignity of man," the Mayor said—a sentiment that the press, without exception, expanded upon in editorials. "New York has its eyes on only one man today," an editorial in the *Times* read. "Captain Carlsen lost every battle with the hungry sea but the last. . . . He offered the world an example of stubborn courage, of steadfast loyalty to his responsibilities, of devotion to the traditions of his calling that inspired millions to exclaim to themselves, 'There is a man!' "

Amid all the public displays of enthusiasm, Carlsen maintained an appearance of somewhat puzzled calm, and the *Times* quoted him as having said to the Mayor, during his official reception downtown, "Frankly, I don't think I am entitled to this. I failed to bring my ship back into port." Such protestations only heightened the general admiration for his modesty and increased the general desire to reward him. The Senate voted unanimously to direct the Maritime Administration to give him the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal. The French government informed him that it was giving him the Ordre du Mérite Maritime, and the Belgian government gave him a similar decoration. State and provincial governments and the mayors of municipalities throughout the world sent greetings to him and urged him to accept in person, at the earliest convenient time, medals of honor and keys to cities. The city of Gloucester, Massachusetts, wanted to give him its Mariner's Award, and the American Bureau of Shipping informed him that it was decorating him with its Medal for Valor. Altogether, Carlsen was presented with thirty-three medals. The findings of a United States Coast

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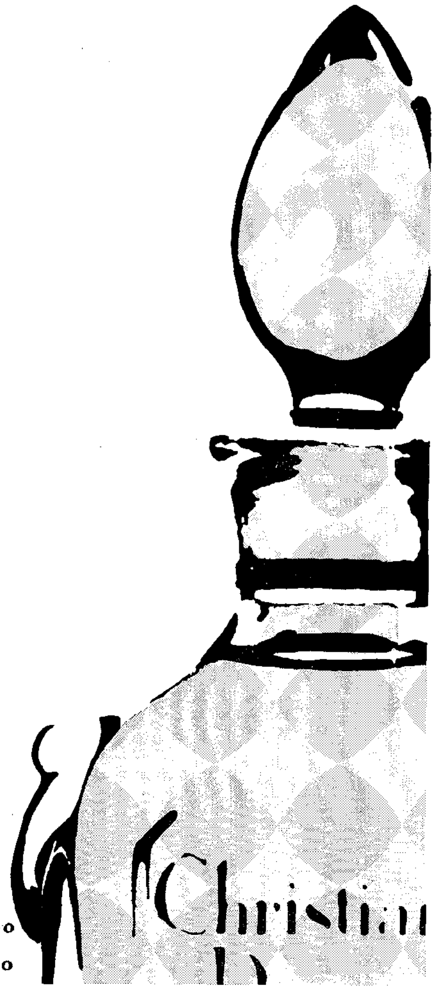

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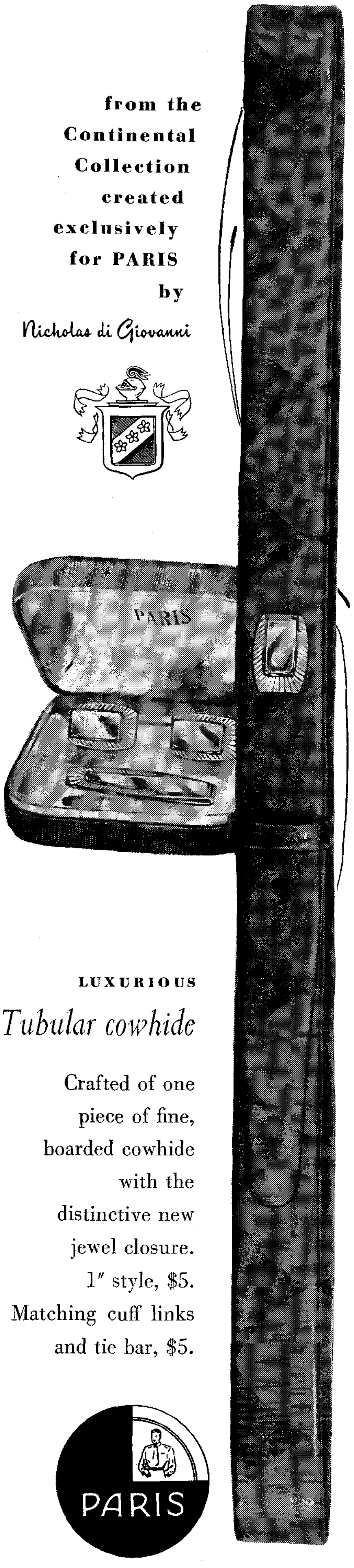

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Guard inquiry into the sinking of the Flying Enterprise called Carlsen's epic "certainly an act beyond the call of duty, and an outstanding example of the best traditions of the sea"—though it did add, mildly, that if Carlsen had accepted the services of some of the crewmen who volunteered to stay aboard with him and wait for a tow, "the outcome might well have been different."

There were other tokens of appreciation. At home in Woodbridge, Carlsen found great piles of congratulatory cables and letters from private individuals throughout the world, and an even greater volume of similar messages was arriving every day at Isbrandtsen headquarters, on lower Broadway. "It was just amazing," an Isbrandtsen man who was assigned the task of coping with some of the public uproar said not long ago. "One morning, I came into my office and found nine sacks of mail for Carlsen by my desk. People from here to Timbuctoo sent in admiring letters. We had women baking cakes and knitting socks by the dozen and mailing them in here for Carlsen. The cakes were the worst nuisance, because they would arrive broken in the mailbags and the sticky crumbs would get all over the other mail as it spilled out. Letters, cakes, songs, poems—everything. All in all, he must have received about twelve thousand letters of congratulation."

Along with these letters, Carlsen found awaiting him, in large numbers, further financial offers for exclusive literary, motion-picture, and television rights to his story, and these, together with requests for his endorsement of commercial products, amounted, according to an Isbrandtsen man, to something like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. One motion-picture company proposed a minimum guarantee of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a picture based on his experiences. A Canadian beer company offered him a tour of Canada on behalf of a brand of beer; the brewer was waiting at a New York hotel with a check for thirty thousand dollars as an advance. And the owner of a knitting mill wanted Carlsen to testify that on the Flying Enterprise he had kept warm in a sweater turned out by the mill. Then, there were offers of jobs. One man offered Carlsen a distributorship in a big soft-drink company; another offered him the management of a pleasure-cruiser establishment with dock facilities in Florida. And there were invitations to him and his family to spend free vacations at various resorts in

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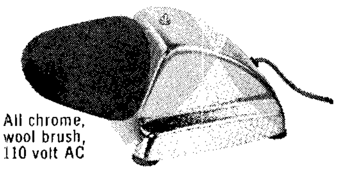

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Florida, Pennsylvania, and California. Carlsen turned everybody and everything down. He frequently said, "I don't want a seaman's honest attempt to save his ship used for any commercial purpose. I don't want to get anything out of it." All he wanted, he made plain to everyone, was to get back to sea. Isbrandtsen, who had promised him command of another ship, gave him one as soon as a replacement for the Flying Enterprise could be bought from the government. The new ship, a C-2 cargo carrier, forty feet longer than her predecessor but of about the same vintage, was rechristened the Flying Enterprise II, and, with Carlsen on the bridge, she sailed from Mobile, Alabama, late in April, 1952, for Le Havre.

EVER since then, Carlsen and the Flying Enterprise II have been assigned to Isbrandtsen's round-the-world cargo-and-passenger service—a service in which ten of the company's seventeen ships are engaged. Each ship has its own route; Carlsen's covers a twenty-five-thousand-mile circuit that begins at New York and generally includes calls at Beirut, Alexandria, Port Said, Bombay, Singapore, Hong Kong, Kobe, Nagoya, Yokohama, San Francisco, and a number of American West and East Coast ports before ending in New York five months later. The elapsed time between the end of one of these voyages and the start of another is usually from three to five days. Not long ago, during one of these layovers, a friend of Carlsen's who works for Isbrandtsen arranged for me to spend part of an afternoon with the captain on board the Flying Enterprise II, at the company's pier in Gowanus Bay. "It's not often nowadays that Kurt has a visit from anybody connected with the press," the Isbrandtsen man said. "Things have been pretty quiet for him these past few years, and I know he's glad to have the notoriety behind him. He just keeps going around the world—around and around and around. He's a little heavier now than he used to be, and he's taken to smoking cigars instead of cigarettes, but he still goes in strong for amateur radio, and he's built himself a dandy personal one-kilowatt transmitter to replace the one he lost when the old Enterprise went down. A good skipper, well liked by passengers and crew. They say he relaxes quite a bit with people when he's at sea."

It was raining when I arrived at the Isbrandtsen pier, and the unloading of cargo from Carlsen's ship was going on under huge conical arrangements of

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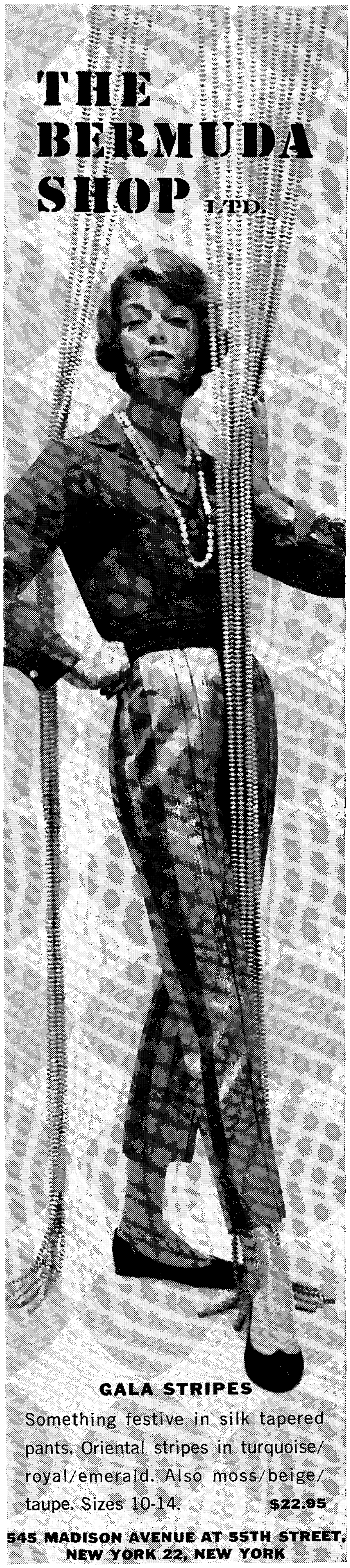

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tarpaulins that covered the open hatches and towered above the decks like a row of great dingy wigwams. The Flying Enterprise II is a good-sized freighter, and she is painted in the manner of all Isbrandtsen ships—dark-gray hull, with the name "ISBRANDTSEN" all along her side in six-foot-high letters; white housing amidships; and light-buff masts and funnel. I could see that the ship had seen a good deal of service; along the waterline the plates of her hull were dented so deeply that in places it was possible to detect the outlines of the vessel's unyielding ribs.

I found Carlsen at his desk in the captain's cabin, where he was working on the ship's accounts and tapping away at the keyboard of a small electric calculating machine. He had very much the same stocky, square-jawed, earnest look that I had seen in newspaper photographs of him after the sinking of his ship. He had taken off the jacket of his blue suit and was in shirtsleeves. Attached to his belt was a little plastic holster with a ball-point pen clipped into it. Greeting me with quiet affability, he asked me to take a seat and wait a few moments while he finished up his computations. I sat down on a couch, upholstered in flowered chintz, that stood under a water color entitled "An Eastern Mosque." The portholes, whose brass fixtures were immaculately polished, were decorated with curtains of a matching flowered chintz, and the cabin furniture also included a curtained bookcase; a polished sideboard covered with olive-green cloth, on which rested two small silver-colored pots of philodendrons, whose tendrils radiated outward across the cloth and trailed around its edges in regimented symmetry; a mess table covered with the same kind of olive-green material, fringed with heavy tassels; an electric fan; a comfortable armchair and a hassock of vaguely Moorish design; and a filing cabinet. A colored print of a square-rigger hung on the wall above Carlsen's desk, a print showing a clock tower hung near the mess table, and an oil painting depicting the Flying Enterprise under tow in stormy seas hung over the sideboard and the trailing philodendron leaves.

Carlsen finished his calculations and turned to me. "We don't have a purser on this ship, so I take on the paperwork," he said, adding, with a certain vehemence, "I'm a pen-pusher." He got up and went over to put some papers away in the filing cabinet, and as he did so I noticed that he walked with a pronounced limp. I asked him what had happened, and he told me that he had injured his foot in a fall from the

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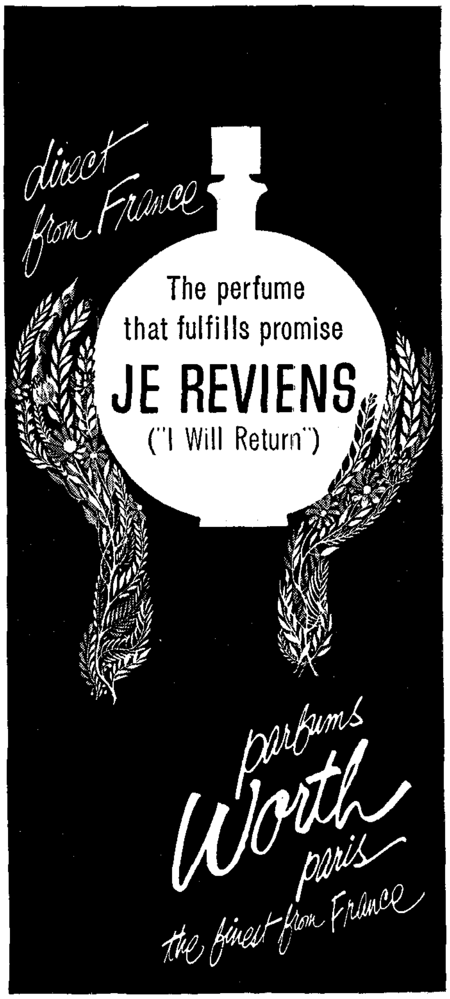

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wheelhouse to the deck during a severe Atlantic storm nearly a year ago; he had had the foot X-rayed in San Francisco a few months later, he said, and found that his left ankle and heel were fractured. "My first injury at sea in thirty years," he said. There was a long pause, which I broke by asking him to tell me something of the voyage he had just completed. "Oh, apart from that Atlantic storm, I guess it was pretty average," Carlsen said. "We brought in a sealed cargo from Bombay, though—five hundred tons of old silver currency that the Indian government was sending over here to be melted down and used as credit. India has its own currency now. I guess they don't want those kings on their coins any more. The stuff was unloaded here yesterday and taken off in armored cars to the Treasury for assay."

I told Carlsen that I had really come to talk to him about his efforts to bring the Flying Enterprise into port seven years ago, and he did not seem particularly pleased at the idea. "I don't know why my trouble with the Enterprise should hold any interest for anybody after all this time," he said, cocking his head a little to one side in a set, dogged way. "Anyway, all that business about staying on the ship—it's become almost a joke with some people. I don't care for it." After a while, however, he seemed to conclude that my interest was not frivolous, and began to respond to questions about his thirteen days on the listing ship, elucidating—and even illustrating for me with pencilled diagrams—various technical matters, and adding little personal details, such as how, one morning when he woke up, he felt such a need to get rid of the grime and grease on his skin that he washed his face and hands with foam from one of the ship's fire extinguishers, and how the lack of hot food and the chafing of his hands from hauling on lines bothered him far less than the soreness of his feet and ankles, brought on by the twisting and warping effect of constantly having to scramble in the V-shaped troughs between the listing decks and the bulkheads. "My shoes were in very sad shape afterward," he told me, shaking his head slightly. "When I got to England, I had to throw them away."

Carlsen was noticeably less talkative about matters that did not touch on the purely physical side of his experience, and when he did speak of them, he gave me the impression of a man who, with time, has recast some of his memories in a new mold. For instance, when I asked him, rather casually, whether he had not felt very lonely on the deserted ship,

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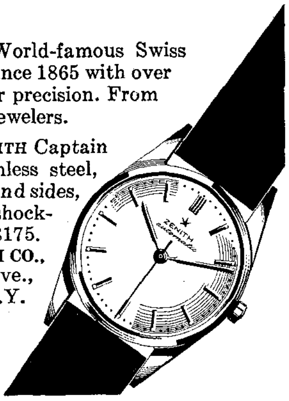

he said, in a suddenly resentful voice, "That's not true at all!" Mildly puzzled, I said that I was sure that in the files of the Isbrandtsen Company I had come across a message from him to his wife saying that he was well but lonesome. "Not true at all!" Carlsen said, in a strong voice. "Why should I send such a message? Why should I have been lonesome? A shipmaster is used to solitude. Hell, when I'm out in the Pacific I sometimes sit in my cabin for fourteen days at a stretch and never see a goddam soul! You can't sit down and yack away with officers and passengers all the time. You have to keep a certain distance when you're the master. You know the old saying—familiarity breeds contempt."

A bit later, I asked Carlsen how he had felt at seeing Dancy come aboard the ship. "Well, of course, it would make it easier for me to have someone aboard," he said slowly, as if in reply to a theoretical question. He added, after a few moments of silence, "If you mean how did I *feel* about it, I had no emotional feelings one way or another. I've had Dancy to my house for dinner since then. All very pleasant—we get along all right. He's first mate on a British tanker now. Dancy was a young British gentleman—very courteous, very correct. In six days on the Enterprise, it was always 'Mr. Dancy' and 'Mr. Carlsen' to each other, you know. That's the way it was. Whether the ship was eighty degrees on her side or not, I was still the master, and he was smart enough to recognize it."

I observed that I had read an article by Dancy in which he spoke repeatedly of being oppressed by a strong fear of being helplessly confined in the interior of the ship, and I asked Carlsen if Dancy had said anything to him about this fear.

"Oh, yes, he told me he had claustrophobia," Carlsen said.

"Even under ordinary conditions?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," Carlsen said.

"And he still went down below the waterline to tighten bolts around the portholes?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, he went down there. I just told him to forget about his claustrophobia," Carlsen said.

There was a knock at the door of the cabin, and the chief mate entered with a large sheaf of papers.

"Sorry to interrupt, Captain," he said. "I thought I'd let you know that Mrs. Carlsen is here. She's finished her shopping, and she said she'd have some coffee in the dining room. She asked me to remind you about the doctor's ap-

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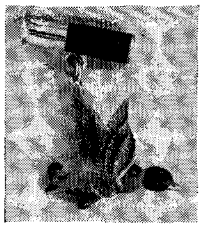

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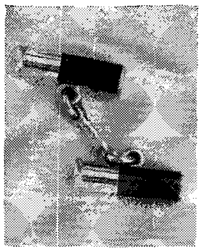

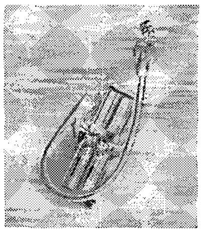

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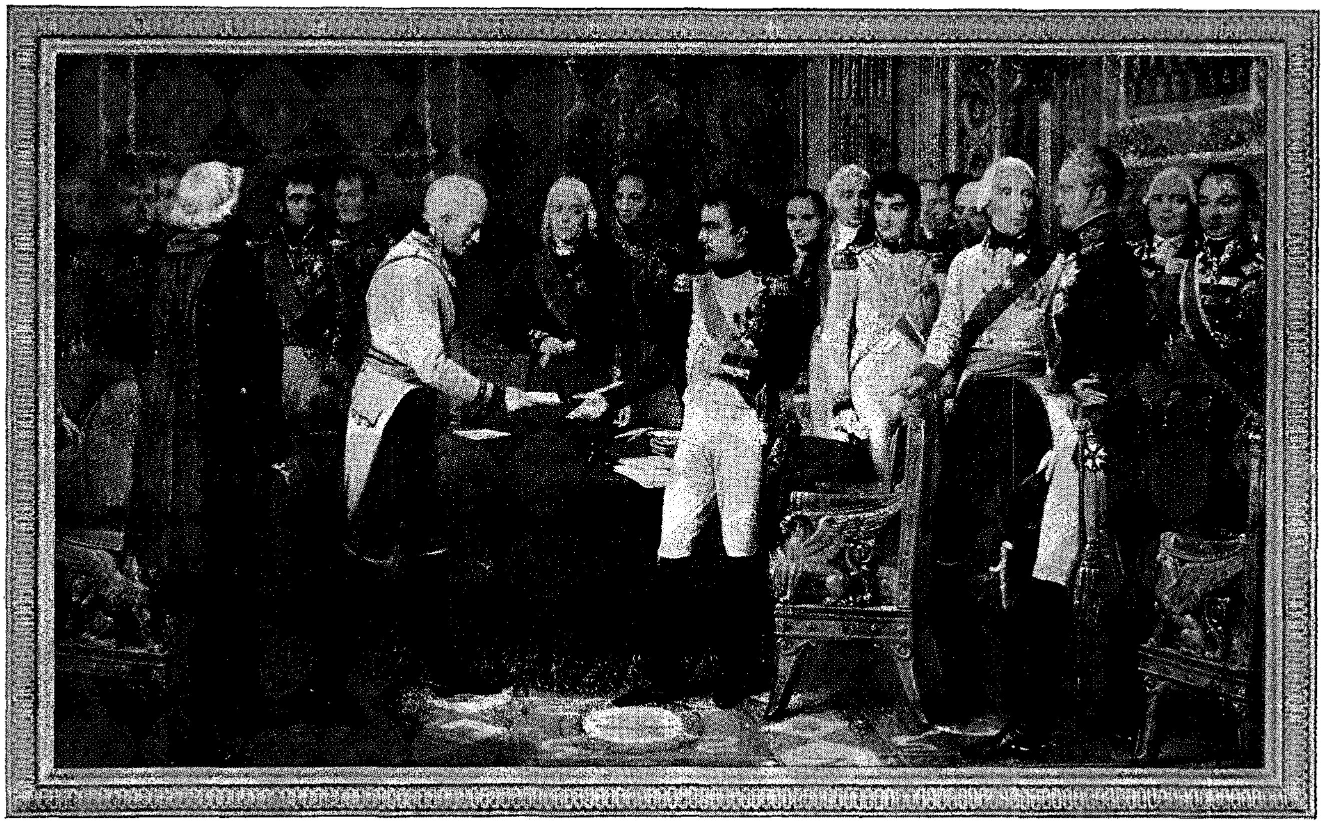

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pointment for that X-ray. She'll go along with you."

"O.K.," Carlsen said.

"And these reports here," the mate added, flourishing the papers in his hand. "Could you look them over, Captain?"

"Yes," Carlsen said, and he told me abruptly that I'd have to excuse him for twenty minutes or so.

Leaving the cabin, I went down to the dining room to see Mrs. Carlsen, whom I'd talked to on the telephone several times but had never met. She is a pleasant-looking woman, with a diffident manner, but I found her in a talkative mood. She told me she was worried about her husband's fractured foot, which she was not sure had healed properly, and said she had persuaded him to have it X-rayed again. "He's always taking on so much and working so hard," she said. "Some people just seem to burden themselves with responsibilities. Kurt is like that. When he started going to sea for this company, in 1943, he was a second officer, and I thought, Well, when he gets to be first officer, things will be different and he'll have more free time. But he didn't. When he became first officer, he took on more work, and I thought, Well, when he's captain, it will be different, and now I find he takes on more than ever. All that paperwork, as well as running the ship. He never complains about the pressure; he just seems to hold it all in. And when it gets too much, then he gets very quiet; he just pushes everybody away, and you can't talk to him. If you ask me, he had a great hurt, losing his ship like that. He always has had such a powerful sense of his duty. I remembered that when I first heard the ship was in trouble and he was staying aboard, I was so afraid for what might happen. And those newspapermen were driving me crazy, telephoning me at home at all hours. Asking all kinds of crazy questions. Do the children love their father? How is the dog taking it? I said, 'For heaven's sake, why do you ask me that when my husband is sitting out there on the sea?' And then they put it on the television that my husband had said he'd bring in his ship or go down with her, and although I soon found out that he really hadn't said he would go down with her, I was afraid for a while that something in his mind might have slipped—that he really meant to do that. Oh, I prayed for him. The pastor was with me, you know. At home, we don't talk about Kurt's experiences. Now this ship keeps him busier than ever. He has very little time off between trips, and even while

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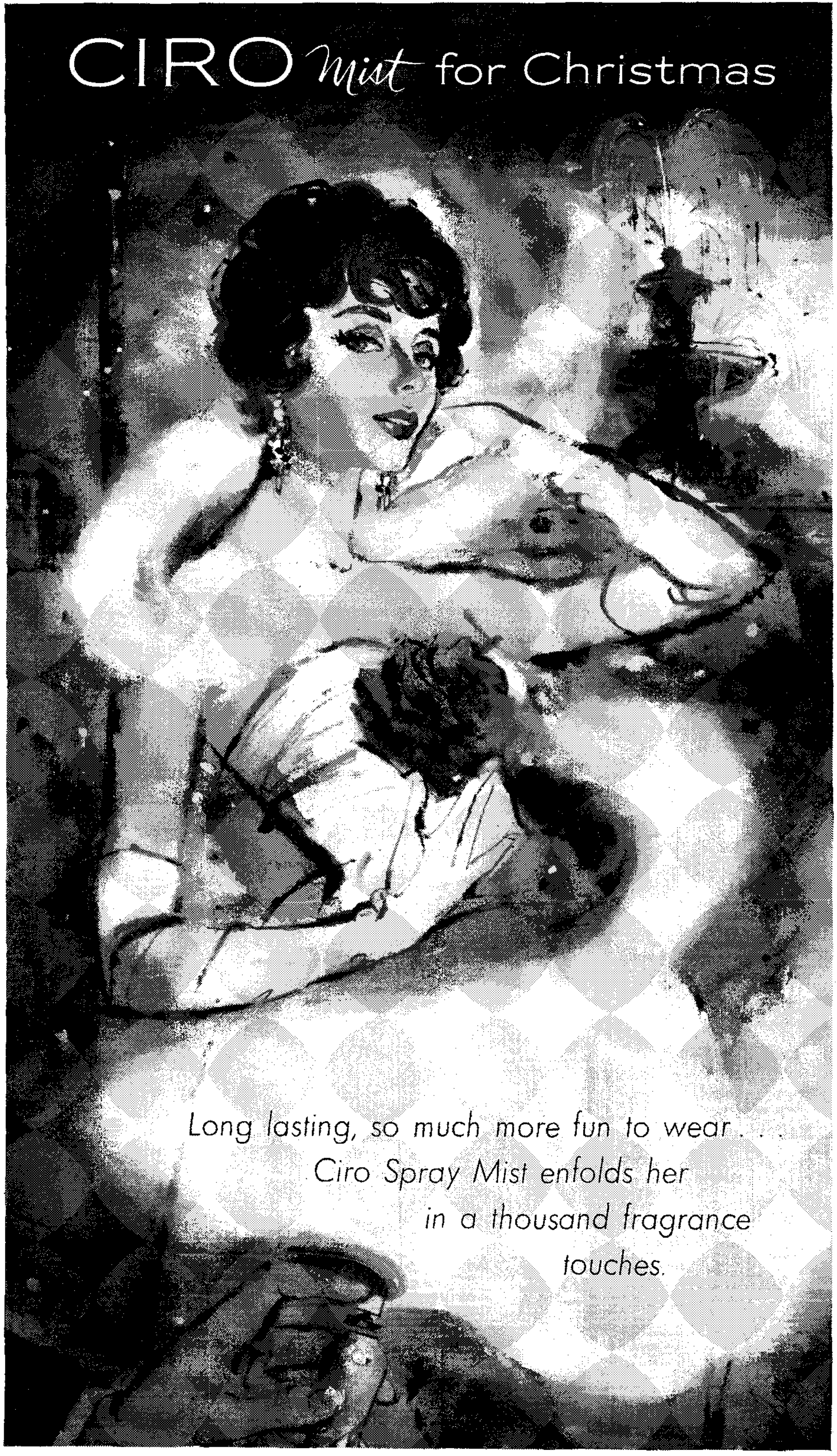

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the ship is in, he's usually working aboard her all day. He never really gets a chance to get into family life, never sees the children growing up. Sometimes, when the ship's in, he'll come home so tired that he'll just lie down on the couch before dinner and go right to sleep."

When I returned to Carlsen's cabin, he was still talking to the mate, so I occupied myself by strolling around the room. As the mate left, I was looking at the colored print of the clock tower; I now noticed that it had a watery stain across it. "Doesn't look bad for having spent eighteen months forty-two fathoms down on the bottom of the Atlantic, does it?" Carlsen called out to me from his swivel chair. Smiling wryly at my surprise, he told me that the print had once hung in his cabin on the Flying Enterprise. It was recovered from the wreck in 1953, along with some cargo and mail, by a team of Italian salvors, he said; the salvors had sent it to him as a souvenir. "It was a strange business, that salvage operation," he went on. "After the Enterprise went down, there were all sorts of rumors that the ship had been carrying bullion, or some special cargo—the Russians were even saying that she was loaded with V-2 parts from Germany. As far as I or my owners knew, there was nothing in the cargo that wasn't shown on the ship's manifest. We were all amazed when the newspapers printed stories about how these Italian salvors had recovered a quarter of a million dollars in United States and British currency from her. We didn't believe the stories until we found that the money came from the mailbags in the holds. It had been sent by Swiss banks to New York banks by registered mail as part of their regular transactions."

I asked Carlsen whether, aboard his present ship, he had ever passed over the spot where the Flying Enterprise lay.

"Yes, I have," Carlsen said.

"How did you feel about that?" I asked.

"How do you think I felt?" he said harshly. He paused for a considerable time, and then said, in a very quiet voice, "You don't realize what a thing like that means to a shipmaster. The Enterprise was my *home*. When I was standing on her deck, I could feel her through my feet. I could stand there on the bridge and I could feel her responding to my wish. I could feel when she was in trouble. And when that storm hit her and I had to order everybody off, I felt, somehow, that I could still bring her into port. Don't ask any more questions about those thirteen days. Thirteen

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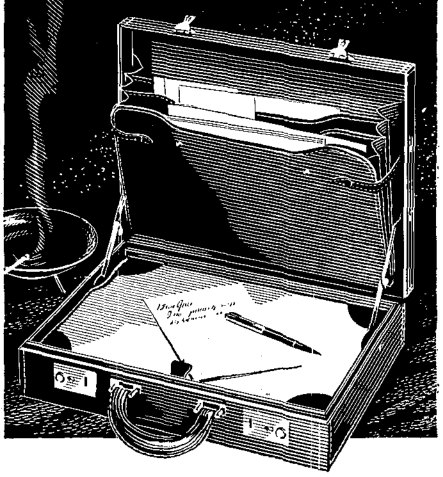

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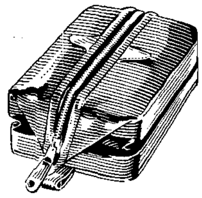

days and thirteen nights on a dead ship. A dead ship is not like a live ship. You just don't know what it means. I can't really describe those days and nights. They're mine, they always will be mine, and I don't see that they would be of any interest to anybody else. How could I leave her? How could I leave her and stand off on a goddam tug?" Carlsen's voice rose again, taking on an indignant tone. "Suppose I'd left her and someone had managed to get aboard her—the way a British trawler crew got aboard the American Farmer, years ago, after her captain had abandoned her as a derelict—and found that she wasn't sinking after all! Suppose I had abandoned the Enterprise and she didn't sink! Can you think of anything more degrading?"

Carlsen paused again, and from outside the cabin I could hear the rumbling of winches and the hoarse shouts of longshoremen. Then, not looking at me, and with his head cocked to one side in a set way, he went on, "It isn't a very glorious thing to lose your ship. These people, these promoters, thought I would want to take money for what I did. Well, why should I have accepted something that was so morally wrong? It would be extremely against my principles to go and do a thing like that. In my life, every goddam day I see people they don't want to do even what they're supposed to do." Carlsen made a gesture toward the accounts on his desk. "Some of these fellows we've got here on the docks—some of them will get thirty or forty dollars a day just for being there. You don't get people to put in the work any more. Here!" He grabbed open a drawer of his desk, and took out a big steel bolt and a typewritten sheet of paper. He angrily held them up in front of me. "Look!" he said. "Here's a report on the performance of a crewman I got here this morning. You know what it says under 'Mechanical Ability'? 'Good,' it says. Just look at that work! Mechanical ability!" Carlsen tossed the bolt contemptuously on the desk. "Good! Huh! Now do you understand why I told everybody, volunteers and all, to get the hell off my little Enterprise when she heeled over on her side? Who is there to trust?"

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

◆

"SALAD DAYS" STRIKES A
BLOW FOR DECADENCE
—*Headline in the News, November 11th, final edition.*

"SALAD DAYS" STRIKES A
BLOW FOR INNOCENCE
—*Headline in the same paper, November 12th.*

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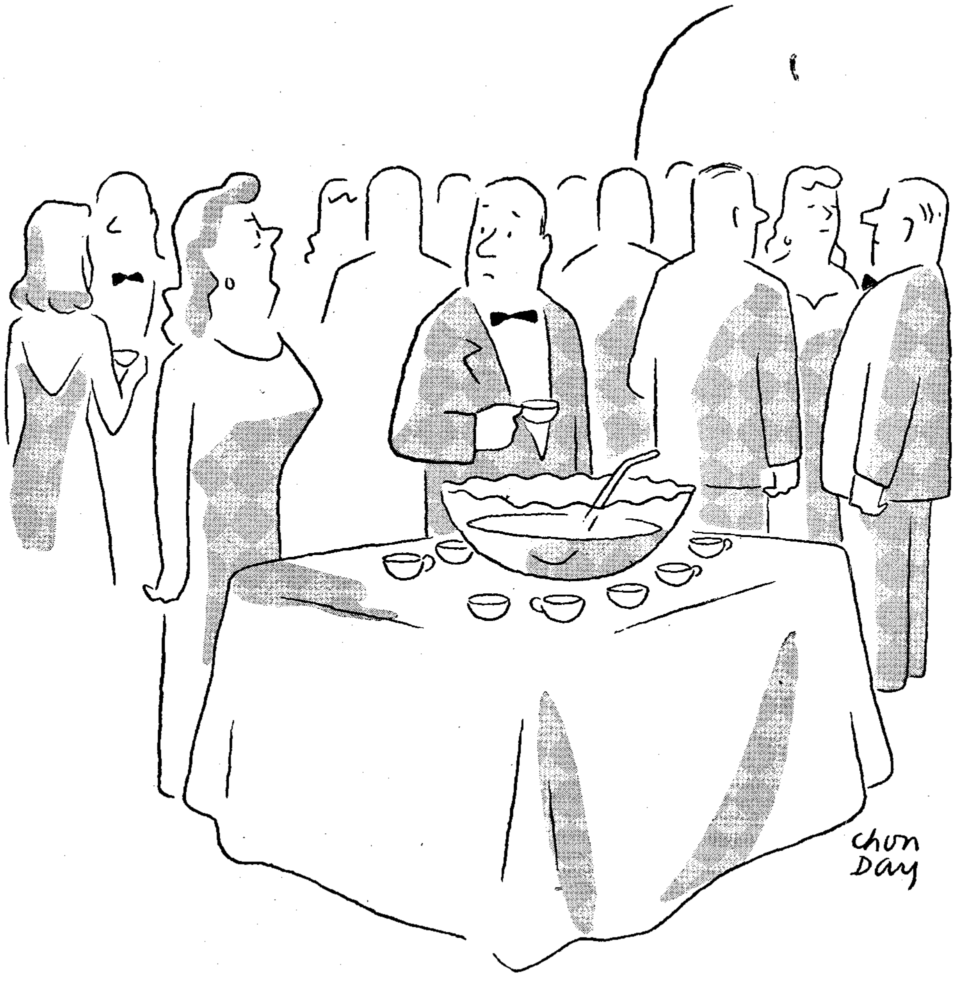
TINY CHINESE MINDS

EVER since Marco Polo, the Orient has exerted a steady and growing influence on the Western imagination. I need only mention the names of Stevenson, Gauguin, Lafcadio Hearn, Sax Rohmer, and W. C. Fields to indicate how much our civilization owes to the ancient cultures of the East. Our debt was increased last week by the arrival at the St. James Theatre of "Flower Drum Song," the new musical by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. In this case, I fear, what we owe is not gratitude but an apology. I am not so demented as to expect from a Broadway show any profound insights into the Chinese temperament. All the same, it was something of a shock, and rather more of a bore, to find the country that cradled Lao-tse, Confucius, and Zen Buddhism treated as if our only clues to its way of life were those provided by the lyrics of "Limehouse Blues" and "Chinatown, My Chinatown."

The authors' attitude toward exotic peoples in general seems to have changed hardly at all since they wrote "South Pacific" and "The King and I." If friendly, the natives have a simple, primitive, childlike sweetness. If girls, they do not know how to kiss, but once they have been taught they are wild about it. They also beg to inquire, please, just what it is that is said with flowers. In their conversation, as you may have gleaned, there is more than a smidgen of pidgin, and I should not have been surprised in the least if the heroine of the present work, which is elsewhere full of self-plagiarism, had at some point embarked on a lyric beginning, "Baby talk, keep talking baby talk." It seems to have worried neither Mr. Rodgers nor Mr. Hammerstein very much that the behavior of war-torn Pacific islanders and nineteenth-century Siamese might be slightly different from that of Chinese residents of present-day California, where "Flower Drum Song" is fictionally sung. So little, indeed, has it worried them that they have entrusted the principal female roles to Japanese actresses. The assumption, which may be justified, is that the audience will not notice the difference. It will, however, unless nostalgia has rendered it purblind, notice a marked difference between this and the better Rodgers-and-Hammerstein shows. They may all look alike to the authors, but not, I am afraid, to me.

The plot, promising in itself and based on a popular novel by C. Y. Lee, concerns a conflict of values between those inhabitants of San Francisco's Chinatown who have embraced Americanization and those who have resisted it. The first group includes a jolly stripper who lusts after Thunderbirds, and her part-time lover, a raffish type named Sammy Fong, who has foolishly summoned from Formosa a mail-order bride of stupefying ingenuousness. The passive resisters are represented by a strait-laced family onto whose son Sammy attempts to unload his pretty but unwanted import. She wins over the boy's father by declaring, in song, that "a hundred million miracles are happening every day," but has more trouble with the lad himself, who has leanings toward the stripper. On this four-cornered framework, the action rests, so complacently that halfway through the second act it falls asleep and topples into somnolent implausibility. This would not matter as much if the encircling *chinoiserie* sounded authentic instead of synthetic, or if anything in the score came so leapingly to life that it banished all memories of former triumphs in the same vein. But no. The ring of this coin, at almost every throw, is counterfeit. The same fingers, to switch the metaphor, are at the typewriter, but two carbons have sadly blurred the impression. The elders sing a mournful plaint about the decadence of their children, and, sure enough, five minutes later the children troop on and deplore, to the same tune, the decadence of their parents. The dream ballets and the silken Oriental processions likewise reinforced my sense of *déjà vu*, and my suspicion, amounting at length to a conviction, that what I saw before me was simply a stale Broadway confection wrapped up in spurious Chinese trimmings. Certainly the direc-



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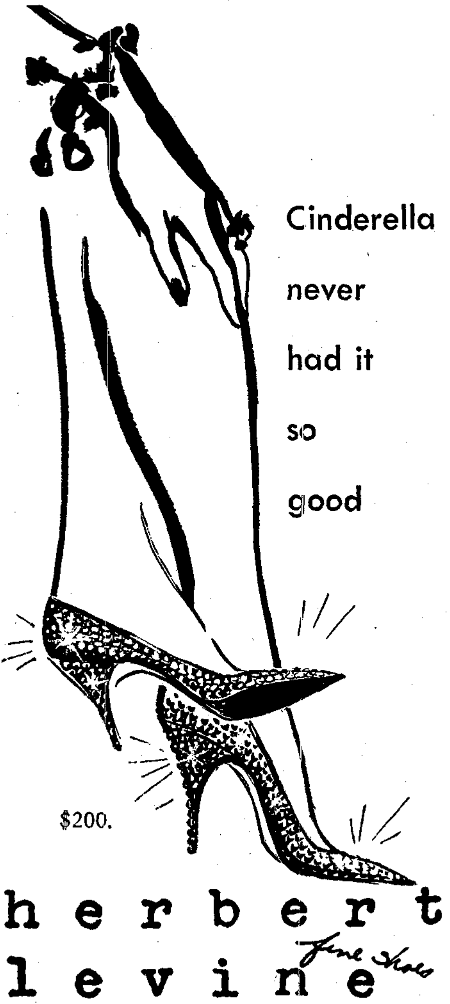
tor, Gene Kelly, seems happiest when he can get away from the wisdom of the East to the know-how of the West Fifties, as in the rowdy night-club routine so brilliantly compèred by Jack Soo, whose ingratiating sleaziness convinced me, for the first time in the evening, that I actually was where the program said I was. Elsewhere, Mr. Kelly tends, like his authors, to repeat familiar effects, such as vaudeville walkoffs à la Durante, children who gather in attentive semicircles with their hands on their knees, and a girl who dances, for reasons of cuteness, wearing a man's hat. Miyoshi Umeki plays the betrothed immigrant with wary, wide-eyed charm, and Pat Suzuki belts out the louder numbers with the verve of a sawed-off Merman. Larry Blyden joins her in "Sunday," a fetching, irrelevant duet that sounds as if it had come out of some other show, possibly the one called "Left Field." But despite the first-aid administered by these and other talented people (including Oliver Smith, who designed the dainty scenery), the evening declines into second-rateness. Perhaps as a riposte to Joshua Logan's "The World of Suzie Wong," Rodgers and Hammerstein have given us what, if I had any self-control at all, I would refrain from describing as a world of woozy song.

IT is hard to outline the plot of "The Night Circus," Michael V. Gazzo's new play, at the Golden, without making it seem much less appetizing than it really is. It begins in a forlorn Manhattan bar, all the habitués of which are fed up with the idea of marriage, either in fact or in prospect. The owner-bartender is paying alimony to two ex-wives, and his clientele is made up almost exclusively of people who resent the burdens, financial and emotional, that society imposes on those who legally share their beds with members of the opposite sex. In this beery haven, on the day before her marriage to a prosperous executive, a perturbed young woman meets a fly-by-night sailor, who urges her, in the manner of Beat Zen, to live in the present, man. Next day, skipping the ceremony, she returns to the bar and goes home with him. Their affair is an embarrassing flop. The sailor, it turns out, never knew his mother, who tried, during her pregnancy, to abort him and died when he was three. The girl, by contrast, both knows and detests her mother, and is in need of an abortion herself. Her insistence on getting it is the rock on which the relationship splits. Kit on



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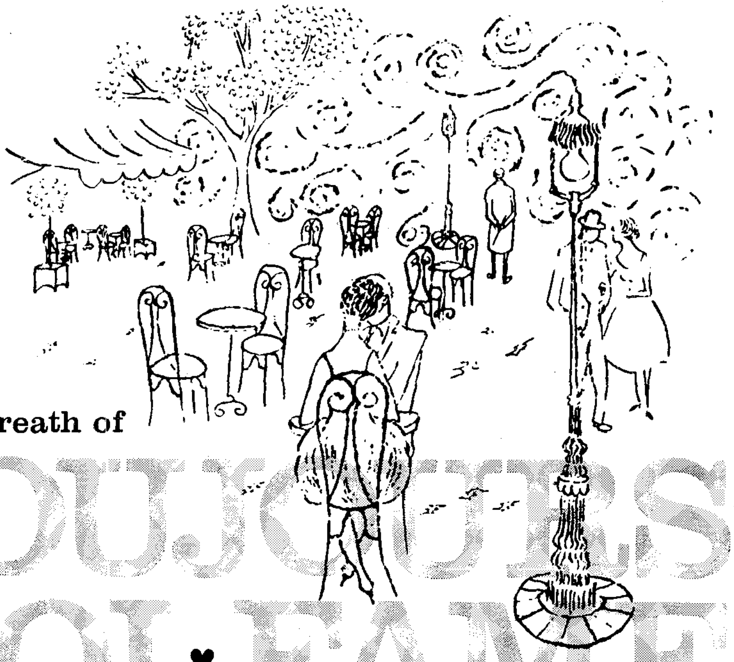
shoulder, her lover sets off to sail around the world, while she is left forlorn in the crepuscular bar. Her desperation is doubled by the fact, which I forgot to mention, that her father has lately died of a heart attack induced by her impulsive vagaries.

I am well aware that this sounds dreadful, like the worst excesses of pseudo-tough, steak-tartare drama, or a psychotic parody of Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life." And in part it *is* dreadful. The acting sometimes bogs down in the minor rhetoric of deadpan self-pity, and too much of the dialogue seems to have been written in italics, illuminated occasionally by the verbal equivalent of Stanley Kowalski's colored lights. Mr. Gazzo tries too hard to be simultaneously effusive and tight-lipped, which gives his style a curiously costive air. Nonetheless, at his best he writes with the energy and intensity of a born playwright, and he has enough charity to put most born playwrights to shame. Moreover, he has a cast, drawn mainly from the Actors' Studio, that is perfectly equipped to interpret him. Ben Gazzara and Janice Rule, as the ill-met, ill-matched pair, flare up as spontaneously as Siamese fighting fish, and there are rich subsidiary performances by Albert Morgenstern, as a bearded picaro; Arthur Storch, as a henpecked weakling; Albert Paulson, as a pensive drunk; and Al Lewis, as the harassed custodian of the bar. Mr. Gazzo overstates, and bangs the table, but he has a case worth stating, and his director, Frank Corsaro, has shown some excellent actors just how to state it.

WITH "The Disenchanted," which opened last week at the Coronet, Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit have done something that is rare in the history of the theatre: they have collaborated on the story of a collaboration. In 1939, Mr. Schulberg was invited by a Hollywood producer to work on the script of a campus musical with F. Scott Fitzgerald, who accepted the job because he needed money to pay off his debts and to support his wife and child. The assignment involved a trip to New York, in the course of which Fitzgerald tumbled off the wagon he had been on for many months and, in the upshot, got himself peremptorily fired. Out of this experience Mr. Schulberg wrote a novel, on which the present play is loyally founded, complete with the flashbacks that show Fitzgerald's meeting with his erratic Zelda, their hectic life together, and the bankruptcy, moral as well as financial, in which it col-

PARIS whispers romantically



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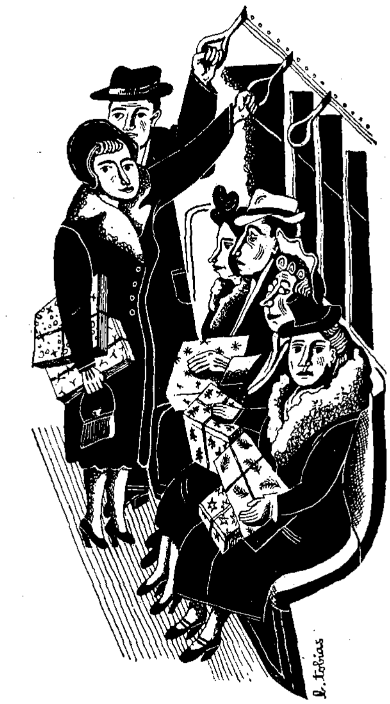
lapsed. Since the hero of both novel and play is called Manley Halliday, it cannot fairly be objected that he bears little resemblance to Scott Fitzgerald. Even so, our interest in the piece depends on our accepting the authors' assurance that Halliday is a great writer wrecked by his playboy past. And here two factors conspire to damage our otherwise willing suspension of disbelief. One is that the Messrs. Schulberg and Breit have put into Halliday's mouth very few words that suggest greatness, however ruined or vestigial. Bumping into his wife-to-be at the 1918 armistice celebrations in Paris, he observes, "You're my eternal jazz baby, Lorelei." And he indulges, twenty-odd years later, in a paean to the twenties that pays tribute to everyone from Jack Dempsey to T. S. Eliot and is phrased so lushly that it might, given adequate orchestration, pass unnoticed into the musical version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The only scene that conveys a hint of Halliday's putative stature is the one in which he defends his contemporaries against the charges of his irate young collaborator, a child of the depression who sees the twenties as nothing more than a breeding ground of elegant, evasive ostriches. Historically, the young man may be right, but dramatically the scene makes Halliday eloquent and strong.

The other obstacle in the play's path is that Jason Robards, Jr., who plays Halliday, is totally unable to suggest any of the attributes that go into the making (or unmaking) of a playboy. Mr. Robards, an actor of dour, metallic power, is better suited to the com-



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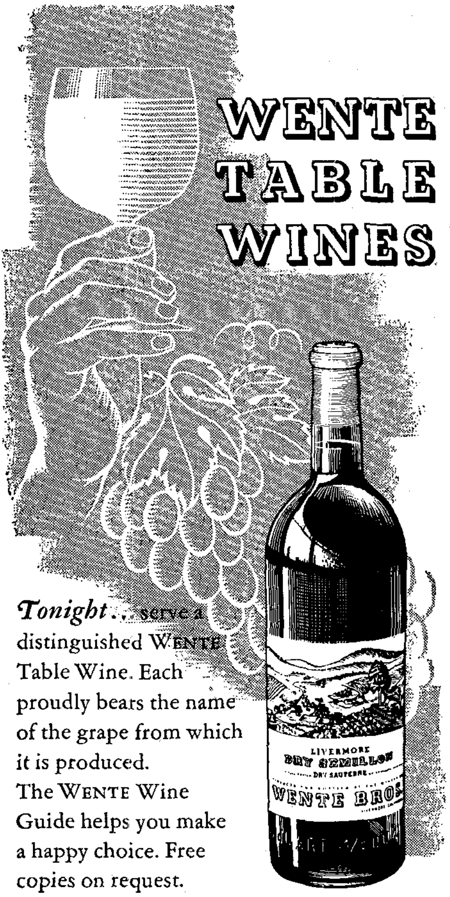

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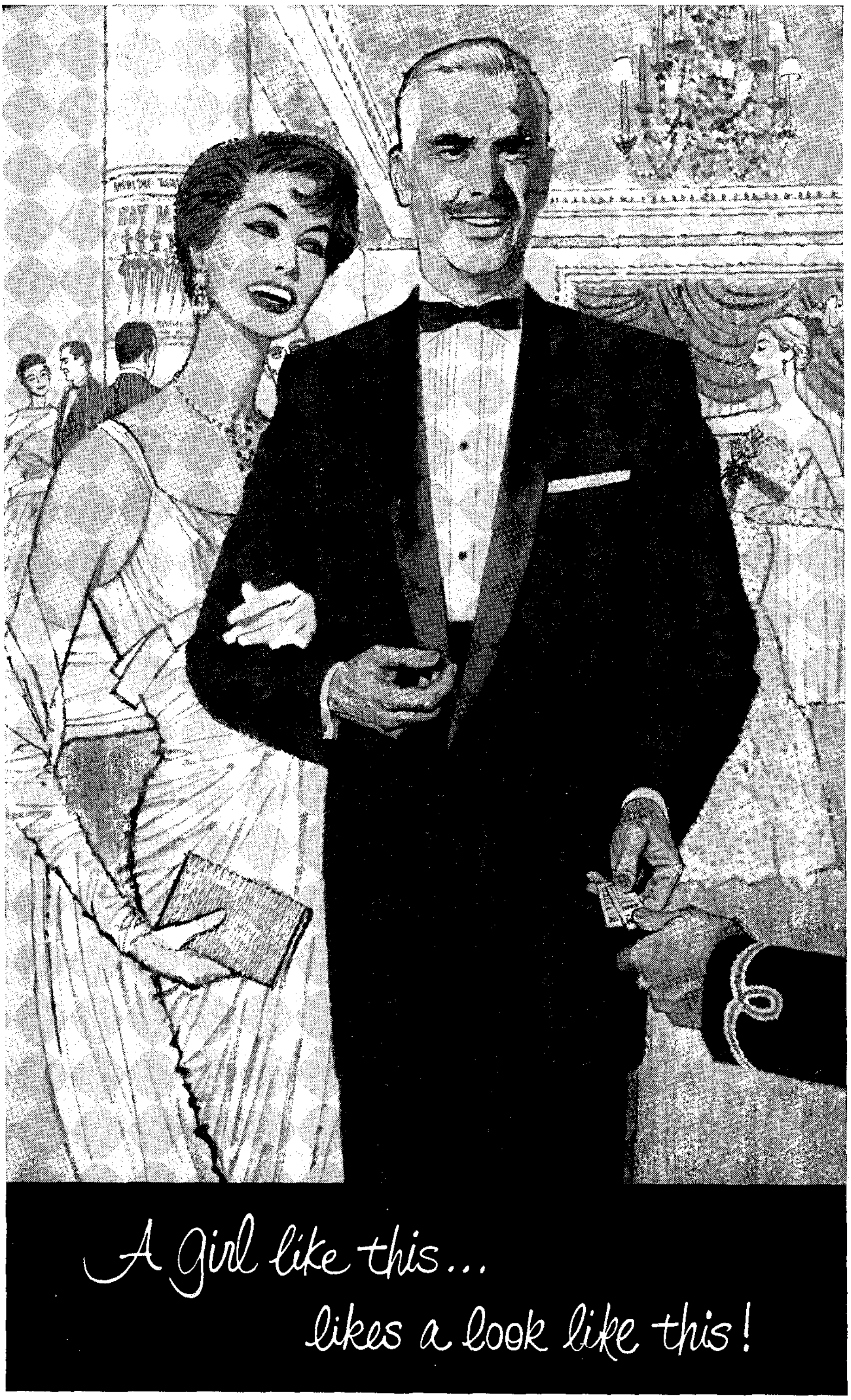
mitted thirties than the frantic twenties, which seem—in this country, at least—unthinkably far off, divided from the modern world by a gulf as wide as that which separates pre-revolutionary France from the France of de Gaulle. Savage and battered, with a face that resembles a blunted hatchet, Mr. Robards is inconceivable as the life and soul of the party. He could never, in the authors' words, have "danced in a champagne haze on the rooftop of the world." He gets more moving as the play makes him drunker, and especially when his young partner, having read his unfinished novel, congratulates him on its quality. "Pour it in," he says, embracing his admirer like a drowning man clutching a log. "It's better than insulin." Although he is never more than half of Manley Halliday, Mr. Robards gives a performance that nobody should miss, if only for the glimpses it affords of what is potentially the most formidable classical talent the American theatre has hatched since the death of John Barrymore. George Grizzard plays his partner with agile resilience, and Whitfield Connor gets just the right note of velvety coercion into the role of the producer. As Halliday's wife, Rosemary Harris elocutes a bit fruitily, as if addressing the troops on the eve of battle, but she looks wonderfully pretty, and ages impressively into a rouged, pathetic relict, like a Marie Laurencin transformed by crow's-feet into a Toulouse-Lautrec. The direction, cool as a cucumber, is by David Pressman.

—KENNETH TYNAN

OFF BROADWAY

Of Words and Music

WHEN the history of the contemporary theatre is written, a prominent place must surely be allotted to the man who first discerned and corrected the great flaw in the traditional form of the drama. His name, I regret to say, is unknown to me, but his existence may safely be deduced from his influence, which is enormous. For the man I speak of is the man who discovered, perhaps by actual experiment, that the script of a play, however well written, cannot easily be whistled. From that discovery to "My Fair Lady" is but a mincing step, and our stages are at present vibrant with musical adaptations of plays and musical dramatizations of novels. The latest instance of this theatrical reformation is "Of Mice and Men," which may be heard at the Provincetown Playhouse. It sounds an awful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warning to reformers: Half a revolution is much worse than none.

Let us observe, first, that by treating John Steinbeck's tragic story in a manner that is wholly serious, the new musical drama invites comparison to opera. Stylistically, however, the production owes nothing to opera and everything to musical comedy. And unlike opera, which uses music to enlarge the listener's conception of character or emotion, the musical comedy employs its songs as free-standing ornaments, whose relevance to the story must not be so great as to interfere with their subsequent employment on such records as "Music for That Hopeless Mood" and "Music for Listening to Mozart." The creator of a musical comedy, therefore, must be careful that his story does not arouse emotions that are too deep for his decorative music to compass. Otherwise, he will find that his songs, pretty as they may be, will strike the spectator as an unnecessary and impertinent interruption of the drama. And that is the trouble with "Of Mice and Men." Its every climax is dissipated in musical irrelevance.

Consider the final scene. Lennie, the amiable and feeble-minded giant whose heavy-handed affection has destroyed, in brisk succession, a mouse, a puppy, and a woman, is hiding from a posse that means to kill him. His companion and protector, George, is determined to perform the execution himself rather than let his friend die at the hands of strangers. To divert Lennie's attention from the fatal weapon, George tells him to look across the valley and think of the farm they had dreamed of owning. Still speaking of their plans, George slowly raises the pistol. And at this pathetic juncture, Lennie suddenly begins to sing a little number called "We Got a Future," whose cheerful rhythm and witless lyrics immediately annihilate the scene, and with it the play. The lesson for theatrical reformers is evident: When music is added to serious drama, the process cannot safely be stopped this side of opera.

By a miserable irony, the actors contribute to the downfall of the production by the very excellence of their performances. The higher they rise by their mimetic art, the more helplessly they plunge into absurdity when they sing. The principal victim of this dilemma is Art Lund, who plays Lennie. His command of the part is absolute; his every movement mirrors the rusty, unmeshed gears of defective intelligence. But his triumph only increases his degradation when the exigencies of Ira Bilowit's

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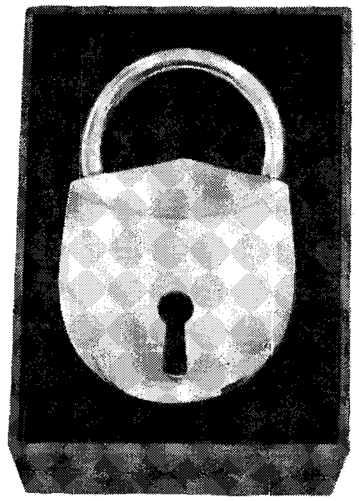

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lyrics and Alfred Brooks' music compel him to sing lines like “Ketchup makes things taste so good, makes them taste the way they should.” As George, Leo Penn is not much luckier. His solo, “A Guy, a Guy, a Guy,” whose lyrics do not so much expand as reiterate the title, seems a shabby sort of reward for the skillful effort he has applied to his part. Under the peculiar circumstances, Jo Sullivan is probably to be congratulated on the fact that she was miscast as Curley's wife, the trollop who is the final victim of Lennie's penchant for vigorous patting. Although Miss Sullivan contrives to look and act the part of a trull, her pure singing voice fairly insists on a convent upbringing.

INCEST having come back into literary fashion, it is only natural that John Ford's tragedy “ 'Tis Pity She's a Whore” should be revived. And on Ford's behalf it must be said that the play is at once more candid and less sensational than most contemporary explorations of the theme. The Jacobean playwright is thoroughly earnest in his attempt to construct a tragedy around the love of a brother and sister, and he is relentless in his insistence on the horror of their situation. At the same time, it must be said that the play falls woefully short of its intention. However emphatically the hero, Giovanni, protests that his passion for Annabella is the result of their fateful affinity of spirit, the romance never rises above simple lechery. Giovanni appears to be motivated chiefly by a willful determination to do something naughty, while Annabella seems to accede out of affectionate docility. Their relationship does not deepen as the play progresses, and the assort-

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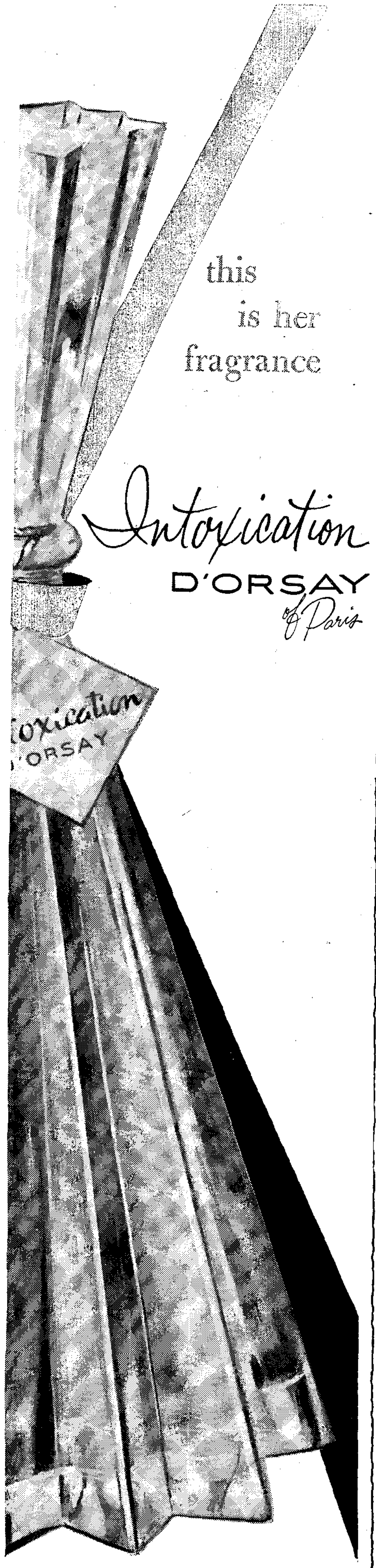

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ment of corpses that litters the stage at the final curtain has no more than a superficial bearing on their forbidden love.

The production at the Orpheum (whose marquee tactfully identifies the play as " 'Tis Pity She's a ——") dices the tragedy into innumerable brief scenes, which are punctuated by the extinction of the footlights. This rapid alternation of light and dark tends finally to reduce the drama to a uniform gray blur, in which the subplot, a complicated and tedious intrigue, looms as large as the dominant story. Ursula Stevens and Christopher Drake gamely attempt to sustain the roles of the impassioned siblings, but Martin Kosleck, in the subordinate part of Vasquez, who engineers their ruination, nearly arrogates the play to himself. And Frank Vohs, as the comic servant Poggio, redeems the abysmally low comedy of his part by the irresistible waggery of his performance. —DONALD MALCOLM

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SUBMITTED BY MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Vagrant Air

A MUSIC critic is supposed to be proof against what might be called music's agglutinative associations. He is not supposed to see the moonlight in the "Moonlight" Sonata, and the "hero" of the "Eroica" Symphony is supposed to exist for him, if at all, as a shadowy and largely irrelevant figure. Nevertheless, such associations do arise in the minds of most people, and they are extremely difficult to banish; in fact, they can arise even in the austere mind of a critic. I have an association of this sort—a particularly outrageous one—that occurs to me every time I listen to Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." There is a recurring theme in this opera (it is brought to its full flowering as part of a tenor aria in the second act) that, because of certain vague structural features and the repetition of certain notes, reminds me of a bawdy Cuban ditty called "Penicillina," which I heard in Havana a decade or so ago. The resemblance is heightened by the fact that the tune is first presented in the opera as a flute solo, played in a manner that recalls the authentic little Creole orchestras one hears in Cuba and Haiti, and, in my obviously distorted view, it evokes the atmosphere of the Caribbean. This all seems appropriate, because in the last act the heroine, Manon, dies in Creole Louisiana (though the libretto quaintly causes her to die of thirst in a region where, as everybody knows, one is much more likely to die of drink), and to me the tune is a premonition of Manon's death. This is, of course, perfectly preposterous. Puccini, as far as I know, never visited the Caribbean—and in any case he never could have heard "Penicillina"—and certainly did not seek to give the rather Wagnerian score of "Manon Lescaut" any overtones suggestive of Caribbean folk music. But I am stuck with my association, even though Puccini never intended the tune that way, and it adds to the opera a note of dramatic nostalgia that is wholly illusory and, I am sure, has never occurred to anybody but me.

Last week, the Metropolitan revived "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebal-

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di, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Ezio Flagello in the principal roles. It was, on the whole, a rather rough-and-ready performance, though both Miss Tebaldi and Mr. Tucker found an opportunity for individual bits of singing that were quite eloquent, and Fausto Cleva conducted with a competent command of the opera's style. The flaws of the production seemed to lie in insufficiently rehearsed *mises en scène*, and in the absence of subtlety that is likely to occur when singers adopt an every-man-for-himself attitude. But despite a few such crudities, I again enjoyed hearing Puccini's opera (which makes up in virility for what it lacks in psychological sophistication when compared with Massenet's more familiar work), and I went home whistling his beautiful tune, still perversely associating it in my mind with the languid and cajoling strains of "Penicillina."

IT was interesting to hear the revival, after heaven knows how many years of neglect, of Rossini's ambitious Biblical opera "Mosè," which was presented in concert form by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week. But the reasons for its long neglect were also pretty obvious. I am afraid that it remains a period piece in which a powerful theme—one that might have been successfully treated by such heavyweights as Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner—is immersed in the lilting conventions of early-nineteenth-century Italian opera, or, what is worse, causes a composer of lilting Italian opera to attempt a sort of religious grandeur, which, being outside his scope, results in dullness. The opera's dramatic continuity, concerning the flight of the Jews from Egypt under Moses' leadership and the drowning of the Egyptian pursuers in the Red Sea, appears merely quaint in its dress of Rossinian melody. Nevertheless, a number of the melodies are good ones, and provide a large cast with terrific hurdles of a purely vocal sort. These hurdles were earnestly tackled the other night, though not always with complete ease, and there were spots—particularly the *a cappella* ensembles of the first act—where hardly anybody seemed to be singing in tune. Moreover, the ceremonious and formal staging, which is usually an agreeable feature of the Society's performances, appeared on this occasion a bit confused. The most impressive singing of the evening was by the Bulgarian basso Boris Christoff, who was making his New York début, in the role of Moses.

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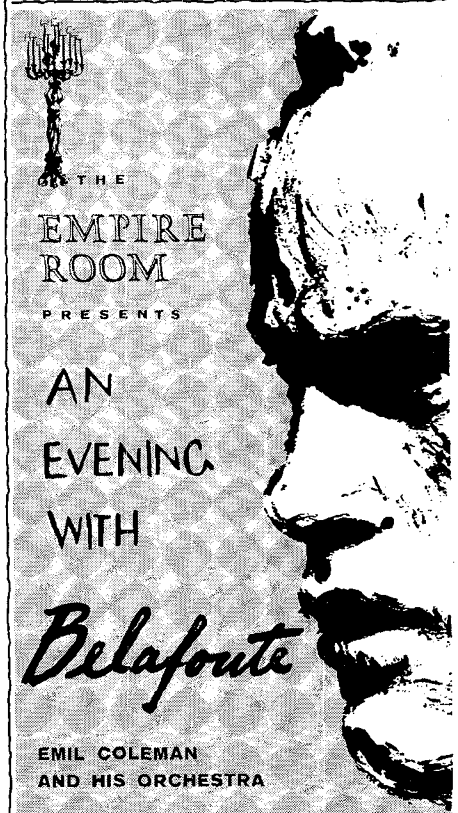

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In the second act, where he was able to escape the rather pontifical rhetoric that the role largely consists of, he showed himself to be a singer of extraordinary refinement, as well as an impressive stage personality. Jennie Tourel turned in a polished and highly professional performance as Pharaoh's wife; Chester Watson sounded awesome as the voice of God; and the unusually large chorus sang very well indeed. Arnold Gamson's orchestra also performed quite brilliantly, but elsewhere, I am afraid, I found things somewhat spotty.

THE most striking feature of Friday afternoon's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall, under the direction of Leonard Bernstein, was the performance of two works by Aaron Copland, one of which, "Music for the Theatre," was the first composition to bring him to public attention, and the other, "Orchestral Variations," the very latest to issue from his pen. I have been listening to Copland's music ever since the first New York performance of the former work, in the nineteen-twenties, and though I have admired the deftness of his peculiar and highly individual technique, I have never detected a moment of uninhibited inspiration in anything he has written. Of the two compositions performed on this program, I much preferred "Music for the Theatre," which exhibits his earliest and happiest gifts as an eclectic impressionist devoted to satire and to the evocation of moods of the sort that one connects with ballet. "Orchestral Variations" seemed aimed at a more serious purpose, but, to my mind, it emerged as merely an agonizingly contrived set of variations on a theme that was meaningless to start with, and the net result was comparable to a titanic and rather unpleasant exhibition of shadowboxing. I was much

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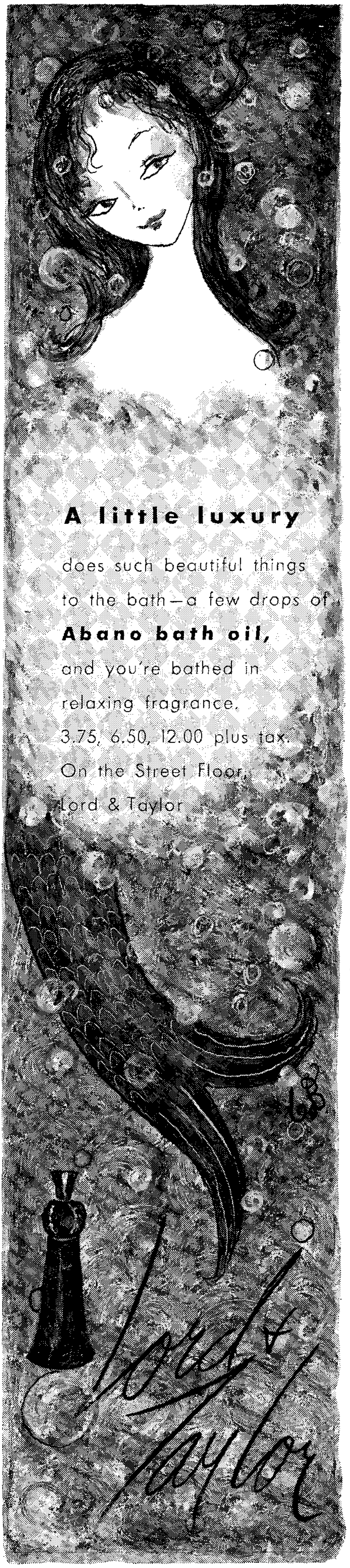
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relieved as the program proceeded to Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto, which was played by Claudio Arrau with the mastery of a consummate virtuoso. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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UNDER FORTRESS CRAG

(A WELSH LEGEND)

"Is it day?" "No, sleep thou on."
The bell rang when the bag of gold,
Swung by accident around,
Struck it, and the warriors all
Stirred and woke and, listening,
Heard the question and reply,
"Is it day?" "No, sleep thou on."

Thousand thousands in that hall,
That great room below the ground.
They were all well-harnessed men
In the prime of hardihood.
Each in polished armor lay;
All their mail was burnished bright;
Every link and buckle shone.

Every blade was blue and keen;
Every shield gave back the light—
Thousand thousand flames of fire.
When the right arm, by mistake,
Swung the bag of gold around,
At the clamor of the bell,
Every blue and ready eye

Opened wide, and every man
Stirred himself, as if to rise;
Every arm, as if to take
Sword in hand, began to move.
One, beside whose arms there were
Crown and sceptre, spoke his word,
"Is it day?" "No, sleep thou on."

Underneath the root of oak,
Or the root of hazel, sleep
Thousand thousands in the hall
Hewn and quarried out of stone.
Armored men, in hardihood,
Rest in their eternal prime:
Stone and rock and flesh and blood.

Men of Arthur? Or that lord
Whose right hand was scarlet-hued?
Owen Lawgoch was his name.
Whose they be we do not know.
All we know is that they wait
Till the land has need of them.
"Is it day?" "No, sleep thou on."

Arthur's men, or Owen's men,
Under Craig y Ddinas lie.
Every blade is blue and keen;
Blue and keen is every eye.
God have mercy on their foes
When they rise and strike, but now—
"Is it day?" "No, sleep thou on."

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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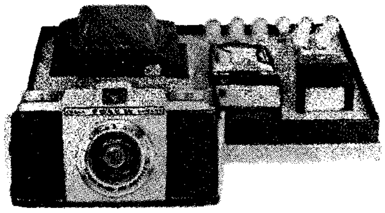

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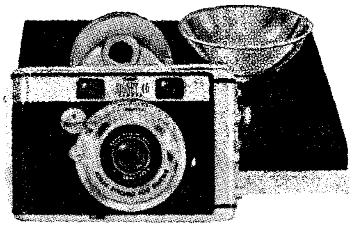

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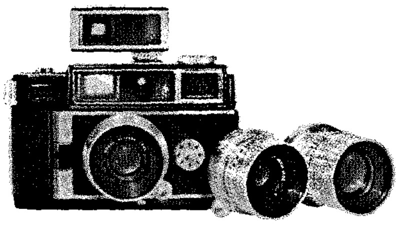

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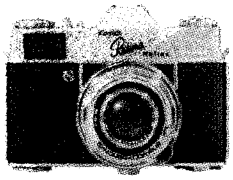

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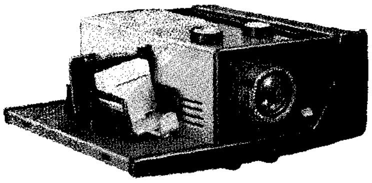

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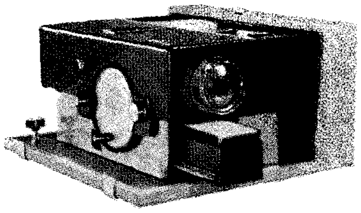

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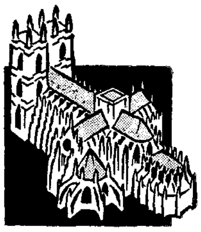
LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 3



THE political figure who, without question, aroused the greatest interest, curiosity, and surprised discussion among Londoners last week had nothing to do with local politics at all. Vice-President Nixon's visit to London, following so closely on the November election results, which caused the expert interpreters here to do some sharp reassessing of the possible 1960 lineup, had naturally been awaited with more than usual attentiveness, as being a chance to get a closer view of an unknown and highly enigmatic quantity, but nobody expected it to turn out quite the way it did, apparently. By everybody's count—the larger public who watched the high spots on television at home, and those who heard Mr. Nixon or met him personally at one of the public or private engagements in his gruelling four-day program—the visit was a perfectly thundering success. In view of the keen, not to say critical, glances directed at him from many quarters, the unanimity of the glowing opinions that Mr. Nixon collected was extraordinary. It was a dazzling exposition of the art of not putting a foot wrong anywhere, and now that it is over, the various professional observers whose jobs required them to accompany the Nixons on their round of indefatigably enthusiastic meetings with royalty, Members of Parliament, university dons, undergraduates, East End families, and journalists, among others, do indeed seem a trifle dazed, though still admiring. The Vice-President and his wife appear to have pleased Londoners in their good-looking persons first of all, and Mr. Nixon, it seems, contrived to impress his hosts everywhere—and, rather more unexpectedly, to disarm them—by being so well informed, friendly, quick on the verbal trigger, and not inclined to dodge any awkwardly shaped questions batted in his direction. At the enormous press conference that he held on his last night in England (in the ballroom of Claridge's, where television lights blazed upon hundreds of warm newspapermen and women, instead of débutantes and escorts, wedged beneath the crystal chandeliers), it was generally felt that he dealt admirably with the bombardment,

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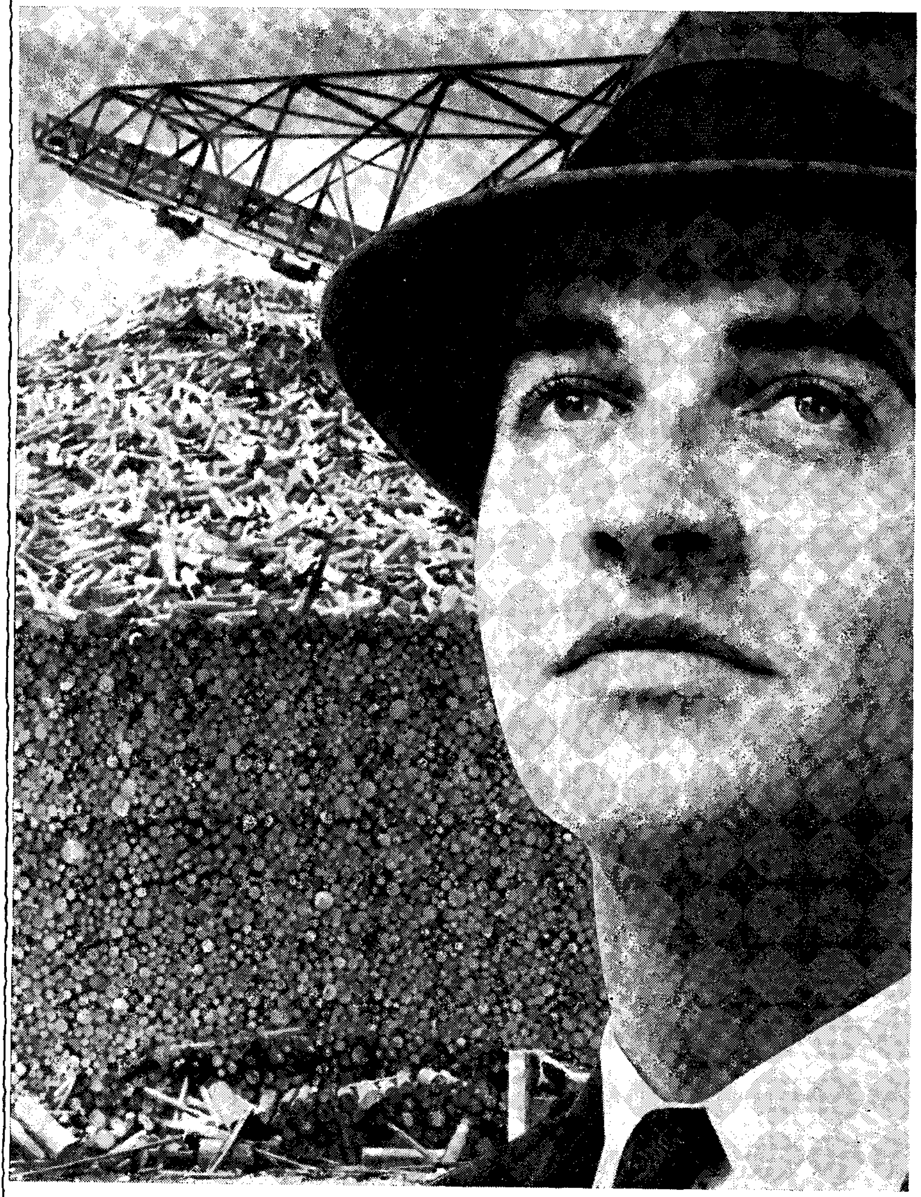

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which ranged from queries on United States official policy toward East Berlin, China, summit conferences, and the suspension of hydrogen-bomb tests to the mock-innocent dig as to how he thought his chances in the next Presidential election looked right now. His speech at the Guildhall banquet, in which he put forward what seemed here to be some highly original American views on the touchy old subject of colonialism, went over well, needless to say. Londoners cheerfully skipped most of the amiable Anglo-American platitudes that flowed through the newspapers during the Nixon visit as being amiable Anglo-American platitudes. All the same, there seems to be no doubt that he was the most popular transatlantic visitor in years, leaving behind him as sharp, clear, and likable a portrait of an American as any travelling public personage has ever printed on the British consciousness. That must rate as a bit of amiable Anglo-American good news.

The Nixons certainly looked wonderfully American and young in their isolated place of honor right out in front of the congregation in St. Paul's Cathedral last Wednesday, at the dedication of the American Memorial Chapel, which has been paid for by the pounds and pennies of the British public. They sat alone in high-backed armchairs to the left of the aisle, with the Queen, Prince Philip, and the Queen Mother sitting on the right in armchairs gilded and upholstered in rose red, and the rest of the Royal Family on frail gilt chairs with a ballroom air—a nice exercise in the protocol of underpinnings. Before the service started, there were various little processions to watch—aldermen and other City of London dignitaries in furred scarlet gowns and gold chains; the famous choristers, with their pates brushed as sleek as a spaniel's; and gorgeously attired ecclesiastical figures (their copes of encrusted silver and gold and crimson would have stood unaided in the aisles, one felt, without their wearers), pacing past with the Cross of Canterbury and the Crozier of London bobbing above them. (In one of the back reaches of the cathedral, used as a temporary robing room for the myriad clergy, there was a diverting glimpse, after the service, of these magnificent medieval figures suddenly reduced to humanity in shirtsleeves as they struggled out of their superb vestments and hung them carefully on dummy stands, where a verger shrouded them in muslin dress covers for the next great occasion.) By far the most impressive figure

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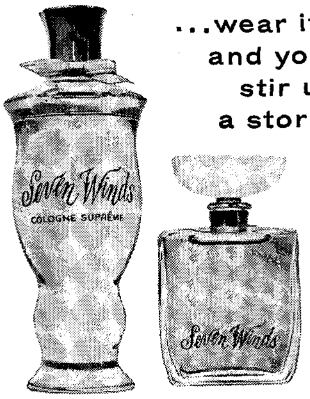

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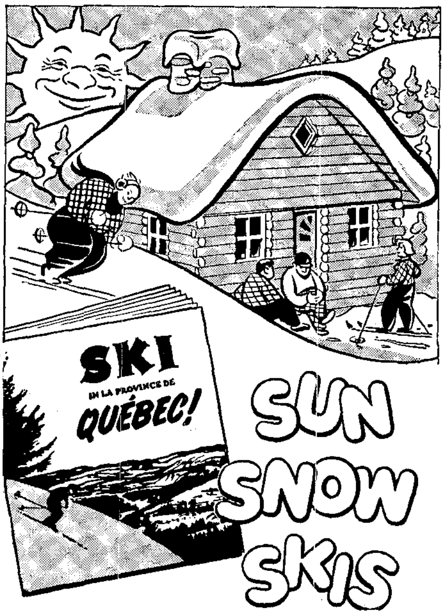
in the whole impressive proceedings, though, was that of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Harold Gillett—a broad, imposing man who looked about seven feet high as he stalked majestically ahead of the Queen and the Vice-President, holding aloft the hefty pearl Sword of the City. The actual dedication could not be seen by the congregation, since the chapel is situated in the apse of the cathedral, behind the new high altar, which has replaced the one damaged by German bombs. As a modern innovation, twelve closed-circuit television sets were dotted around the pillars, so that people could follow the short unseen part of the ceremony, and also see the crowds waiting outside in the raw November fog. The American chapel is small but extremely handsome—a semicircle of white and gold and beautiful wood, with its central window (mostly in luminous topaz yellows and rich blues) now the eastern focal point of the entire cathedral, visible through the twisted oak columns of the new high altar, instead of being completely obscured, as it would have been, by the former marble screen. (The new altar is another innovation, and one that Wren would probably have approved as being nearer to his original scheme than the layout destroyed by the bombs.) As a site for a memorial, the spot could not be more appropriate.

THE House of Commons finally got around to having a full-dress debate last week on the famous Wolfenden Report on homosexuality and prostitution, which came out in September, 1957. Considering the fact that the report has been widely and fiercely discussed up and down the country during these past fourteen months, the debate's principal surprise was that no particularly long public queues waited outside the House to be admitted, and that, after the opening speeches, the attendance of M.P.s on the green leather benches was distinctly sparse. Maybe this was because the conclusions reached contained no surprises themselves, and were not expected to. As forecast, the Home Secretary, Mr. Butler, announced that he must reject the Wolfenden Committee's proposal that private relationships between adult men should be a question of individual moral decision, and not of possible criminal prosecution, as they are in British law today, under a measure introduced by Henry Labouchère in 1885. Oscar Wilde received the maximum sentence—two years—under the Labouchère clause, which was appended to a



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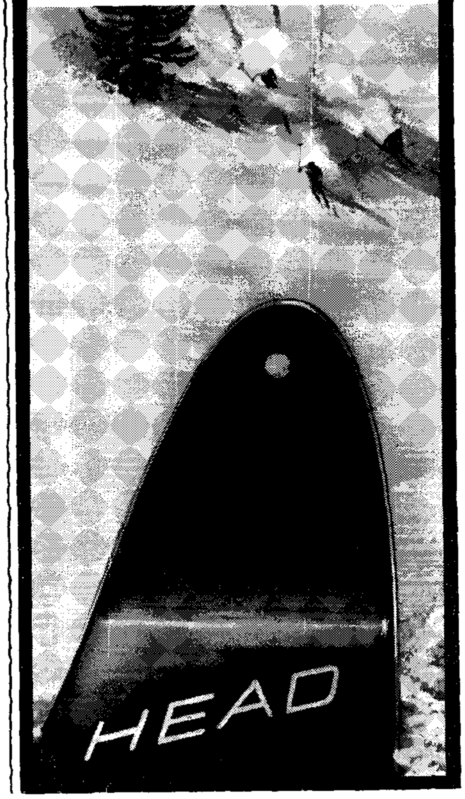

law that dated from the reign of Henry VIII and carried the maximum of life imprisonment. (It is still dustily on the statute books somewhere, apparently, but is never enforced.) Though agreeing with the Wolfenden reformers that sin and crime, sometimes thought of as Siamese twins, ought to be firmly and deliberately separated in the eyes of the law, which does not punish other forms of intemperate sexual behavior, Mr. Butler—regretfully, it seemed—declined to act as surgeon, on the ground that public opinion was not yet ready to countenance such a decision. Until opinion changes, the law (an invitation to blackmailers in its present form, as was frequently mentioned in the debate) will stand by the 1885 ruling. On the other hand, legislation will be brought in soon to carry out the Wolfenden suggestions for cleaning up the look of certain London streets, which most Londoners agree are a disgraceful nuisance right now (the West End, Paddington, and the tough East End district of Stepney were cited as the worst spots), though it was doubted by many M.P.s in the debate—and is assuredly not believed by plenty of ordinary citizens—that the proposed stiffer fines and possible prison sentences for streetwalkers will result in anything but jails full of streetwalkers.

Until public opinion makes a louder noise, the homosexual controversy will now presumably rest, at least officially. Some powerful voices have already spoken, in all sorts of places. Pretty nearly all the national press was in favor of the Government's accepting the Wolfenden recommendations. The Church was given a courageous lead by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, who came out in public for a

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revision of the existing law. The fact that there is an evenly spread, non-party feeling of opposition in the country to such a change, however, was probably indicated fairly accurately in last week's debate, *in which the anti-*Wolfenden speeches just outnumbered the pro-Wolfenden ones, and came from both sides of the House, with two of the strongest anti speeches proceeding from the Labour benches. With a general election looming in the spring, it is unlikely anyhow that either a Conservative or a Labour government would have been bold enough to do more than promise (as the present Government did at the debate's close) that it would "take note" of the report's recommendations—a disappointment to liberals in all parties, nevertheless.

THE new Ingrid Bergman film, "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness," has just had a smart world première here, and almost unanimous praise from the movie critics. It is a long, technically glossy picture that raises the always difficult question of whether a living character should be, or can be, presented on the stage or screen without causing annoyance to many and almost certain offense to one. The Bergman film was adapted from a successful biography—written by Alan Burgess, a B.B.C. drama producer and script-writer, and published last spring—of a remarkable, very much alive, and (since the film version) reportedly offended woman called Gladys Aylward. The life of this indomitable minor saint has been more farfetched than any script would dare to be. Miss Aylward was a young London parlormaid when she felt that God was sending her as an evangelist to China. Undeterred by the refusal of the missionary authorities to take the same view, she scrimped until she had saved the fare, and intrepidly set out, in 1930, on the long trans-Siberian journey, armed with some meat cubes and hard-boiled eggs, a Bible, ninepence in coin, and two one-pound traveller's checks sewn into her corset. She spent twenty years in China, the first ten in the wilds of the Shansi mountains, where she became the trusted friend of the townspeople of Yang-cheng and of their mandarin, quelled a riot of crazy, starving convicts, mastered five distinct provincial dialects at an age when most people would find it hard enough to learn one European language fluently, took Chinese nationality, and opened the inn of the title, on the theory that hot food and bug-free beds would get passing muleteers

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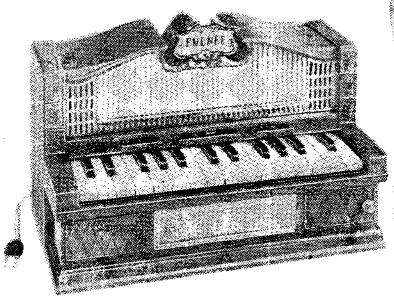

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in to hear chanted Bible stories on the side. Her most extraordinary and heroic feat came after the Japanese attacked China, when she led a party of nearly a hundred homeless children to safety singlehanded over an appalling mountain route constantly menaced by Japanese planes and patrols, and with practically no food for her flock. The title of Mr. Burgess's book was "The Small Woman"—Gladys Aylward being tiny, stubborn, and homely, with coloring as sallow as that of her beloved Chinese, which is presumably why the leggy and radiantly Nordic Miss Bergman was cast in the part. Miss Bergman conveys its integrity and a sort of sexless goodness very touchingly, however. The picture was shot in the Welsh hills, which double pretty well for Shansi, except for being too green. Miss Aylward's inn was in reality named "The Eight Happinesses," but was inexplicably reduced by some parsimonious studio decree. She herself, now fifty-eight, has departed, after trying a spell in England, to live on Formosa, where many of her devoted "children," as the band she led over the mountains all regard themselves, have settled. Though she is reported to be displeased with the film, any of the children who manage to catch up with it will probably love it.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

* * *

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WHILE VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS DANCED IN THEIR HEADS

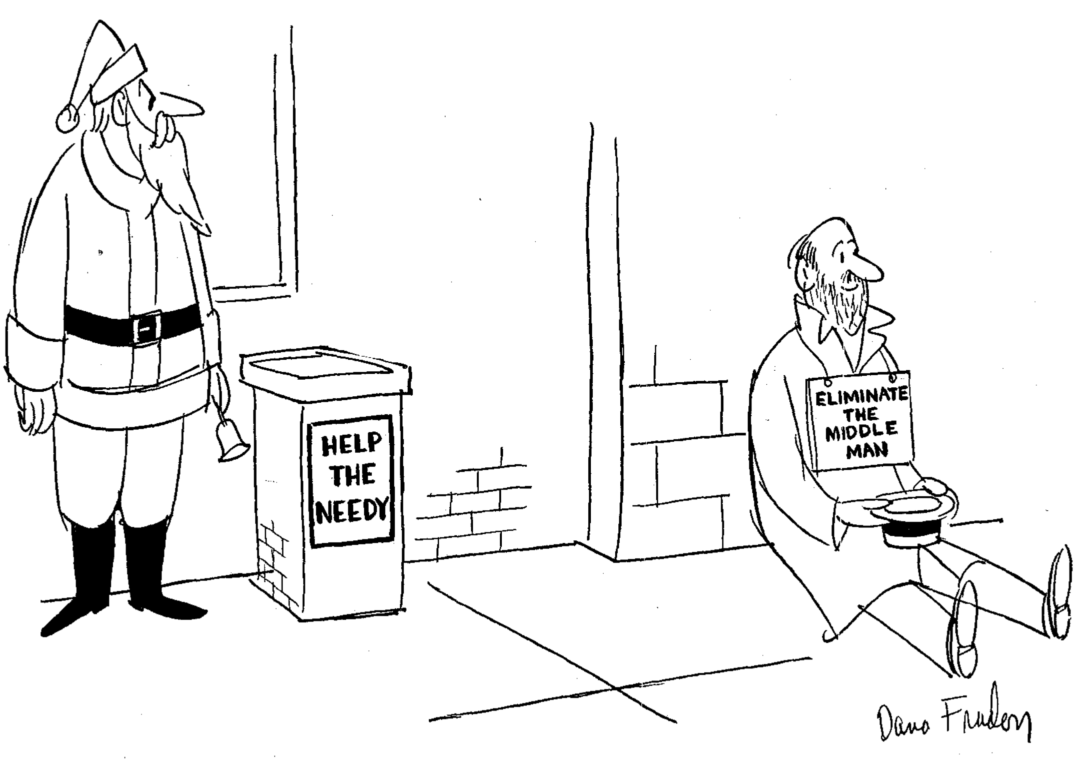
IT is undoubtedly with a deep sense of satisfaction that the lady of the house, having industriously amassed enough enthralling Christmas presents for everybody on her list (and the good Lord help her if she hasn't), now comes to what we are persuaded is the most pleasurable of all the extravagant holiday preparations—wrapping the enthralling presents in properly festive papers, decking the halls with ivy, loading the refrigerator to the bursting point, making out the menus for the high spots ahead, and selecting the right bottles. It is precisely on these merry subjects that we have a few words to say right now, after which we'll call it a season.

The Christmas Table

IN the report that follows, we have tried to lead the hostess who is bent on dazzling her guests to something very special in the way of pièces de résistance, and also to lend a helping hand to the cook who wonders desperately whether it is possible to get together a merry Christmas breakfast, a modest pickup Christmas lunch, and a glorious Christmas dinner, and survive. There are, happily, so many gifted cooks mixed up in this season's gustatory doings that we fear we are going to have to dust off for immediate use a larger collection of laudatory adjectives than has found its way into these too often disgruntled reports in years. As it happens, the results achieved by all this talent are preponderantly on the sweet side, but since they are of an excellence rarely met with, this should be a disappointment only to really serious calorie counters. Mrs. Ferenc Kormendi, whose flawless pastries have been reported on in these columns before (they are so good that we had thought they placed her almost beyond the obligation to make flawless anything else), has produced for this season's dinner parties a cold chocolate soufflé that is one of the finest endings to a meal that we have come upon in some time. When it makes its appearance on the table, unmolded and covered with mocha cream, it looks like a large cake, and only when it is broken into does the delicate consistency of the soufflé become apparent. A soufflé ten inches in diameter—enough for a dozen servings—is $3.50. Other beautifully made desserts from this inspired cook's kitchen are an apple *Torte* ($4 for an eight-inch *Torte*, $5 for a ten-incher) and a scrupulously authentic Linzer *Torte*, eight inches across, the like of which is seldom met with in these parts, at $3. Mrs. Kormendi can be reached at Enright 9-1040, and you'd better allow two days' notice on all orders. She delivers in Manhattan, at an extra cost of fifty cents.

In addition to these splendid desserts, Mrs. Kormendi turns out some fragile cocktail tidbits that are exactly what we, having long inveighed against overhearty hors d'oeuvres before an elaborate dinner, feel would make the ideal appetizer for, say, six o'clock on Christmas afternoon. The tidbits in question—little stars of *pâte brisée* topped with a glazed almond—are as pretty as can be, and while they are pungent enough to set the old gastric juices flowing at a great rate, they won't dull the keen edge of appetite. They cost $2 a half pound, which comes to about fifty pieces. Then, there are some remarkable Parmesan wafers (about three inches long, and $1.25 a dozen), baked in old-fashioned European irons, shaped like palm fronds, which leave their lovely imprint on the paper-thin confection. These wafers have a certain austerity, and so may not be quite lively enough for ordinary cocktail munching, but as an accompaniment to Madeira or sherry, whose devotees don't want competing flavors to distract from the serious tasting of their apéritif, they should be the very thing. To fill the same need, Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street, has imported from England much smaller wafers, called Cheesecuits, which, while not so exquisitely made, are rather more zesty with cheese and pepper. These come in five-and-a-half-ounce tins, which cost $1.75.

AMATEUR cooks, who are seldom in accord about anything except the sacredness of their calling, almost unanimously agree that June Platt, who has written half a dozen cookbooks, is one of the most gifted culinary artists of our day and that her most recent volume is a mouth-watering contribution to good living—an agreement that doesn't much help the connoisseurs of fine food who lack the time or the facilities to prepare it. In a commendably humane gesture, Soupçon, 203 East 61st Street, has come to the rescue of these unfortunates by borrowing the recipe for "Super-Superlative Chocolate Mousse" (page 342) from "The June Platt Cook



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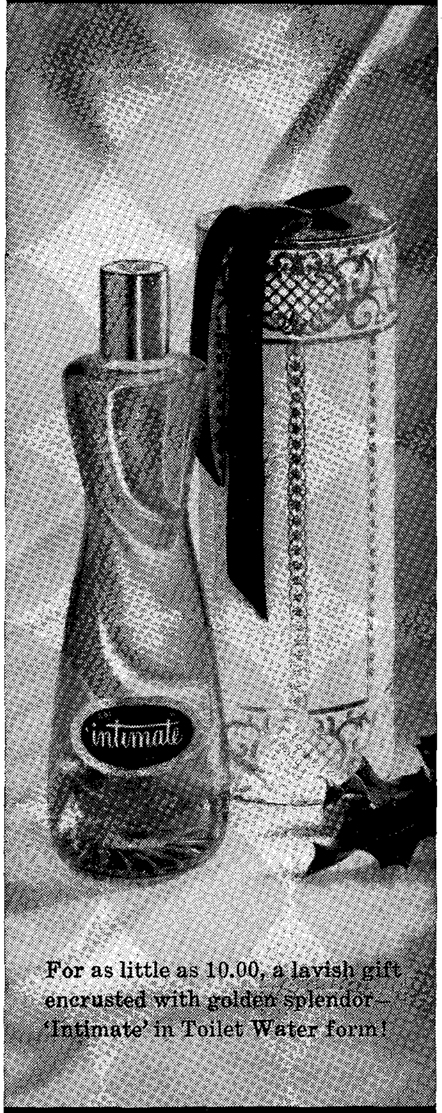

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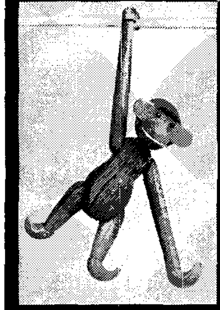
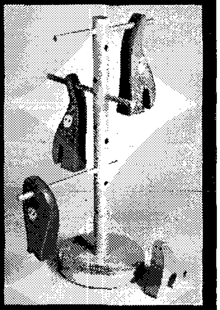
Book” and putting it to use in the Soupçon kitchens. To describe this sweet as super-superlative is to be guilty of a frigid understatement; it is so smooth and so delectably flavored that, served with an unsweetened whipped cream, it should make a sensation on any dinner table. The price is $2.50 a pint.

If ever anything was calculated to take us down a peg, it is the arrival on the scene of four frozen cakes (everybody must know that this is no way to treat cakes) that turn out to be pure perfection. Since perfection—frozen or unfrozen—is a quality not to be passed over lightly, we shall, without any attempt at face-saving, say right out that we had never thought it could be done. We might add (if this is to be a confession of errors in what we like to think of as our good judgment) that what we had thought even less likely was that anybody would ever ask, and get, ten dollars for any cake in this world, but that is the tag affixed to these noble confections. The baker who shows us up as such a timid guesser is the proprietress of a French restaurant we have heard spoken of as excellent—the Postilion, in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin—and the cakes are her original creations. Since the fanciful names she has given them would mean little, and since we are not at all sure what rich and unusual ingredients go into them, we shall do no more than list them as a four-layer chocolate angel food put together with mocha butter cream (we recognized *glacé* hazelnuts in this); a rich chocolate cake spread with an apricot glaze and dark chocolate icing; and two wonderful almond-flavored white cakes, exceedingly delicate, between the layers of which are fillings too elaborate to be guessed at. If we have made these cakes sound simply too original for their own good, it is probably because we haven't sufficiently emphasized the subtleties of their flavoring or the superb quality of the layers, which benefit from the same prodigality with butter and eggs that distinguished the work of a former generation of American cakemakers. These ten-dollar triumphs, all of which are of the sort that would cause diet-conscious ladies to swoon with horror, are to be had at Bloomingdale and at the Maryland Gourmet, a new department of the Maryland Market, 414 Amsterdam Avenue (79th), and they may also be ordered direct from the Postilion restaurant, in which case there is a $1 shipping fee, to cover postage and packing in dry ice. Postilion's *patronne* also makes, and freezes, a great long *bûche de Noël*, the traditional French Christ-





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Also, these plants (clumps of cool green leaves, white blossoms and red berries) make delightful edging plants for borders, for they grow upright (8" high, 12" diameter) and do not throw runners. We provide propagating instructions so that anyone starting with only 12 plants of Charles V can multiply them into fifty or a hundred plants in two to three years, enough to supply ample servings of this gourmet's delight every week.

This is the present that can't go wrong, because we make it right. Here's the way you send Fraises des Bois as Christmas gifts. Give us the names of those whom you wish to remember. We send gift cards now, then ship the plants early next spring. One dozen Charles V, $8.95. Larger quantities: 25 for $14.95; 50 for $27.50. Delivery free. Alaska: Air Parcel Post charges collect, only. Sorry, no Canadian orders. Be sure to enclose gift cards, addresses, any other instructions. And please do it now because stocks are limited.—**Amos Pettingill**

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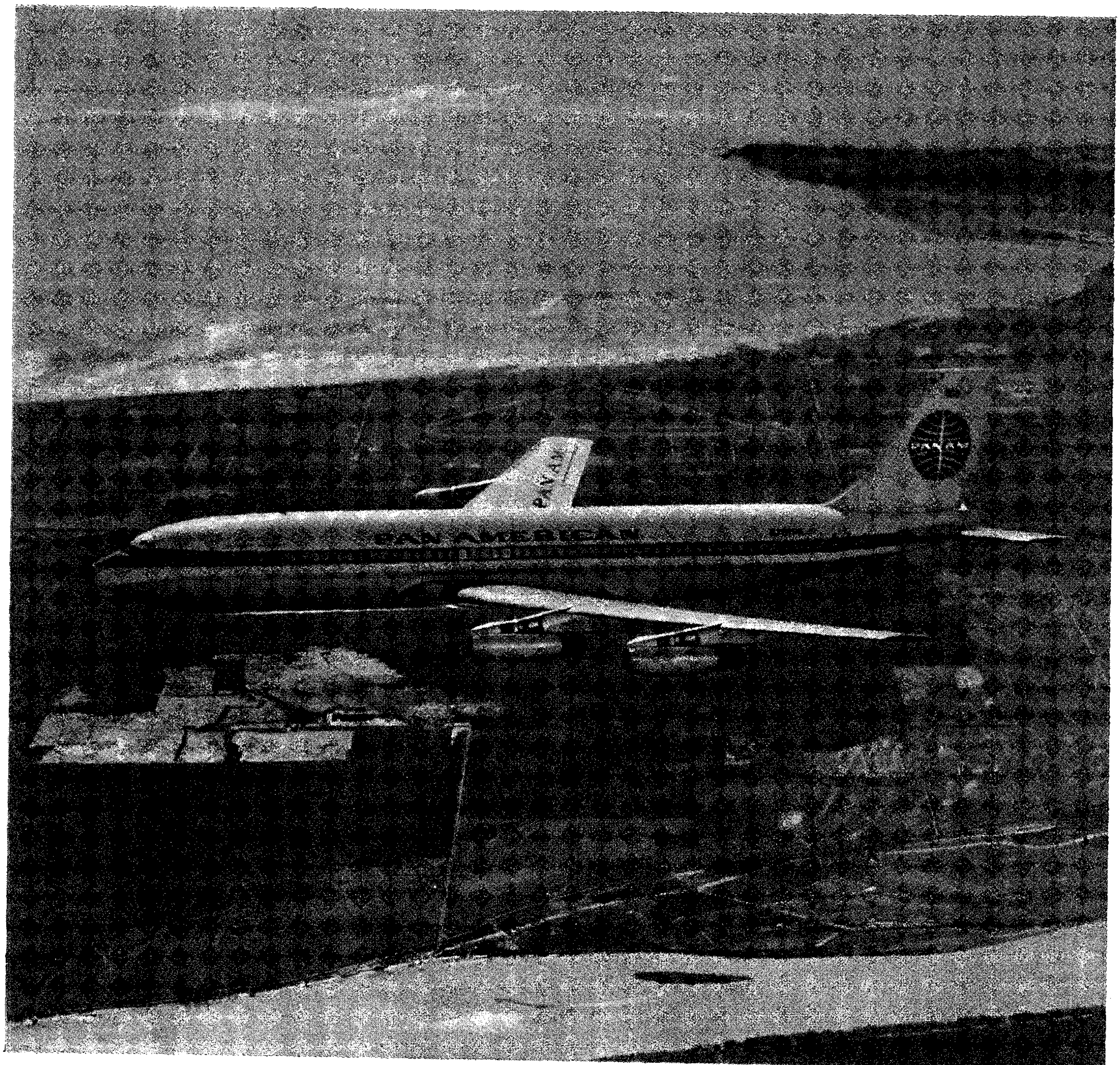

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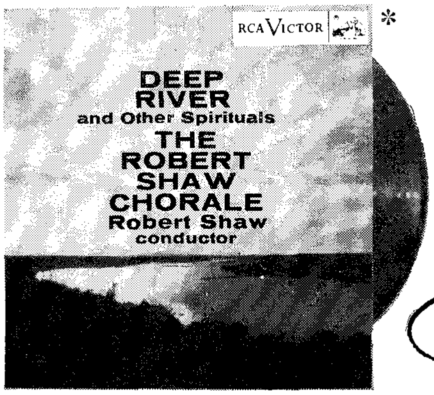
mas cake, which is baked in the shape of a log. There's enough to serve twenty people and the price is $12, at Bloomingdale and at the Maryland Gourmet.

Feeling that we have now said quite enough about cakes, we would stop right here if it weren't for Mrs. Alma Pflaum and her Prinzregent cake—a glorious confection that might well constitute the big moment of somebody's holiday celebration. This elaborate Bavarian specialty is a many-tiered construction that looks a great deal like the much publicized Dobos *Torte* but is far more delicious than any version of the Viennese pastry we have encountered. The incredibly thin layers (fourteen of them, in case you haven't the patience to count for yourself) are put together with a rich chocolate butter cream; the whole is frosted over with a black chocolate icing; and the cake looks almost as good as it tastes. It is seven inches in diameter and costs $5, plus fifty cents for delivery. All Christmas orders must be received by Mrs. P., who lives at 225 West 71st Street, and whose telephone number is Schuyler 4-7295, on or before December 20th.

To get back to the Postilion restaurant, we'd like to tell you about a couple of frozen croquettes it puts out—one of chicken, the other of crab with shrimp. As chicken croquettes go (in our book they have always been among the least interesting foods in existence), these must surely be tops, since they are nicely flavored, and have a fragile outside crust enclosing a soft interior; the crab-and-shrimp combination seem equally well made, with big lumps of the shellfish throughout. The directions on the package—evidently aimed at saving the cook trouble—say that the croquettes may be heated and browned in the oven, but the little cylinders are so soft and delicate that, if you ask us, the only sure method of preserving their pretty shape is the bothersome one of deep-fat frying. They come four to a carton (around $1.50 for the chicken and around $2 for the shellfish), which includes, in a separate plastic bag, a white-wine sauce, of sorts, and are sold at Bloomingdale and at the Maryland Gourmet.

THE Ritz Plaza Caterer, 949 Park Avenue (81st), has succeeded in shaking what we had thought was our unshakable suspicion of elaborately beautiful cocktail canapés. We recently spent a morning in the pleasant and almost startlingly clean kitchen of the concern, watching the construction of small works of art in Nova Scotia



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salmon, caviar, shrimp, lobster, and so on, and after nibbling our way among them we are prepared to admit that beautiful canapés are all right if, like these, which cost $2 a dozen, they taste as good as they look. The Ritz selection is essentially refreshment for cocktail parties, where there need be no concern about spoiling appetites for dinner, post-cocktail-party dinners being, as like as not, hypothetical propositions anyway.

As you must agree, there are very few really good sandwiches going around (even one's own party-giving friends seem to have learned the secret of the mysterious synthetic filling that has so long been the staple of airplane lunches), so we feel we should especially commend to your attention the Ritz Plaza's excellent ham-and-cheese and roast-beef sandwiches. These are made of a thin slice of buttered whole-wheat bread on one side and a thin slice of buttered white bread on the other, filled most generously with good Danish ham and imported Swiss cheese or with first-rate roast beef, and they are sold as cocktail sandwiches, at $2.50 a dozen. Less robust refreshments, labelled tea sandwiches and priced at $1.50 a dozen, have a filling of a very piquantly seasoned cream-cheese-and-herb mixture, or of liver pâté, or egg salad, or something of the sort. The Park Avenue concern has been turning out these cocktail and tea specialties right along, as part of its regular catering service, but it is only recently that the customer has been able to pick them up (the minimum order is one dozen) without entering into negotiations for gilt chairs and punch bowls. Although a certain number of sandwiches are made every day for the casual trade, telephoning an order a few hours—or, better yet, twenty-four hours—in advance is a wise precaution. The number is Plaza 9-6130. The Ritz Plaza will deliver orders of $6 and up any day of the week between 9 A.M. and 6 P.M., provided the orderer is between Thirty-sixth and Ninety-sixth Streets.

IN a letter acknowledging our order for a ham, Nicholson & Weede, a Franklin, Southampton County, Virginia firm dealing in seed, hay, building materials, peanuts, and hams, volunteered that in its opinion this year's cure of hams is the best it has ever had. Well, the Messrs. Nicholson & Weede took the very words out of our mouth, though we might have put the matter more simply by saying that the specimen we obtained from Southampton Coun-

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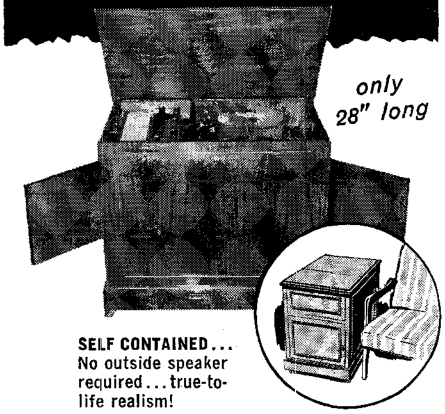

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don't put all your eggs in one nog

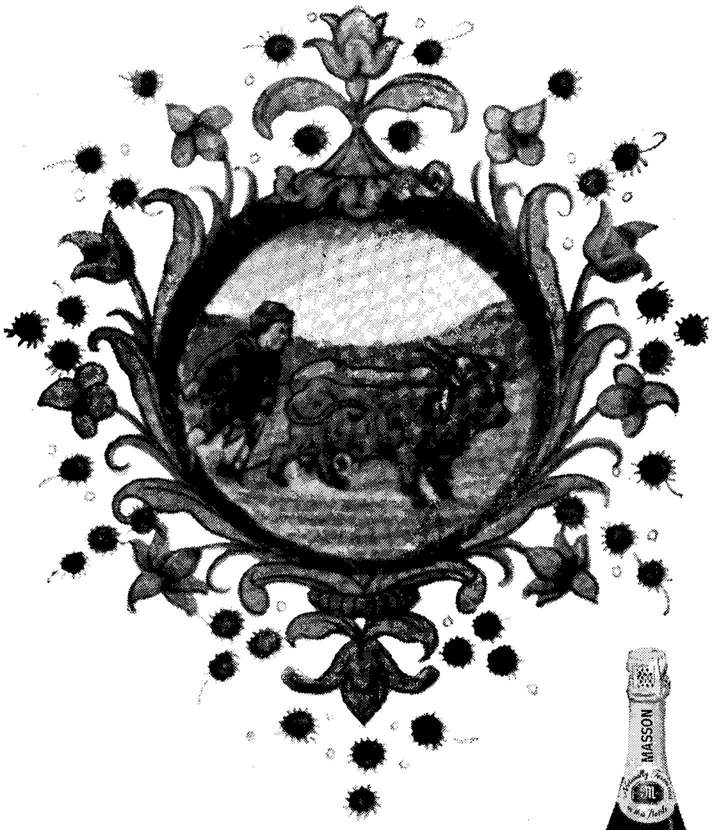
tonight could be the night!

We hate to throw stones at tradition, or at eggs, but egg nog is not the only holiday cheer, or even the best. Oh, it's a sensible enough way to calm an aunt who thinks the Christmas tree lights are going to set fire to the house, but hardly qualifies for merriment with any real style to it.

Here at Saratoga, California we have what we consider a first-rate solution to the problem of what to drink for merriment that *does* have real style to it. Holiday time or no. We call it Paul Masson California Champagne. And so does everybody else.

If we were you we'd stock the refrigerator, the bank of snow outside your back door, and the cold North room you hardly ever turn the heat on in anyway with case after case of it. OURS. Dry, delicious, and a delight to customers for over 100 years. In Brut, Extra Dry, or Pink.

So you won't be at loose ends waiting for the holidays to come up, December also has these events that simply cry out, "Celebrate me!": National Prosperity Week, Pan-American Aviation Day, and Holiday Butter Cookie Time. Add to this whatever galas you can organize yourself and you have ample reason to raid the snowbank for a chill bottle of our champagne. And leave those dairy drinks to milk bars. To-night could be the night!



DECEMBER, *in this XIVth Century Illumination, shows a man following oxen. This may not seem very Christ-masy, but there you are.*

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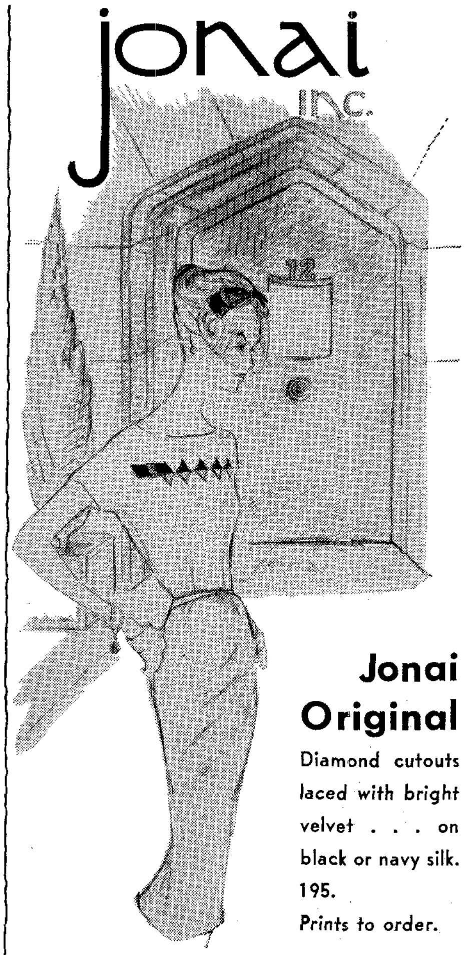
ty is the best we have *ever* tasted—and since we are inclined to think that a really fine ham is among the finest things you can eat in this world, we hope this will be understood as serious praise. The price is ninety-eight cents a pound, plus postage (the hams weigh from ten to eighteen pounds), and ham postage from Franklin is ten cents a pound.

WE could, if we thought the project would interest anybody, trace a certain sullen intractableness in our nature to that moment after the war when we discovered that unsalted butter, which during hostilities had been made as nasty as possible for patriotic reasons, was going to stay that way. Occasionally, since that time, we have been directed to what we were assured was a superior butter, but it either vanished from the market almost at once or turned out to be not as good as it was cracked up to be. So it is only after the most cautious sampling and resampling of a product made by Hahn's Creamery and sold at the Maryland Gourmet that we risk hailing it as by far the best unsalted butter that has been around since the war. It comes in pound and half-pound packages and costs eighty-nine cents a pound.

HOW extremely odd the constant demand on this side of the Atlantic for something new in cheeses must seem to the French gastronome, who feels that one lifetime is hardly enough in which to indulge a passion of love and admiration for such *old* compatriots as Brie and Camembert and the rest of the classics. Well, for the benefit of those who demand novelty as well as excellence in their cheese, three products of some consequence—all from France—have lately arrived for the first time on our shores. The most interesting of these is one called Pipo-Crem, a semi-soft cheese from the Department of Ain. Of a deep cream color, and blue-veined, it has something of the appearance of Stilton and, although quite mild, has a most delicious flavor; it is sold at Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd), for $2.40 a pound. The second newcomer is a gentle *double crème* called Chambourcy ($1.25 a five-ounce package), from the Ile-de-France, and you should be cautioned that it dries out and coarsens very rapidly in the care of any but the most careful cheese merchant. When it is fresh, though, it has the delicacy of the Petit Suisse, and, like that fragile dainty, it makes a de-



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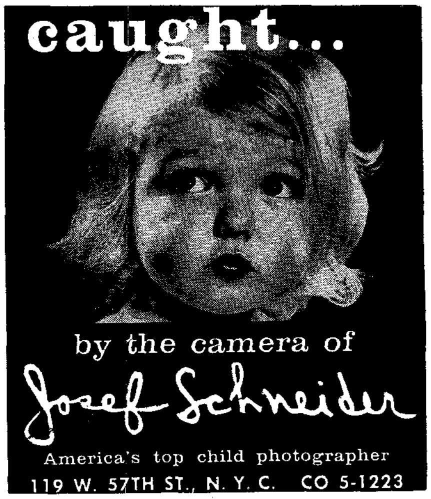

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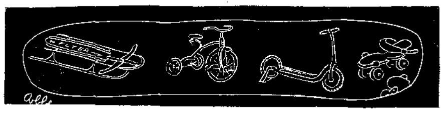
lightful luncheon dessert eaten with jam on crusty French bread. We have had it *à point* from Bloomingdale, and it is also carried by Ellen Grey, Cheese of All Nations, 235 Fulton Street (two blocks west of Broadway), and Ellens Chocolates, 1165 Madison Avenue (86th), whose solicitude, for all we know, may be just as tender; in such a banner season for Christmas table delicacies, we have simply had to ration our samplings. The third new arrival, which has considerably more character than the delicate Chambourcy, is a Gruyère from the Jura. It is not quite as hard as the Switzerland Gruyère, which it resembles, and it has a fine nutty flavor that makes it exactly right for munching, without benefit of bread or cracker, as an accompaniment to a Martini or a glass of beer. It is to be had at Bloomingdale; Cheese of All Nations; Fraser Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st); and William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (75th), at prices that vary from $1.39 to $1.69 a pound. Not new, but having gained something in *embonpoint*, the Parfait Triple Crème, which made so many friends a couple of years ago, now arrives both in the original eight-ounce form and in a pound-and-a-quarter cheese. It is available at Bloomingdale and Ellen Grey, both of whom will cut it, at the rate of $3.58 a pound. The eight-ounce size is available at both these stores and also at Fraser Morris, Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (43rd), Macy, Maison Glass, and Vendôme, 15 East 48th Street, for between $1.25 and $1.89.

Since there are no other novelties to distract us, this seems the right moment to remind you of some of the magnificent old-time cheeses with which our tables have been blessed in recent years. Among the very best of these is the two-kilo Brie, which this season is of incomparable quality. This is, of course, a rash thing to say of a Brie, which so often lets you down by being hard and caked but which makes up for it so brilliantly when it is at its soft and creamy perfection. We have found the impressive large Bries in exactly this desirable state at Ellen Grey, Fraser Morris, and Vendôme. We should also like to say a good word for the exceptionally good Cheddars (English and Scottish) that are to be had at this time, and for a pleasantly flavored Danish cheese called Ingrid, available at Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street. And,



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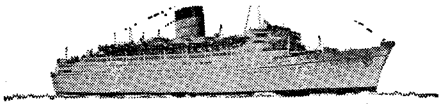

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finally, let us advise you, as we have done before, to choose your cheese merchant not for the number of products he has to show but for the care he bestows on what he has—especially on his soft cheeses.

In the event you are thinking of sending somebody a present of one, or a collection, of these cheeses (and we can't think of a pleasanter gift to receive), we might point out that it would be considerably enlivened by an accompanying case of beer. With this in mind, we have systematically tasted our way through several of the lesser-known foreign beers, on the assumption that while everybody knows and loves the excellent Danish and Dutch imports, it might be rather a lark to surprise a friend at Christmas with a mixed collection of extremely good but unfamiliar brews. Our choices among these interesting entries are, in no particular order of excellence, a Zürcher Löwenbräu, from Switzerland; a light Irish beer with the embarrassing name of Leprechaun; Puntigam, from Austria; Belgian Ekla; Mexican Moctezuma; Swann's Australian Lager; and Murray's Scotch Ale, which doesn't seem to get around nearly as much as it deserves. A mixed case of two dozen of these assorted bottles costs around $9, at Rahmeyer's, 1022 Third Avenue (60th), and at the Coliseum Food Shop, 525 Third Avenue (35th).

If you think a report on a seventy-five-year-old sweetshop cannot come under the head of news, that's where you are dead wrong. The news is not that Plumbridge, which turns out delectable homemade candies at 21 East 65th Street, has been in business all this time but that the products are made according to exactly the same recipes as they were when the family first set up in business, in 1883. To us, it is cause for intense satisfaction to find any well-made native delicacy that has survived over the years entirely on its own merits. We take an unreasonable and almost personal pride in announcing that the Plumbridge candies are of precisely the same impeccable quality now that they were in the beginning, and that the shop, with no thanks to Madison Avenue, is cherished by the same exceedingly critical kind of clientele that has patronized it from the beginning. Among the firm's specialties are foil-wrapped candied fruits, which, besides being very good, have fewer calories than most candies and are thus a great boon to dieting sweet-fanciers; cara-

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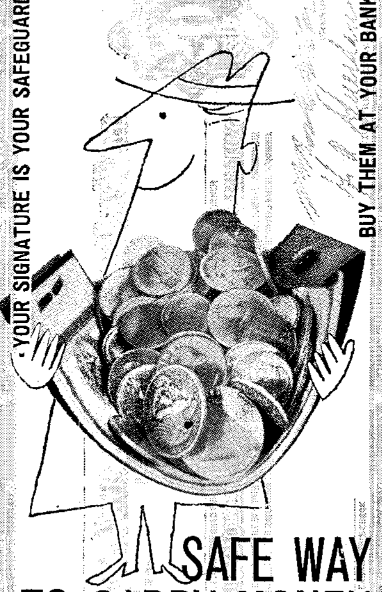

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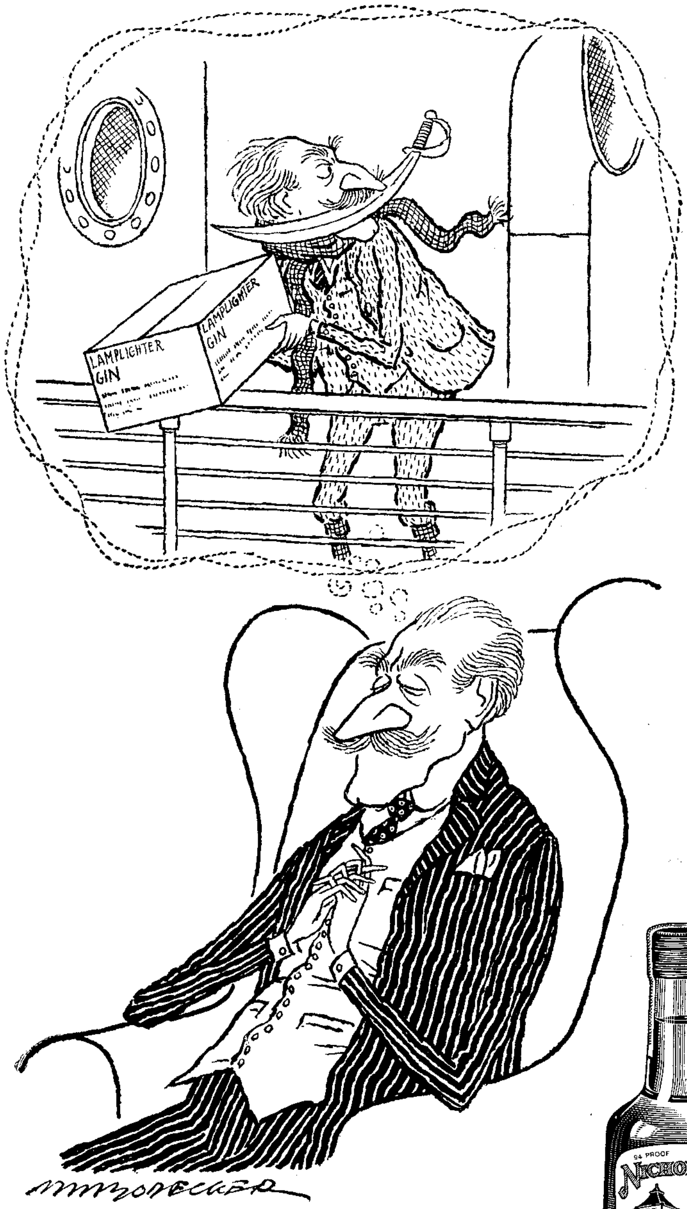
mels made of heavy cream and butter; and sugared pecans. The mixed fruits are $2.75 a pound, and the nuts and caramels are $3.75 a pound.

FROM the newly opened Buffet Français, at Third Avenue and 62nd Street, which is enjoying considerable *réclame* among local food reporters, we have had a good *quiche* Jurassienne, baked in a light *pâte brisée* and flecked with tender ham ($3.25 for a nine-and-a-half-inch pie, and sixty-five cents for an individual serving), and some appetizing snails stuffed in mushroom caps instead of the usual shells (six for $2). With only one digestive tract to offer up on the altar of duty, we have by no means eaten our way through the Buffet menu, so we are quite ready to believe that there may be other palatable specialties, in spite of the fact that our own orders of larded squab, a blanquette of veal, some tarts of *pâte feuilletée*, and various *petits fours* left something to be desired. We should add, though, that all the dishes are very handsomely presented.

ALTHOUGH we should think that these notes would take care of housekeepers who plan no more than the usual number of holiday meals and who have merely the normal complement of friends and relations to remember with gifts of food and drink, here—just in case your circle is larger than we think, or your needs more urgent—are a few items that it would be a pity to overlook. William Greenberg, Jr., 817 Madison Avenue (68th), has recently added to his unusually good breads and cakes some popovers that are as light and crusty as any that ever came out of your own kitchen. They are to be had fresh daily, at $1.80 a dozen. The shop claims they are just as good heated over the next day, but it's our opinion that they had better not be saved, and they are so delicious that the chances are they won't be anyway. . . . Bloomingdale is once more receiving from the Corné de la Toison d'Or the incomparable chocolates of that famous Brussels confectionery. They arrive once a week, by air, and a pound box costs $3.75. . . . Fraser Morris has a pure Colombian coffee—it comes both in the roasted bean (in a fancy little burlap sack), at $1.45 a pound, and ground and vacuum packed, at $1.19 a pound—that to our taste makes an absolutely unbeatable *café au lait*. . . . And a remarkably good blueberry jam, made by a Maine woman from highly flavored wild berries, which supply an especially fine tang, is to be

THE TERRIBLE REVENGE in which Lord Huggins dreams of grim retaliation against the Colonies by throwing Lamplighter over the side in Boston harbor! (because all Lamplighter London Dry Gin is exported to America).



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had at around $1 the twelve-ounce jar, at Charles & Co., Hughes Brothers, 766 Madison Avenue (65th), Ellen Grey, and Madelon Rogers, 18 East 60th Street.

WITH our betters all over the place making authoritative pronouncements on what they refer to as the "wine situation," we would hardly dare offer our own inexpert contribution to the subject if we had not recently come upon some exceptional lesser bottles that may possibly have escaped the attention of the connoisseurs. Perhaps because we ourselves were so surprised to find a white Bordeaux—a wine that is not usually to our liking—giving us keen pleasure, we head our list with a report on one that, besides being extremely agreeable, is something of an oenological curiosity. This is a very dry Bordeaux that was bought by Frank Schoonmaker from a great château, famous for its luscious and terribly costly sweet wines, and bottled by him under the unassuming name of Bordeaux Blanc. Officially, Mr. Schoonmaker is at liberty to reveal no more than this about the origin of his purchase, but it is believed in the trade that the delicate wine is of the 1956 vintage (not a very good year for most white Bordeaux) of Château d'Yquem. This pleasant, dry, and very inexpensive Bordeaux Blanc, which is to be had at A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th), sells for $1.79.

While we are in the Yquem vineyards (even though we got there through the back gate), we should report on a matter that must be of considerable interest to people who like to end a dinner with a drop of dessert wine. Château d'Yquem has—for the first time, as far as we know—put up some of its famous wine in half bottles. It is the 1953 vintage (no off season here), and M. Lehmann, 40 East 66th Street, is selling the half bottles at $2.06. This eminently reasonable gesture solves the ancient problem of what to do with the remainder of a fifth of Yquem, since not many wine drinkers can enjoy more than a few mouthfuls of the golden liquid. Now, with Lehmann's half bottles, which will easily serve four, we predict that a lot of this winter's puddings and ices will find themselves in the excellent company of Château d'Yquem.

To get back to wines for everyday drinking, which is where we were with the Bordeaux Blanc, Lehmann has imported a very inexpensive dry white Graves of 1957, called Haut Benauge,

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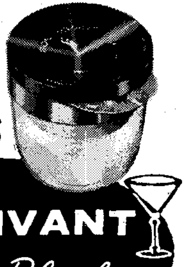

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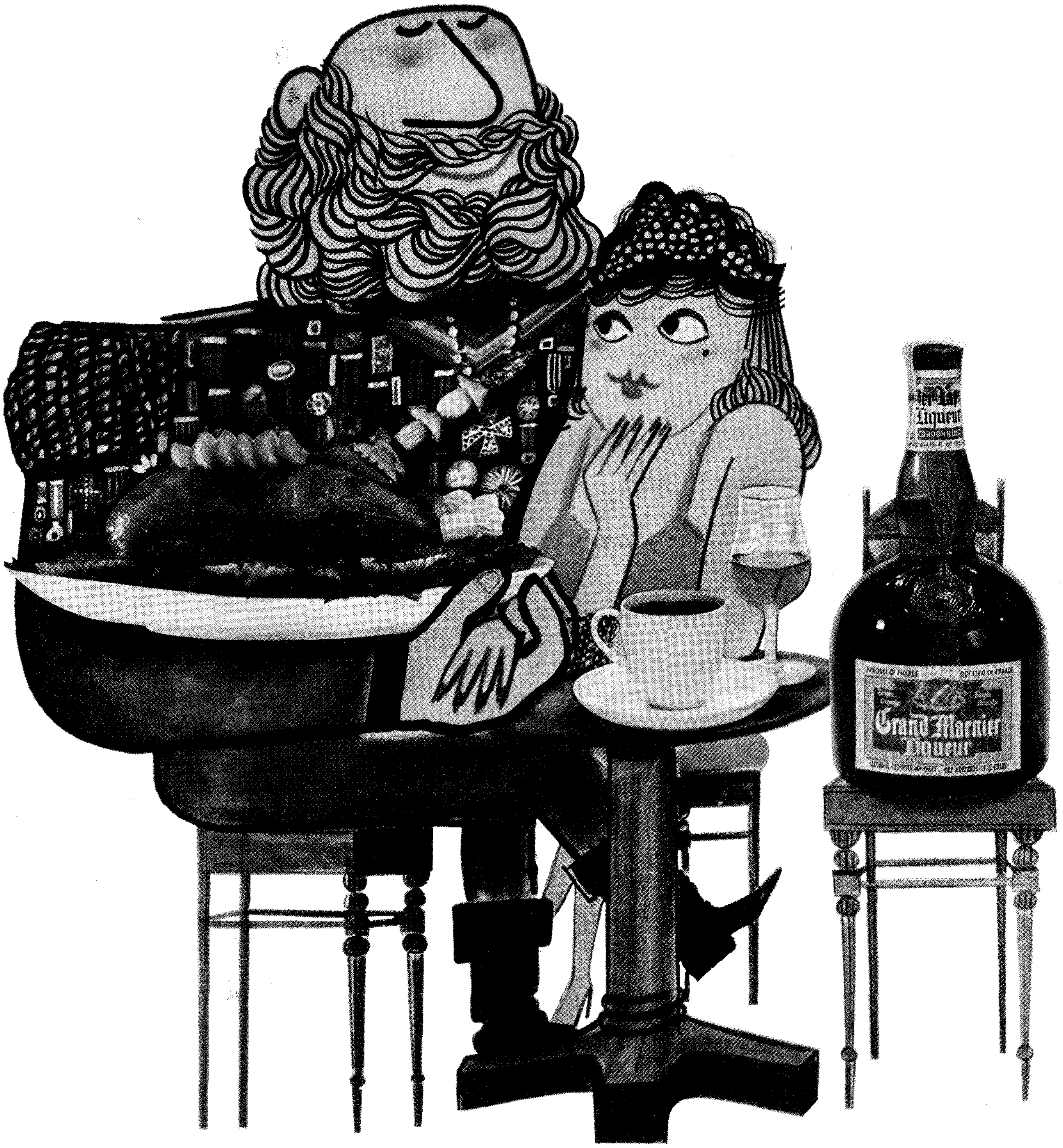

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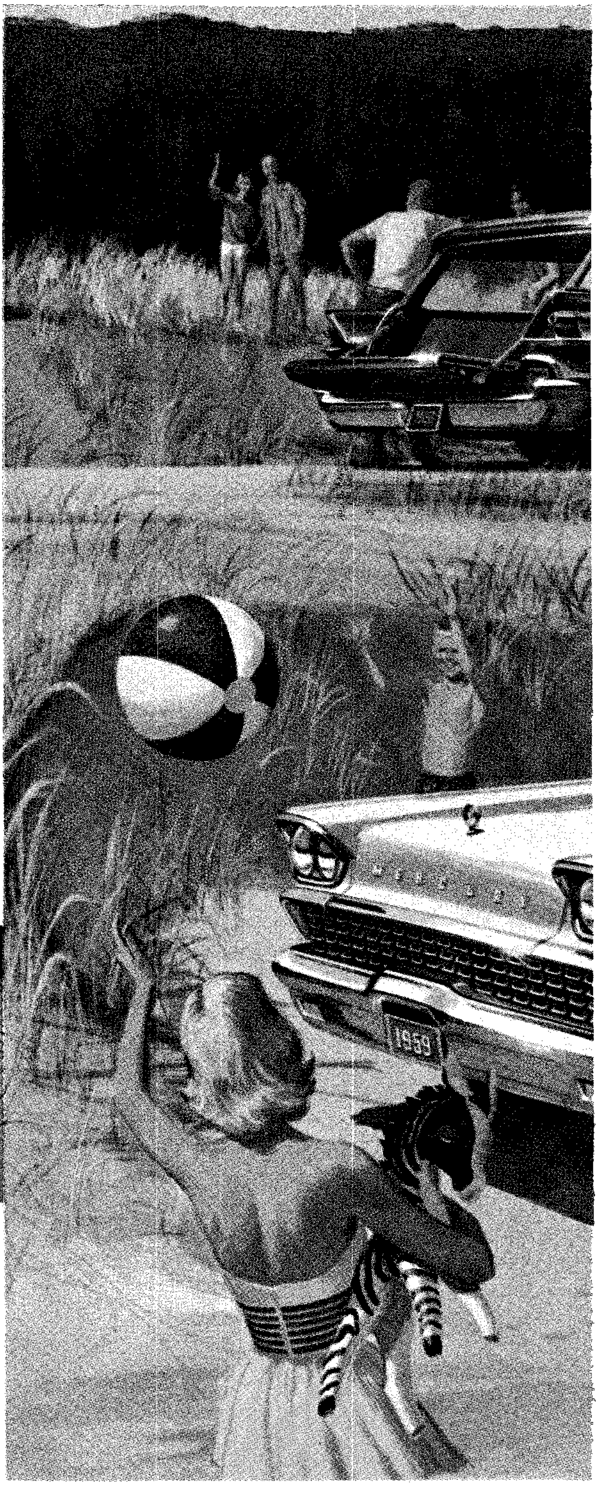
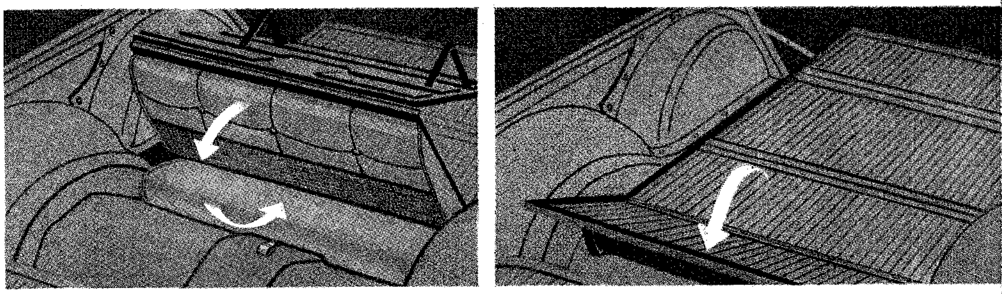
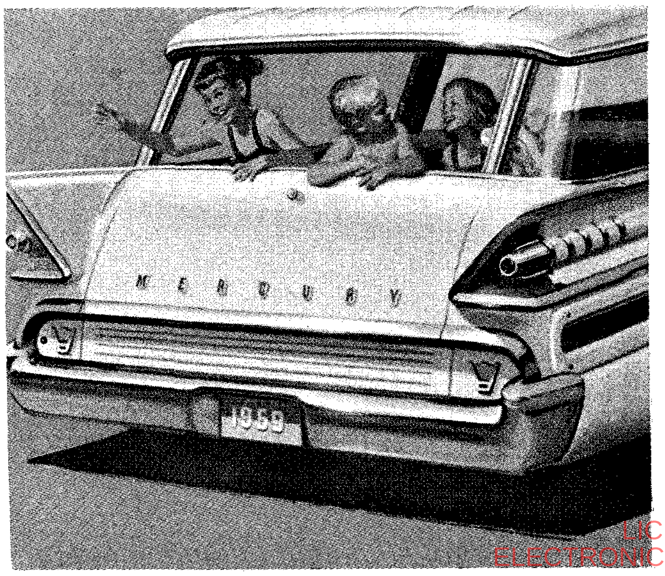
For example, there are no view-blocking pillars. With Mercury's hardtop styling, one pillar replaces three found in many wagons. You enjoy the most luxurious, spacious feeling ever offered in this type of car. The new Marauder V-8 engines are as economical as they are brilliant. The quiet smoothness of the ride is matched only by the costliest cars. Every detail is planned to make pleasures out of what are still problems in many station wagons.

We invite you to see these luxurious Country Cruisers at your Mercury dealer's. You'll find the model you want at a price you'll like.





SLIP THE THIRD SEAT UNDER THE FLOOR—Mercury offers you the first self-storing third seat that *faces front*. Nothing to carry—it folds down, slides away into a recess in the floor. When seat is up, the recess becomes a convenient storage space with its own lid and lock. It's conveniently located just in front of the tailgate.



RETRACTABLE REAR WINDOW—Slides down into tailgate. Power-operated* from tailgate lock or from an interior control near driver. Eliminates heavy liftgate, provides more room when loading.

**Power operation is standard on Voyagers and Colony Parks, optional on Commuters.*

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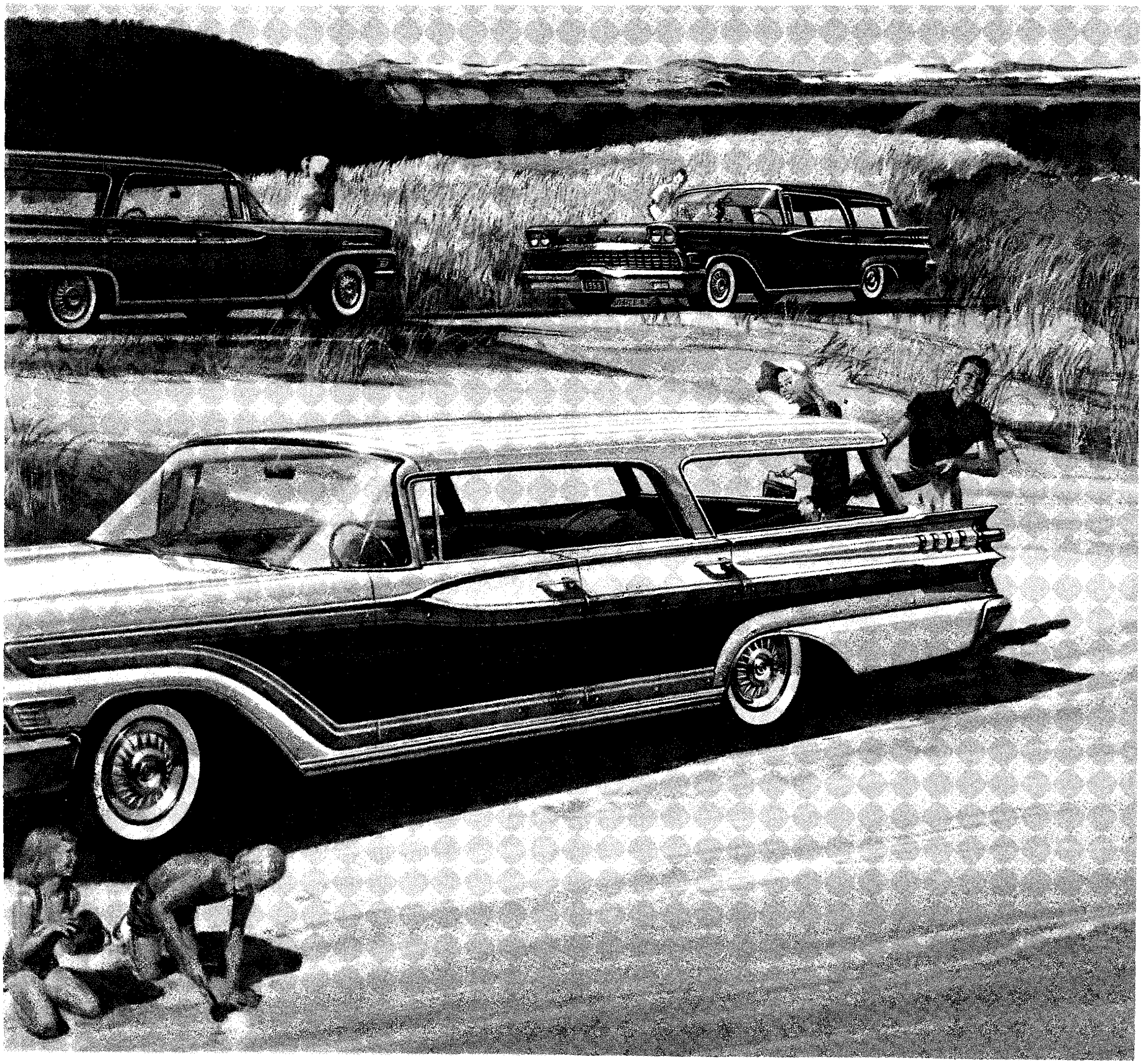
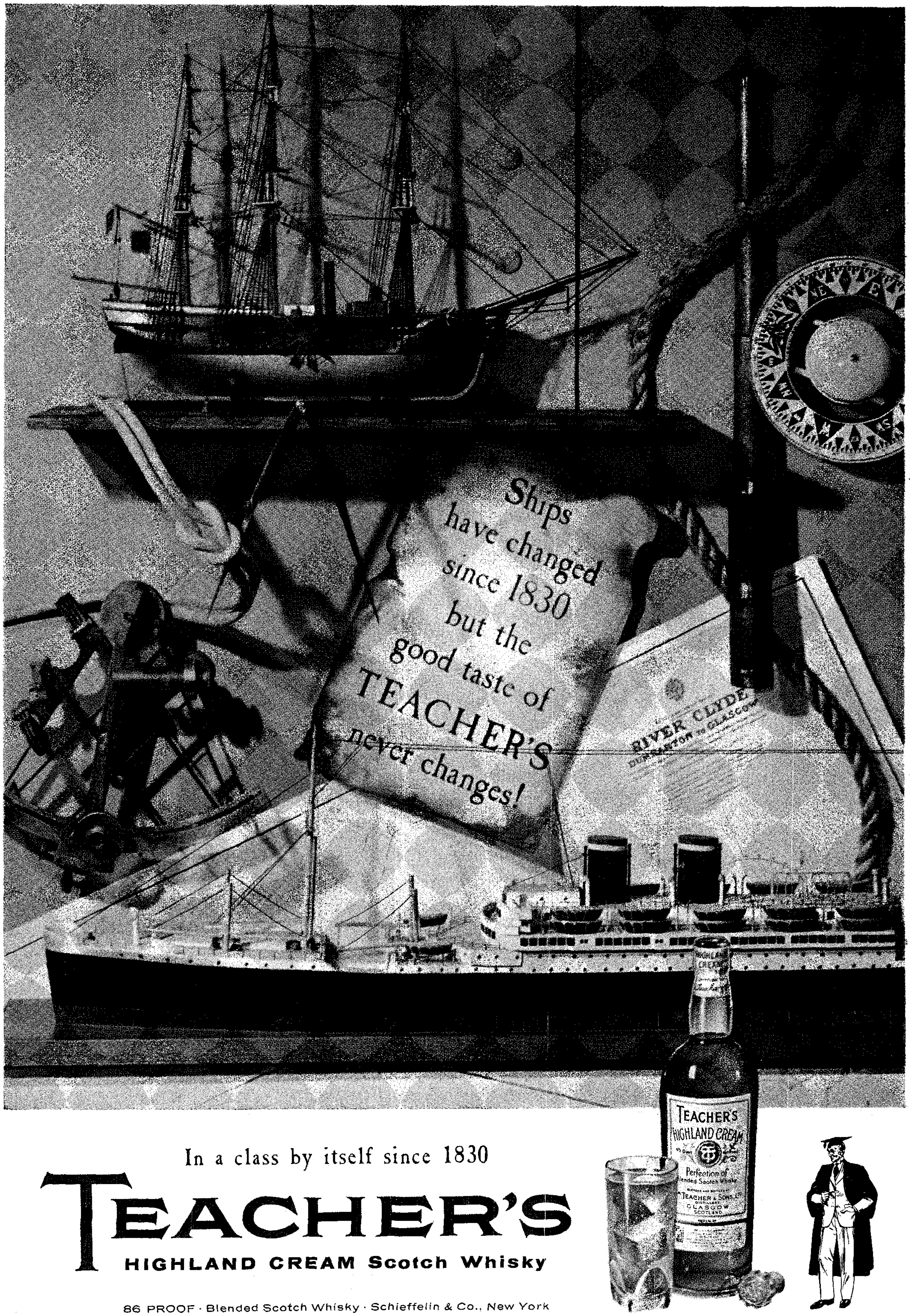


A NEW KIND OF SPACE-PLANNED INTERIOR—Most usable cargo space in any station wagon. More comfort, too. Six inches more entrance room, 9 inches more knee room up front. And, as in all '59 Mercurys, the hump in the floor has been cut in half for extra foot room for the "man in the middle." The value-leading Commuter (top left), the luxurious Voyager (right), the incomparable Colony Park (foreground).

20th ANNIVERSARY

'59 MERCURY

BUILT TO LEAD—BUILT TO LAST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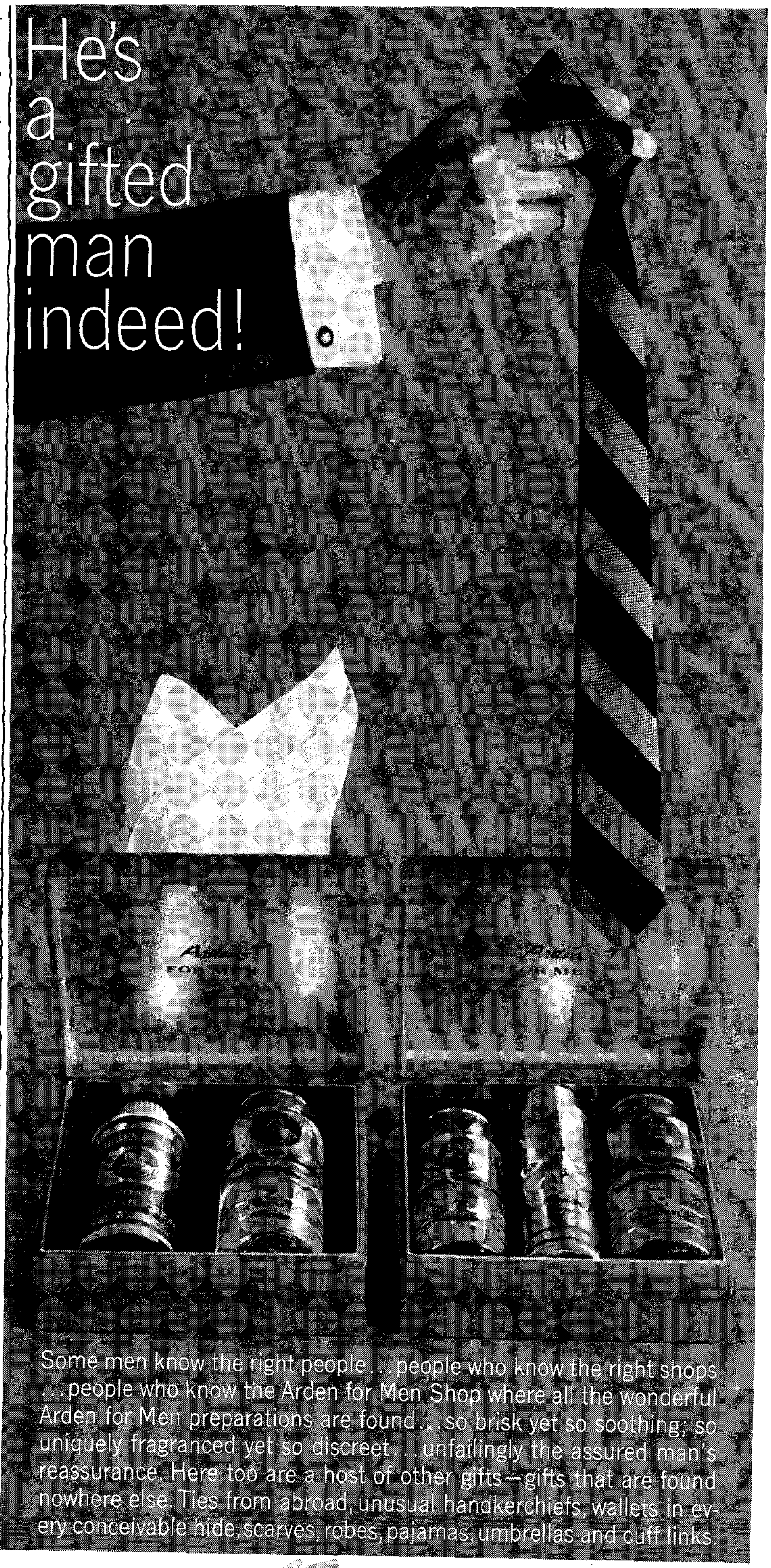
that is most agreeable for the price—$1.35. Since this Graves is preëminently a hot-weather wine—*désaltérant*, dry, and very light—it will probably be more keenly appreciated as the spring comes on, but even now it will accommodate itself nicely to a fowl or a fish, if you aren't anticipating too much.

A very different bottle—one distinguished by most, if not all, of the virtues of a splendid Moselle—is the estate-bottled Avelsbacher Kupp, of the 1953 vintage, to be had at Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st). We had been told by the experts to expect a certain tartness and steeliness in the wines of Avelsbach, even of this great year, but for the life of us we can find nothing of the kind here—only exquisite delicacy and freshness, a magnificent bouquet that is almost a fragrance, and an extreme *racé* lightness. The price, which is $2.79, will give you no idea of the unusual character of this unusual Moselle. A far less distinguished Moselle, as inexpensive as it is pleasant, is a Zeller Schwarze Katz '55, which will do very well for not too important occasions. It is to be had at Del Moro Wine & Liquor Company, 128 West 49th Street, at $1.69.

Château Lynch-Bages, a fifth-growth Pauillac, is, in ordinarily good years, an exceedingly pleasant claret of the sort that sees one comfortably through a good family dinner and doesn't take too much living up to. A Lynch-Bages of 1949, however, is something else again, and it stands out, in our experience, as one of the finest wines we remember drinking from this vineyard. We trust we are not being too reckless in saying that the bottle we tried recently had something of the depth and authority of a Lafite. It is to be had, at $2.70, from Colony Wine & Spirits, 809 Madison Avenue (68th).

We hope you won't miss two other clarets that we have much enjoyed recently. One of these is a 1953 Château Nenin. (It's a Pomerol, and because of the disastrous 1956 frosts, there aren't many Pomerols around.) This one has most of the qualities that, to us, make the wines of that district taste exactly the way we think a claret ought to taste, and it proves once again—as if such a thing needed proving—of what stuff the '53s are made. It costs $2.75, at Luria. The other enjoyable Bordeaux is a Château Talbot, a St. Julien, of 1952, which has a softness and depth that are completely irresistible, and which is to be had at the irresistible price of $1.99, at Sherry.

Monthelie, an estate-bottled Bur-



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DOTS & DASHES

Sour Note! Beauteous model Dea Tristan's lament about last week's blind date: Claimed he was a Gentleman of the Press. Turned out to be a tailor!

Sunday Punch! Here's the answer to a punch lover's prayer—a recipe for two instead of twenty! Juice of ½ lemon; 1 teaspn. sugar; 4 dashes Angostura; 3 oz. rum. Mix thoroughly with cracked ice. Strain and serve.

Quiz! Mary is 24 years old. She is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann? (Answer is 18, but don't ask why. We copied it from the girl at the next desk.)

Dash! Please remember a "dash" is not a drop or two. It is one-sixth (1/6) of a teaspoon. And a Manhattan—dry, sweet or what-have-you—isn't a Manhattan without a dash of Angostura Bitters!

Health! What has less salt than a stalk of unsalted celery? (No hints from the audience, please!) It's a teaspoon of Angostura. Greatest flavoring for salt-free foods ever! *Great with salt, too!*

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gundy we had never so much as heard of until recently, has turned out to be, in the 1953 vintage, a Beaune of considerable depth, with what to some tastes might be almost too full a flavor. It gave us so much pleasure (as did the price—$2.66, at Lehmann) that, having a strong attachment to a red Burgundy with our Christmas roast, we think this will be the chosen bottle. If you hold out for a white wine on your holiday table, to accompany a turkey or a brace of pheasant, you will find a worthy one in the Chardonnay de Marsennay '55, of the Côte de Nuits, which has vigor and a delightful bouquet, or in the enchantingly fresh Pouilly Fumé '57, which (again, owing to frosts) is something of a rarity this season. The Burgundy is priced at $2.19, at Sherry, and the Loire wines at $2.93, at Lehmann. And now, whatever you have filled your glass with, this is, we think, the right moment to drink to everybody's Merry Christmas.

Wrappings and Trimmings

NEARLY every family has its cache of Christmas ornaments that go into storage on Twelfth Night looking perfectly beautiful and emerge from the closet right about this time of year looking downright seedy. In the interval—and who can explain it?—decay has set in. Plastic angels whose posture was as upright as their character have drooped. Gleaming glass balls, carefully bedded down, have mysteriously exploded. Silvery beads have come unstrung. Puzzling as this phenomenon is, though, it isn't tragic, since there are plenty of replacements at hand, and these sparkling objects are our present theme.

Let's start where we just left off, with the Christmas table, considered now not as a repository for food and drink but as something to please the eye. One of the loveliest centerpieces in town is a slender red candle, a foot and a half tall, that rises from a practically solid ball, ten inches across, of growing echeveria and clusters of white or purple grapes—real or synthetic, as you choose. This is $20, at the Green Thumb, 22 East 65th Street. Ann Hagan, 671 Second Avenue (36th), has thought up an amusing centerpiece for a child's Christmas party—a gondolier hat of gilded straw turned upside down and brimming with red Christmas balls, sprigs of real boxwood, and sprigs of ersatz mistletoe; a big white spun-glass bird, on top, surveys the whole enterprise. Ten golden cords protrude from this happy muddle, and ten party favors, such as jigsaw puzzles and lapel

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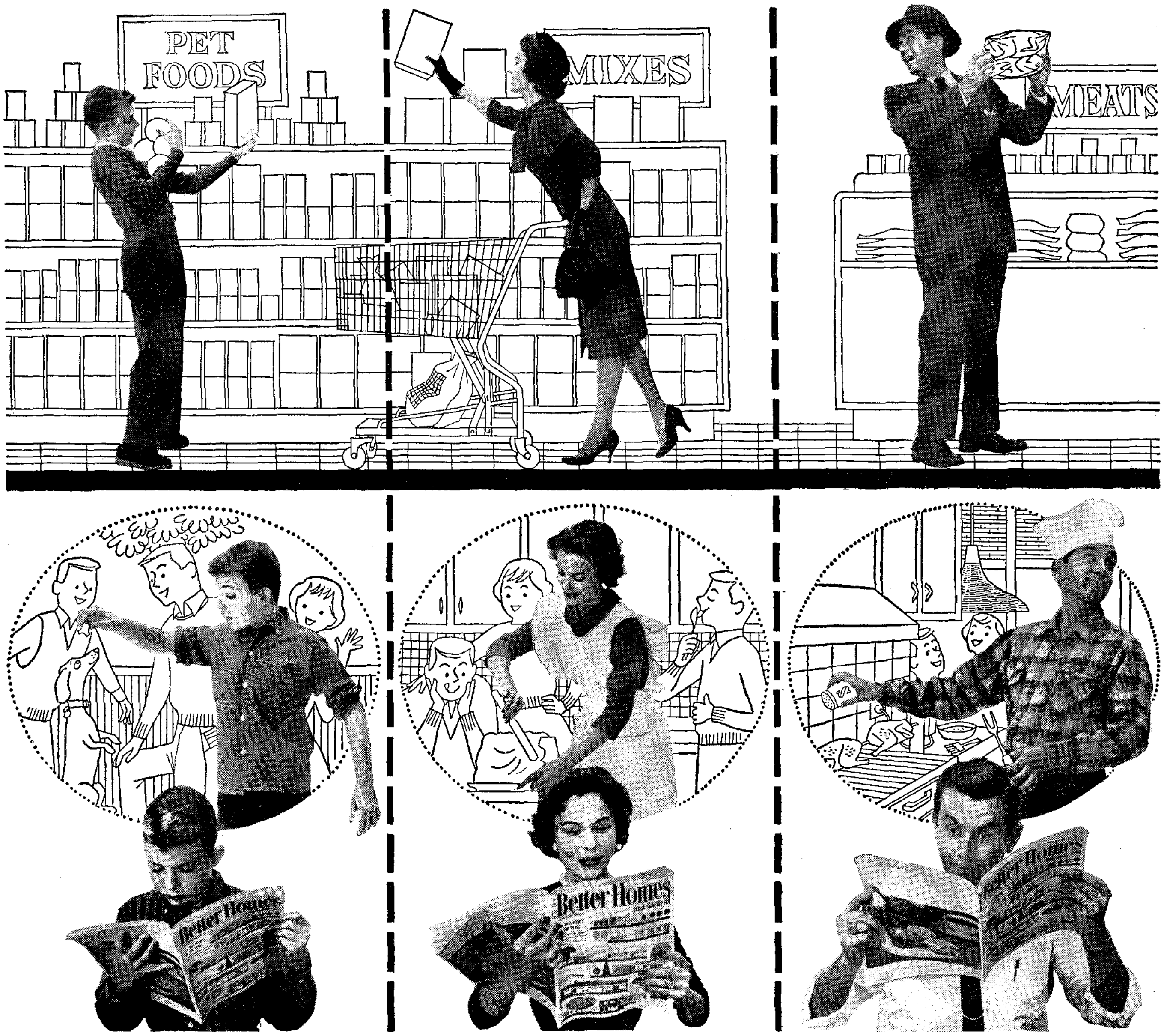

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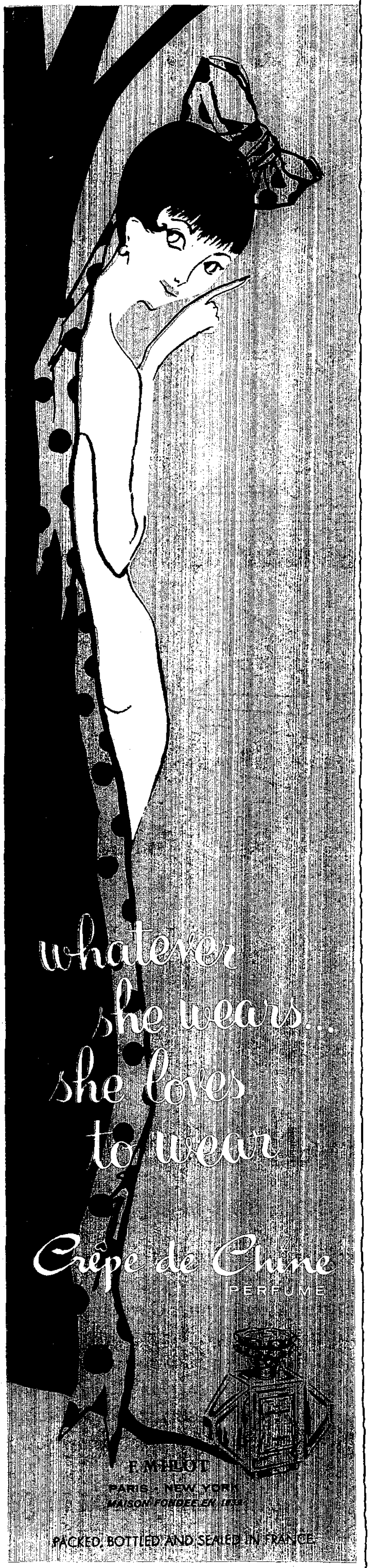


pins in the shape of mice, are attached to the golden cords. All for $25.

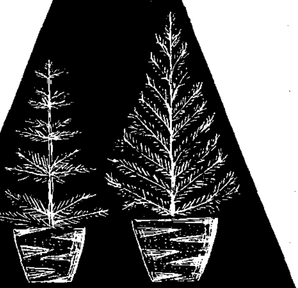
Antonino Ajello & Brothers, at 100 East 50th Street, are, among other things, eminent chandlers, and they have some marvellous candles to show. This Christmas, they've made a candle Madonna, ten and a half inches tall, of pink, green, or white translucent wax with a jadelike lacquer finish, which sells for $6.50. Bayberry candles, molded in pine-cone patterns and trimmed with gilt and wax berries, rise to a height of twenty-seven inches, burn for thirty-five hours, smell heavenly, do not drip, and cost $18. There are fetching candles down in the Village, too, at Hanlan, 51 Greenwich Avenue (between Perry and Charles)—notably some in the form of espaliered fruit trees with tiny pieces of wax fruit hanging on their boughs. In fact, these rank as candelabra, since they have three branches; they cost $4.95. The Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (72nd), has wrought-iron candlesticks, hand-painted in Italy to look like sprays of holly, that do indeed look like sprays of holly. They are eight inches long, sit flat on the table, support one candle, and cost $7.50 each. A candelabrum four and a half feet high—and meant to stand on the floor, of course, since it's as tall as an eight-year-old child—costs $25, at Ann Hagan. It's a green wooden artifact draped with a garland of real laurel leaves and fake fruits, and topped with three fat wax candles. Four-inch wreaths of artificial flowers—a ring of baby red carnations, say, enveloping an inner ring of pink clover blossoms—are available at Corteau Creations, 209 East 58th Street, and they'd make nice *bobèches* for non-drip candles; $6 a pair. And since candles, however beautifully arrayed, must be extinguished when the party ends, Nilmelior, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd), has a long, slender, gold-plated candle snuffer with a gold-plated angel on its hood; $5.50.

NOW for those notorious perishables, Christmas-tree lights. Lord & Taylor's Christmas Bazaar, a ninth-floor enclave devoted entirely to seasonable ornaments, has a fifteen-foot vinelike cord strung with ten clusters of green plastic holly leaves and tiny lights that resemble holly berries, and between the clusters are single leaves and lights; $20. And, for an extremely urbane tree, there's a twenty-eight-foot cord wrapped in a silky gold-and-oyster-white fabric and hung with twenty bou-

Living Christmas Trees

IN HANDSOME HYDROCEL PLANTERS*

NORWAY SPRUCE, 9 yr. old stock. To decorate for the holiday season, then transfer outdoors to garden or roof-terrace. In 14" green HYDROCEL *tub. (Overall height 4 ft.) $19.50.*
ARAUCARIA (Norfolk Island Pine) To decorate as a table Christmas tree, then retain as a durable year-round house plant. In 10" green HYDROCEL *tub. (Overall height 2½" ft.) $17.50.*



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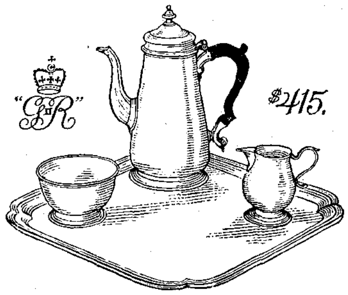

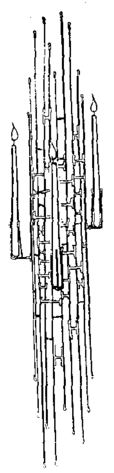

Candelabra

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quets of small white plastic flowers, whose glass stamens light up; a gold tassel dangles from each bouquet, and a price tag reading $22 dangles from one end. Nor has Lord & Taylor neglected the householder who wants to trim an evergreen out on the lawn. For this purpose, there's a twelve-foot string sporting six lantern-shaped plastic lights, four inches high—and, by the way, replaceable—with white tops and colored bottoms. What's more, these lanterns have intricate innards that enable them to simultaneously blink and chime, which makes the whole affair quite a bargain at $11.95. For back inside, Dennison's Party Bazaar, 411 Fifth Avenue (37th), offers a string of a dozen three-inch silver-tinsel globes, each illuminated by a small, softly colored bulb that is guaranteed to burn for a thousand hours, or all the way into February; $6. And Helen Cole's fourteen-foot cord is crowded with thirty-five tiny lights—globular, and red, green, blue, silver, gold, and Shocking pink. Mrs. Cole is situated at 963 Lexington Avenue (70th), and this string is situated at $7.

In dealing with tree ornaments, which are even more egregiously fragile than lights, we'll assume that you are familiar with the good old dime-store varieties and would prefer to hear about something less ordinary. Such as the astoundingly lavish balls, two and a half inches across and entirely encrusted with artificial gems, to be found at Place Noël, 203 East 62nd Street, for $40 apiece. (Bejewelled hooks to hang these on cost $3.50 apiece or $6 a pair.) Or the six-inch silver balls at Black, Starr & Gorham, which are covered with scrolly friezes of sea shells painted pink, rose, and green; $5.50. Or the glazed-earthenware balls that are mass-produced by the students at Greenwich House Pottery, 16 Jones Street (off West Fourth Street), and then decorated by hand in abstract patterns; $1.25 each. Birds that won't perch on trees can be tied there, and the Pan-American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), has some of that variety—graceful white doves with silver- or gold-flecked bodies and accordion-pleated paper tails and wings. They're seven inches long, and they need careful handling, because their bodies are built around blown-out eggshells; seventy-five cents. Speaking of eggshells, Georg Jensen has some magnificent halves of eggshells dyed pink, blue, or green and banded with gilt braid or velvet ribbon, which itself is splashed with paillettes or imitation gems. The insides are gilded, and either

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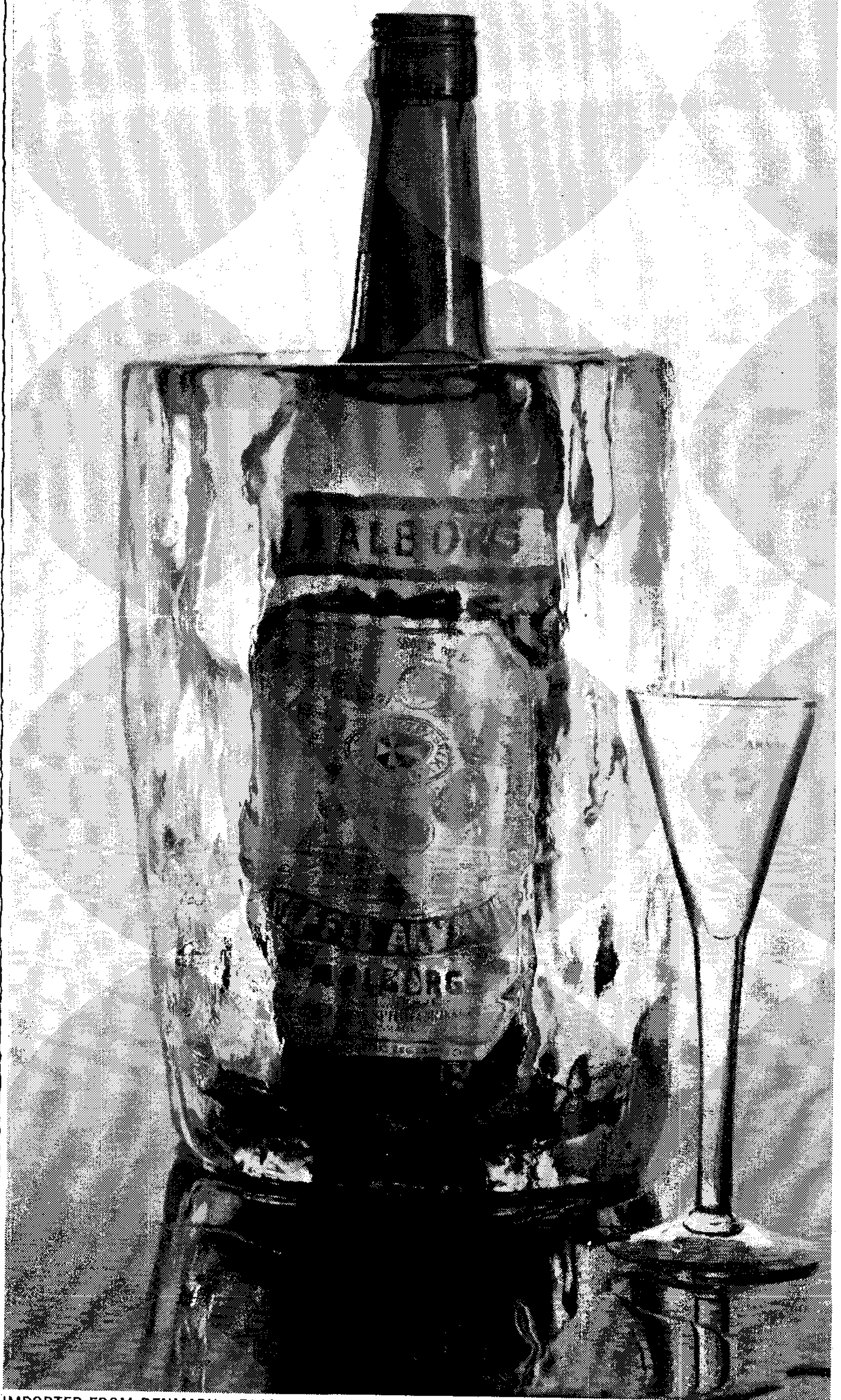
An ice jacket — that's the dramatic way that some restaurants chill Aalborg Akvavit. But your home refrigerator will do superbly. It's the chilling that makes the difference, you see. It brings out the smooth and incredibly dry **hint-of-caraway** taste for which Aalborg Akvavit is famous. Serve Aalborg straight as an apéritif. Try it with tidbits, canapé or smörgåsbord. Or mix it for a sensational Bloody Mary. Ask for "Ahl-bor Ah-kwa-veet" at better stores, restaurants and bars.



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have paper cutouts of the Madonna and Child pasted on them, or else contain wax candles (which are not for burning); $1.50. Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th), has quantities of Scandinavian Christmas-tree trimmings massed on its third-floor display tables, including a handsome snowflake made in Finland of white pine, carved with a penknife. A four-inch snowflake costs $2.50, and a whopping eleven-incher (these are Finnish snowflakes, mind you) is $7.50. At Dennison, a red rattan bell, seven inches high and meant to dangle, perhaps with a mistletoe garnish, in a much frequented doorway, is embellished with greenery and red bows, and costs $4.50. A nice hangable gift that will enliven the tree it hangs from is a pot holder shaped like a Christmas tree and available at the Elder Craftsmen Shop, 850 Lexington Avenue (63rd). It's made of red crocheted cotton backed with green felt, and costs $2. And Hanlan has small, hangable boxes, two and a quarter inches square, covered with shiny harlequin paper, and each containing nine matchboxes similarly covered; fifty cents.

Don't put your stepladder away—we've got some more things to hang. Households that don't mind a minor rumpus might like to try hanging a *piñata.* A *piñata* is a frilly, cut-paper animal that dangles from the ceilings of Mexican peasant homes at this season for children to batter with sticks or broom handles until a container inside the beast showers down candy. Now, thanks to Fred Leighton, 15 East Eighth Street, American children can pound a *piñata;* one of the batch he has imported is a yellow chicken with a pink bill and black feet, and the price is $7.50. (Who provides the candy? A candy store, not Mr. Leighton.) A less strenuous notion, at Helen Cole, is a candy cane seventeen inches long and different from most candy canes in that it is not solid candy but a wire frame to which are affixed more than a hundred hard candies, brilliantly wrapped in red, green, or royal-blue foil. Suspended from the cane on a long red ribbon is a pair of blue plastic scissors, for snipping off the candies; $5 for the works. Also at Helen Cole, there's a wreath of imitation evergreens, about seventeen inches across, that is dotted with five red cotton pincushions, in the shape of tomatoes; a dozen red velvet emery bags, in the shape of strawberries; and a scattering of pretty red Christmas balls, in the shape of spheres. This is $18.50. If you prefer a wreath that is just a wreath,

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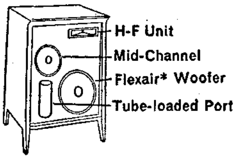

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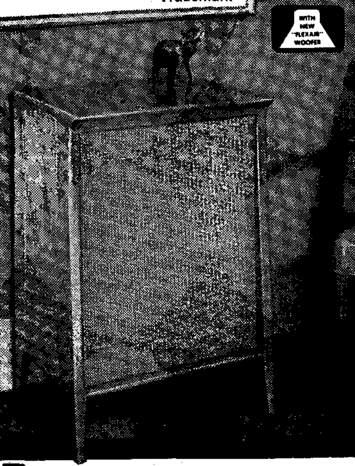

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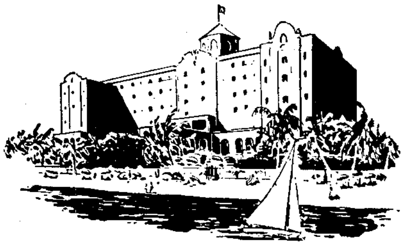

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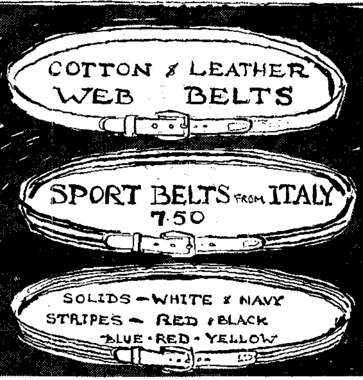

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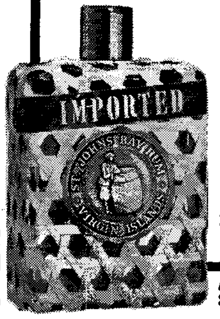

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After shave, after bath
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Thorley House of Flowers, 985 Madison Avenue (76th), makes a pleasingly plump one, eight inches in diameter, of natural juniper. It's decorated with its own gray berries and with clusters of Christmas berries and baby pine cones; $4. For swagging, Dennison shows a fat garland of green-and-gold or white-and-gold plastic pine needles clinging to a springy coiled wire that will uncoil to sixteen feet; $3.25.

THIS year, you'll find a nursery of small trees and small tree-shaped fancies to be set on tables in the hall, or on mantels, or wherever—not, of course, as substitutes for the genuine giants of the forest but as subsidiaries. Perhaps "subsidiary" isn't quite the word for a thirty-two-inch tree at Place Noël, since its wire trunk is completely covered with crystal brilliants and imitation emeralds, each glittering branch is tipped with a burst of crystal that represents opening buds or unfolding leaves, and the whole is topped off with a spectacular multicolored business that represents a sunburst. This costs $400, and it might be just the thing for one corporation to give to another. On the small-stockholder level, Dennison has sturdy eighteen-inch trees of good sound plastic, suitably arrayed with balls and bows. Some are white with gold or silver ornaments, and others are green or silver with multicolored ornaments; $5.95, in any case. Anne Davis, 59 East 56th Street, sells pleasant woven-rattan cones, in alternating bands of a tight basketweave and an airy open weave, that can be regarded as trees, and decorated as such. A foot-high cone costs $2.25, and one half again as tall costs $3.50. Flowers Unlimited, 125 East 39th Street, sells a pyramidal tree twenty inches high that looks like the work of some inspired squirrel, since it consists mostly of nuts. Gold-foil leaves are interspersed with lacquered almonds, Brazil nuts, filberts, and walnuts, and the summit is a beige velvet bowknot; $17.50. Of all the living trees for the table we've seen this season, the prettiest are of boxwood. Roslyn Rosier, 40 East 57th Street, has clipped her boxwood into conical shapes, set them in old oaken buckets from Holland, and trimmed them with all sorts of Netherlandish ornaments—tiny dolls in provincial costumes, tiny fake-lingenberry wreaths, straw stars, slim wax tapers in tôle candlesticks, and so on. A twenty-two-inch tree of this sort costs $85, and a twenty-nine-incher $135. Flowers Unlimited clips its boxwoods into two-foot balls and has them grow-

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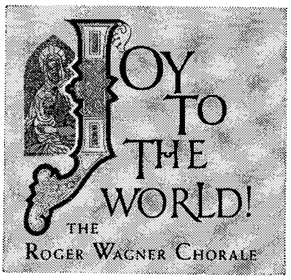
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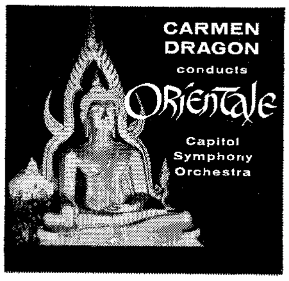
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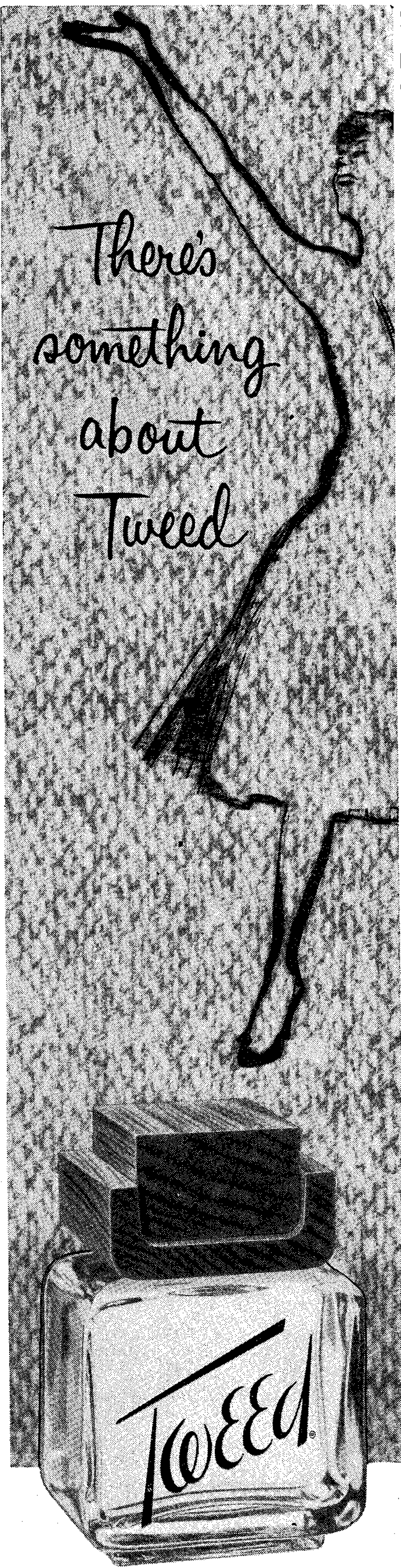

The ounce—fourteen dollars plus tax

PERFUME BY

Lenthéric

ing in gilded clay pots; each is garlanded with a string of ten small pink or white plastic roses, which happen to be electric lights, and the price is $30.

THERE'S a notable crèche—sturdy, well made, and not too expensive—at Bonniers. It's a dark wooden lean-to, measuring about seven inches each way; the roof is of straw, and the figures under the roof—there are seven of them—are of painted wood. The price is $8.50. Bonniers also has a lot of small hand-painted wooden figurines representing elves, Santas, angels (a two-inch angel costs $1), and a species known in Swedish folklore as *tomtes*, with pointed, tasselled hats, round bellies, and big flat feet. The vocation of *tomtes* is to protect Swedish farms, but if there's nobody on your list who owns a Swedish farm, they may be willing to make themselves responsible for a New York apartment. An eight-inch *tomte* is $3.75, a two-and-a-half-inch one is ninety cents. Pleasance Flowers, 29 East 73rd Street, sells well-fed plaster cherubs, ten inches high, who obligingly, if not very logically, bear good-sized plaster scallop shells on their heads. The shop fills the shells with attractive arrangements of artificial fruit and flowers, or, if you wish, real flowers; $15, either way. And there's an interesting band of angels at Black, Starr & Gorham whose bodies are artificial evergreens and whose heads are artificial fruits. One nice one, with a peach head and a silver halo, holds a pink candle while kneeling on a revolving brass music box that plays "Silent Night." Overall height, eleven inches; price, $12. Finally, if you fancy a Santa Claus head, Irene Hayes, 273 Park Avenue (47th), has one, and it's made of fresh flowers—pink carnations for the face, white chrysanthemums for the beard, and—well, you get the idea; $17.50.

HAS anybody thought about trimming Mother? Constance Spry, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd), has. The shop sells charming Christmas corsages made of white plastic flowers, gold pine cones, tiny red cotton birds, velvet leaves, and so on. The prices are $2.50 and $3, and there's a choice of about twenty-five designs. And, thinking of Mother still, we must mention Harry Bell, 524 East 85th Street (Trafalgar 9-3420), who will decorate a tree, a party, or a whole house. Door pieces start at $12, for a Santa's bag of red felt filled with evergreens, and centerpieces start at $15, for a

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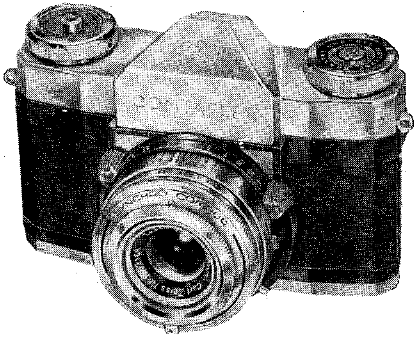

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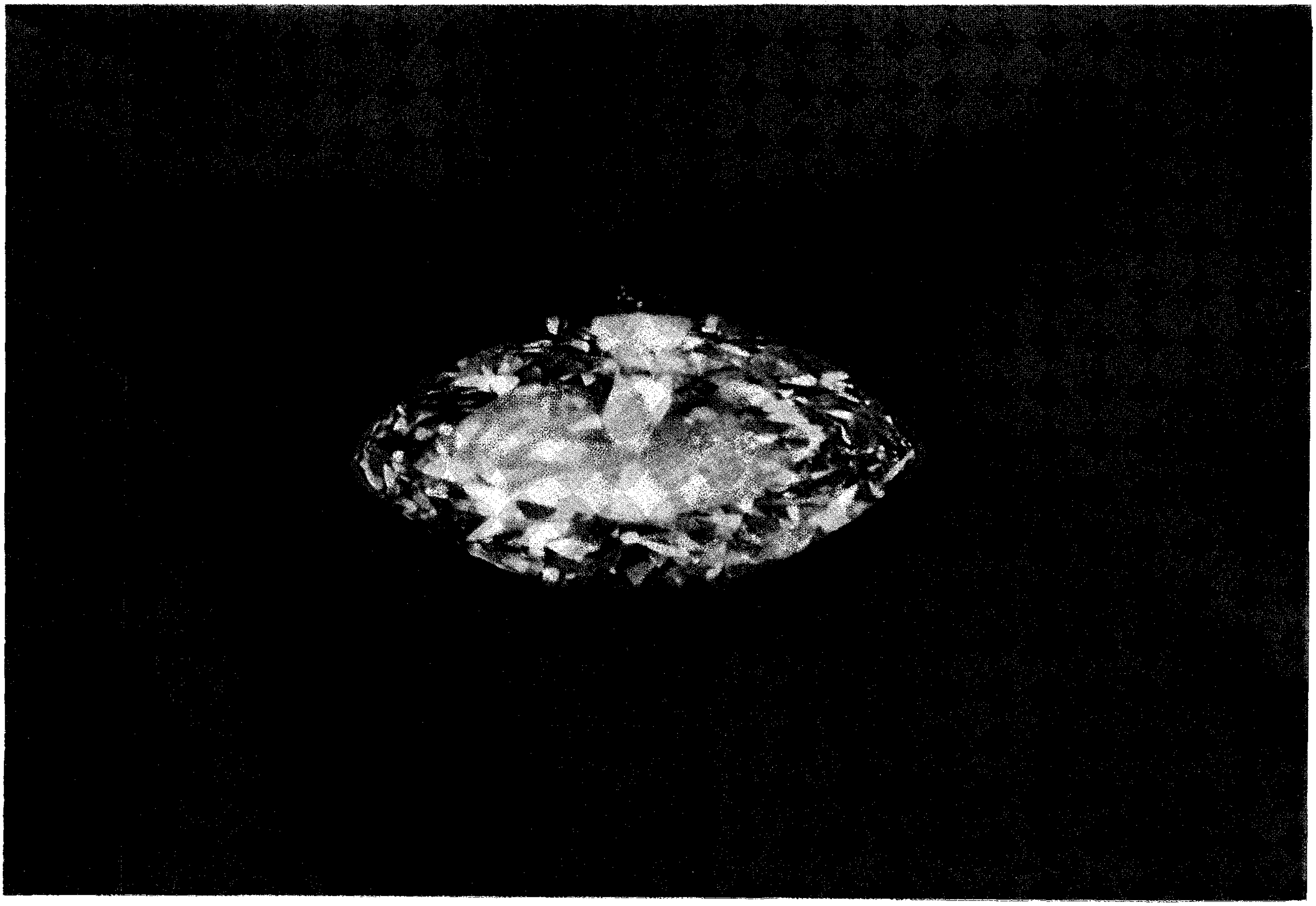

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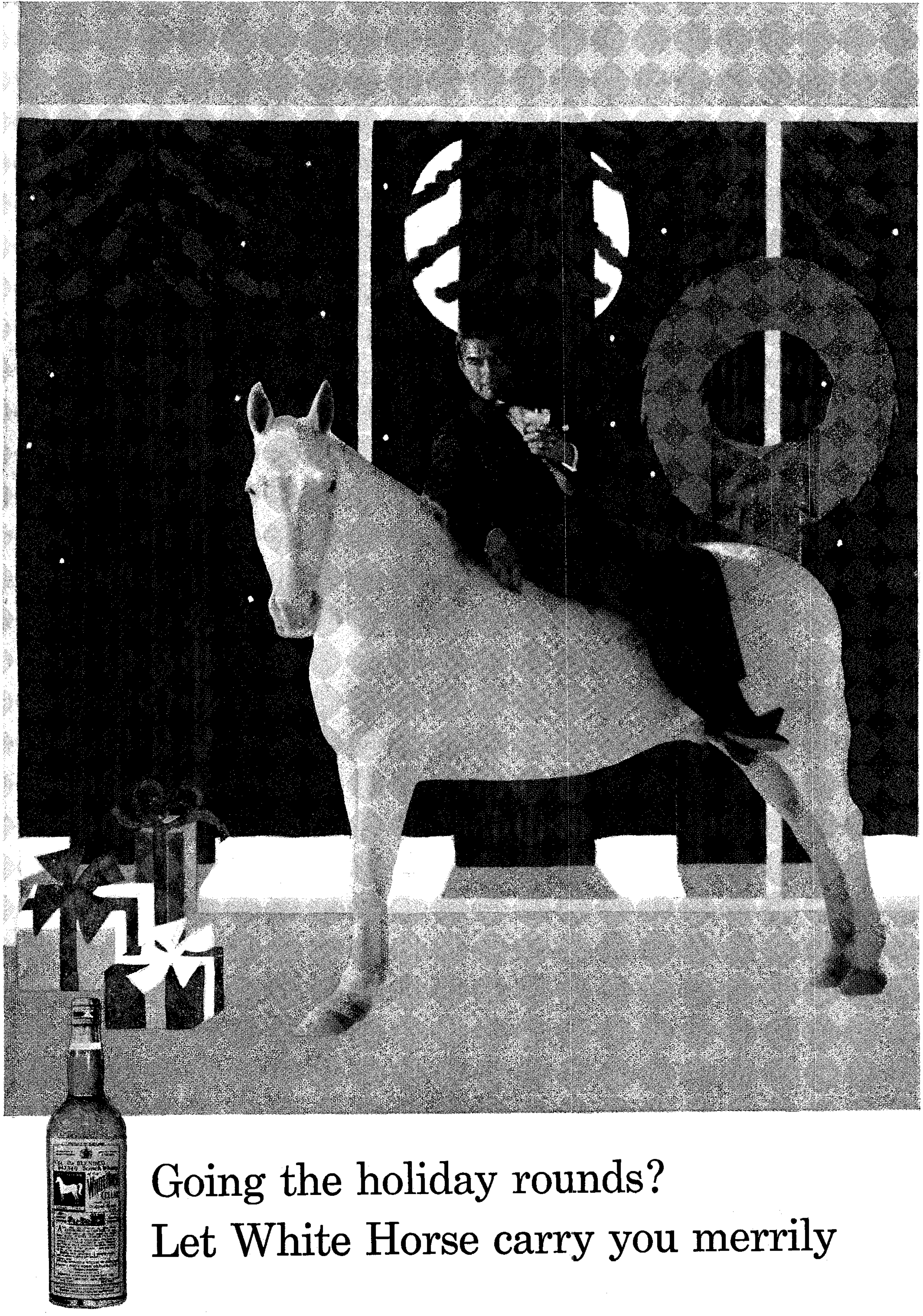

Going the holiday rounds?
Let White Horse carry you merrily

Santa and enough greenery to cover a card table. Mr. Bell will also invent all sorts of pretty things to go with preëxisting decorations. It takes him at least a week to execute orders, though.

PRACTICALLY every store gift-wraps presents, but some priceless gifts, like homemade plum puddings, call for wrapping by the donor, and East House, 1075 First Avenue (59th), takes care of this problem by selling a good five-dollar kit composed of ninety sheets of bright-colored tissue paper, twenty inches by thirty, and four thirty-foot spools of self-curling gold-foil ribbon, packed in a cardboard cylinder. The purchaser also receives—and this may be the happiest thought of all—wrapping instructions. The Little Shop Around the Corner, 26 East 91st Street, offers twenty-five feet of two-tone ribbon—magenta and black, peacock and purple, and so on—wrapped on flat wooden spools, for twenty-five cents. The ribbon, which comes from Japan, is made of wood fibre, and there is Japanese rice paper in blending colors, at fifty cents for four sheets, twenty inches by thirty. Bloomingdale carries white tissue paper printed with gold or silver fleurs-de-lis; ten twenty-by-thirty-inch sheets for thirty-five cents. And a remarkable collection of papers is at Nelson-Whitehead, down at 7 Laight Street (just off the corner of Sixth Avenue and Canal). There are gold and silver tea papers from Hong Kong, at $1 for a seventeen-by-thirty-eight-inch sheet, and Japanese rice papers, from thirty cents a sheet on up to $10, for a sheet of gold paper, measuring thirty-six inches by sixty-six, that is covered with a very thin layer of translucent silk. Florentine papers range in price from thirty cents, for an eighteen-by-twenty-seven-inch sheet in red or green with an allover pattern of tiny gold medallions, to $1.50, for a twenty-one-by-fifty-inch sheet printed with a hand-blocked floral design. At A. L. Brandon, 852 Lexington Avenue (64th), there's a collection of Christmas stickers to dress up packages. A sheet of four gold lace-paper snowflakes costs forty cents, and colorful little vignettes of children trimming a tree or carolling are sixteen for thirty cents. If your household is all thumbs, one of these might take the place of a big, beautiful—but hard-to-tie—ribbon bow.

•

Regarded the most aggressive of the five Rockefeller "boys," Nelson is a grandfather at 50.—*The Times.*

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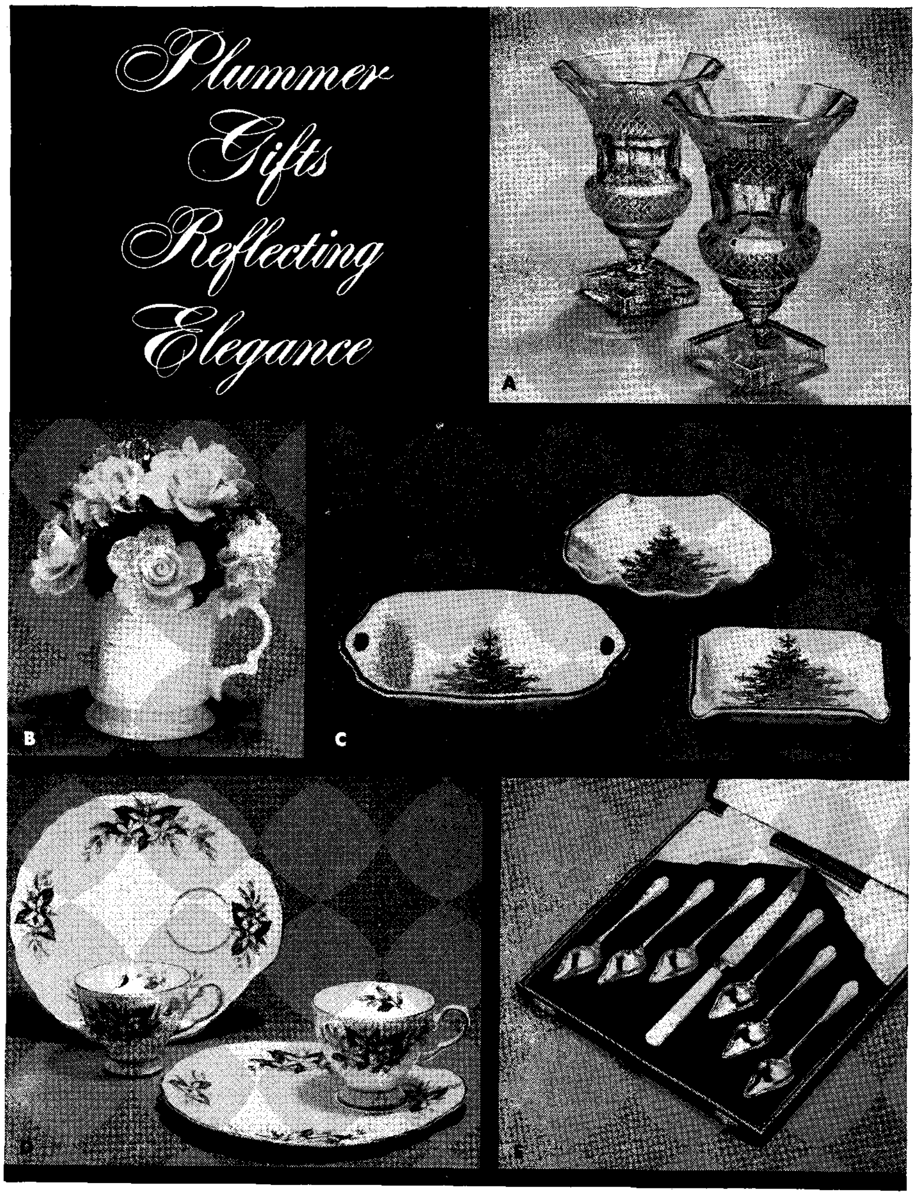

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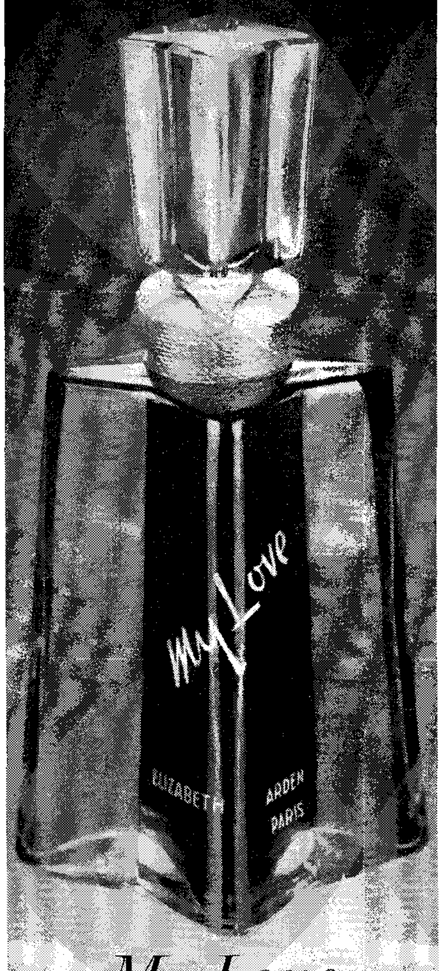

My Love
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Elizabeth Arden

BATTLES LONG AGO

OTHER people's wars, on the whole, are the best wars. At this season, I look back with a certain nostalgia to that little war between the big ones, fought in the thirties by the empires of Italy and Ethiopia. It was my first—and last—assignment as a war correspondent, and I like to recall it in terms of a notable Christmas dinner.

One of the advantages of that war was that you could not get near it. The Emperor of Ethiopia was a humane and liberal-minded ruler who shrank from exposing the press of the world to the hazards of travel through the backward domains of his less enlightened barons. So while the war raged at one end of the country, we all sat happily, three hundred miles off, at the other. The place we sat in was Addis Ababa, a misty, hilly capital reeking of eucalyptus trees and the smoke from mud huts but embellished with an up-to-date prison and a nice new concrete palace, which the Emperor had built in the style of a Swiss block of offices and had furnished to resemble the interior of an English country house where he had once stayed as the guest of a liberal-minded peer. One or two of the streets were paved—but only in the center—for European motor traffic; Ethiopian pedestrians walked in the broad, stony gutters at the sides, belabored at intervals with whips by a force of barefoot policemen.

I had arrived here in Addis Ababa in good time, before hostilities began. Besides the newspapermen, curious characters had gathered from various parts of the world, attracted by prospects of fortune from this, the first real war in some time. There was a Latvian colonel, with a monocle and immaculate tight breeches, who rode on a fine white horse, wore a variety of uniforms with a variety of medals, and proudly flourished a certificate from the French consul in Berlin, to the effect that he was in charge of a circus there, and that he had, moreover, once crossed the Sahara on a camel. He aspired, without success, to train the Ethiopian Army.

There was a totally bald Prussian baron, known to us as Colonel Haroun-al-Rashid. This name derived from one given him by the Turks in the big war, meaning "King of Machine Guns," which sounded so much like that of the Caliph as to make no difference. He was charged with being an Italian agent and, to his great indignation, was finally asked to leave by the Emperor. He was seen off at the station by most of the members of the foreign press, and we noticed that his large quantity of baggage bore the monogram "H.-al-R.," with a coronet.

Among the press corps, too, there were some curious characters. There was a round-faced little Japanese with a cryptic smile, who sent home cables in his native tongue, which no censor understood. There was an excitable Spaniard in plus fours, who rode a horse, and was forever losing wallets stuffed with notes and complaining of the inferior quality of the hotel sherry. There was a Sudanese like a monkey, who had a Brazilian passport, and who would clamber up trees or crawl beneath the hoofs of horses to get a good picture of a procession for the Egyptian magazine he represented. There was a Dutchman who would remark "A whip is the best dictionary here, is it not?" and who complained of Haile Selassie's unfriendly gesture in sending a couple of lions to Queen Wilhelmina as a present. "If friend send me lion," he would say, "he no more my friend." And there was an English author who sent his cables in Latin, to prevent them from being cribbed by the spies of his colleagues, until his paper, having no classical scholar among its sub-editors, instructed him sharply to send them in English.

As a league of correspondents, we were no more united than the League of Nations itself. When we met to ventilate our grievances against the Ethiopian authorities, we more often ventilated our grievances against one another. The French were continually walking out of these meetings, "*insultés*" by English or American breaches of manners toward them, or by their *placement* at the Emperor's occasional banquets, or by the fact that they had not been awarded medals. The Germans continually complained that nobody would speak their language and that they could not translate the Ethiopian communiqués, which were written in English. The Americans complained that the English treated the proceedings too frivolously, the English that the Americans treated them too seriously. I remember only two sensible motions that were put forward for discussion. One was that of the English author, who

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says **ROSALIND RUSSELL**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE

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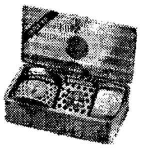

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St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

moved that cable rates from England to Ethiopia be tripled, to protect correspondents from being pestered by their editors for news; the other was that of the Spaniard, who moved "that there be more news." But there was no more news. The war was very far away.

My own special friend among the correspondents was Walter, a tall, pale fellow-Scotsman, of emotional temperament. He represented a reputable British agency, which reduced him to such depths of neurosis with its rebukes to him for lagging a minute or so behind his less reputable rivals in his messages that he took to cabling his news before it happened, just as they did.

Walter and I shared sources of information, some of which, in default of sufficient official communiqués, were of a dubious kind. One of them was an Arab spy whom I employed, and who earned the name of Mata Hari—certainly not because of his beauty, for he was a pock-marked creature in a filthy blue blazer and an orange turban like a boot rag, but because of his covert looks and slinking ways. I often had to visit him in jail, where he was sent for various misdemeanors, and where he would appear before me in chains with a sheepish request for an advance of salary to bail or bribe himself out. When not in jail, he would supply me with constant bulletins, written in purple ink and titled "The Ethiopia News":

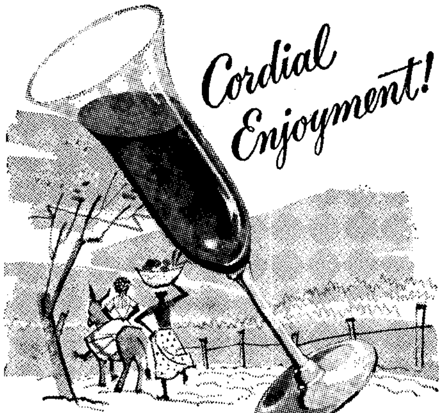
Soldiers. Feights near Bazar doors some of the Soldiers entered Bazar house as some brack heads bloods come out. Bazar Manger great trouble pushed them out.

The King Hailasally his Excellency endow the ammunitions for the nations.

Somali Merchant Mahmood Warofaih made trench in his garden and put his money, few day repeat to see his money and not found, at once come mad.

Eventually, Mata Hari's demands for money became so excessive that I disposed of him to Walter, who had a more generous expense account. Thereupon the spy wrote me a long registered letter, threatening to "file a suit-case" against me in the British Consular Court.

As we languished thus, Walter began to worry about Christmas—the Christmas of 1935, which now loomed only a few weeks ahead. In his romantic Scottish way, he took the season very seriously, and had planned that his wife, whom he loved deeply, as he had loved both her two predecessors, should come out from home in time to share it with him. But, to his profound disappointment, she was refused a visa. He



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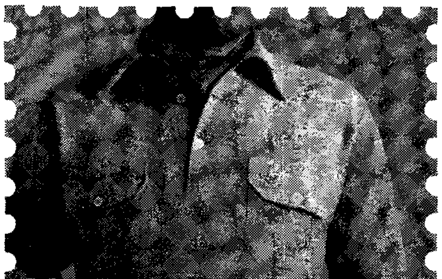

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and I decided to spend Christmas together. The question was where.

The three night clubs of Addis Ababa, attached to the three cinema houses, no longer allured us. It is true that for Christmas they were to be licensed as casinos, with tables for boule and roulette. But this, in Walter's view, was no way to spend the feast—one associated in his mind with good cheer around a homely fireside, among old familiar faces. Where, among the unseasonable amenities of Addis Ababa, to find such a fireside? Suddenly he had an inspiration. Some sixty miles from the city, amid rolling highland scenery, there was a lake—to Walter, a loch—we had once visited, and on its shore there was a solitary hotel, run in homely enough fashion by a family of Germans. We would go there, the two of us, to eat our Christmas dinner in proper traditional style.

There remained the problem of food. We had lived well enough in Addis Ababa until the war began. There was the Ghantokis grocery store, run by a Greek and stocked with delicacies worthy of Fortnum & Mason. But on the invasion of the country this Greek was interned, because he came from the Dodecanese Islands, which made him, in the eyes of the Ethiopians, an Italian. It was rumored that the French Minister held the key to the store. It looked as though he alone would enjoy caviar with his Christmas dinner.

Then, there was the problem of drink. There had been wine enough in Addis Ababa until the outbreak of war, when Walter himself, in a fever of indignation, led a party of correspondents through the hotels and the bars, smashing every available bottle of Chianti and Italian vermouth. "What for you do that?" cried one furious bartender. "That Greek Chianti, not Italian." But it was too late.

So there was no more wine. The rumor in this case was that the London *Times* correspondent had taken over the Italian Minister's cellar on the latter's expulsion. But that did not help us, either. There was gin and whiskey to be had—of a kind. There was *koniak* (*sic*). There was vodka, distilled in a bathtub by a White Russian prince, a former big-game hunter, who also sold us badly cured leopard skins and lions' manes and monkey rugs. And, of course, there was *tej*, the sour-sweet Ethiopian "beer," made from fermented honey, which had been served to us once or twice, with lavish helpings of raw meat cut straight from

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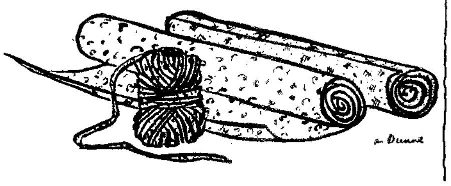
the carcass, at Ethiopian tables. It had endeared Colonel Haroun-al-Rashid to us that on being challenged by a colleague to drink this stuff he had glanced down at his row of medals, declared "I'm frightened of nothing!," and drunk it. But for Christmas, insisted Walter, we must have wine—nuts and wine.

He drafted a detailed and expensive cable to a friend of his in Aden, the well-stocked British port across the Red Sea, requesting an appropriate Christmas hamper and a case of champagne to be dispatched to Addis Ababa at once by boat and rail. This friend supplied him regularly with a brand of Turkish cigarette, which we both enjoyed, called Dublin Fusiliers—an arrangement that had once given rise to a flood of military rumors, when a cable of Walter's requesting the immediate dispatch of two thousand Dublin Fusiliers was intercepted by the Ethiopian authorities.

All Walter and I had to do now was to sit down and hope for the arrival of our Christmas treat. There were only two trains a week from the coast up to Addis Ababa. As Christmas drew near, Walter met every train, with mounting anxiety. The penultimate train arrived without a sign of our Christmas hamper. Walter returned from the station in a mood of profound dejection, from which nothing but the home-distilled vodka could rouse him. By the time the day of the last train dawned, he was in a state of acute nervous agitation, which I tried in vain to soothe. I accompanied him to the station, talking lightly of other matters. The train came in. The baggage car was unloaded, and there, to my inexpressible relief and to Walter's unconcealed joy, was our case of champagne, together with a hamper that proved to contain, among other delicacies, potted caviar and pâté de foie gras, canned turtle soup, canned turkey, canned sausages, canned chestnuts, bottled cranberry sauce, sugared almonds, preserved dates, dried nuts, crystallized fruits, and, best of all, a real plum pudding.

We drove out to the lake late on Christmas afternoon. We were accompanied by my Ethiopian servant, whose name, translated into English, was the Angel Gabriel. He was looking for-



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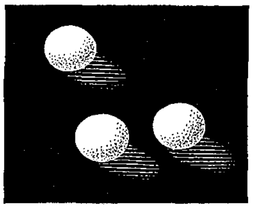

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ward to his Christmas dinner, because I had promised him that he might eat as much as he pleased of the hedgerow outside the hotel. I remembered, from my previous visit, that this hedgerow contained a plant called kat, which had intoxicating properties akin to those of alcohol. Another passenger was Walter's monkey, a small, scampish animal to which he was deeply attached.

The road out to the lake was terrible, but after some two hours of rattling over its corrugated surface we reached the hotel around twilight, in the thickest of mists. Walter, Celtic soul that he was, sniffed this with rapture and then ran down to paddle his feet in the dark highland water. The monkey scurried up into a tree, where it sat chattering on a branch, and refused to come down when called. The hotel was proud of its Pernod, and, making ourselves at home in the snug, timbered hallway with its bright cretonne curtains, we drank a glass or two of this as we unpacked the Christmas dinner, which the proprietress promised to heat up for us. We set the cans happily out before her. Then, all of a sudden, Walter's face turned a deathly gray, and he cried out, as one in agony, "The plum pudding's been left behind!"

So, indeed, it had. I tried to console him. After all, we had a splendid spread in prospect, with many varieties of dessert to end up with. We could eat the plum pudding another time. "*Another time!*" he exclaimed in contemptuous amazement, and I observed that a pair of tears had actually begun to form in his eyes. "But this is Christmas Night!" A Christmas dinner without plum pudding was not to be thought of. There was no possible course but to send the Angel Gabriel back in the car to fetch the pudding. I protested that the trip through the mist and darkness, over the corrugated road, would take more than four hours. To cook the plum pudding would take perhaps another hour. It was six o'clock. We should be lucky to get our dinner before midnight. Was it really worth waiting all that time?

But Walter was adamant, and the car drove off. The fire in its open rustic grate was started, and, amid the smell of eucalyptus-wood smoke, we sat down before it to drink. Walter lit one of his Dublin Fusiliers and was soon contented enough, sitting back in his armchair and playing with his monkey, which had scampered in out of the cold to drape itself around his neck. It was a seasonable domestic scene.

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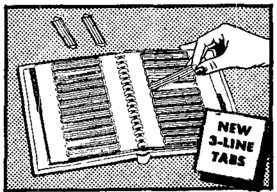

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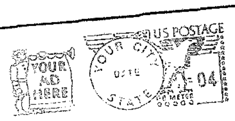

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then we switched to the champagne. After the third hour, we opened and ate the caviar. Walter gave the monkey little sips of champagne. We began to drink toasts—to absent friends, to Walter's wife, to his two previous wives, to my mother, to my brothers and sisters, to the Latvian colonel, to the Prussian baron, to the Japanese and the Spaniard and the Dutchman and the English author and the monkey, and ending with "Death to Mussolini!" and "Up the Emperor!"

In this way, the time passed quickly enough, and presently we looked up to see the Angel Gabriel, swaying a little, before us, a bunch of green leaves from the hedgerow, at which he nibbled, in one hand, the plum pudding in the other. We put it on to cook, and sat down to our Christmas dinner—to the foie gras, the turtle soup, and the turkey and all its garnishings—swilling it down with more and more champagne.

Finally, the plum pudding arrived. Walter set it alight with *koniak*. We took a few mouthfuls of it. It was undercooked and uneatable. We flung it to the monkey, and started to sing Scotch songs. After all, this was Christmas Night. —PATRICK KINROSS

•

PAEAN

Dorcus Haget Padget has published "The Development of the Cranial Venous System in Man, from the Viewpoint of Comparative Anatomy."... Detailed analysis must wait, but paging through this well-illustrated publication gives some concept of the enormous amount of detailed work she has done and fills one with admiration for the skills of this artist-turned-embryologist. Surely by such basic work as this will our neurosurgical endeavors benefit.—*Oscar Sugar in The Year Book of Neurology, Psychiatry and Neurosurgery, 1957-58 Year Book Series.*

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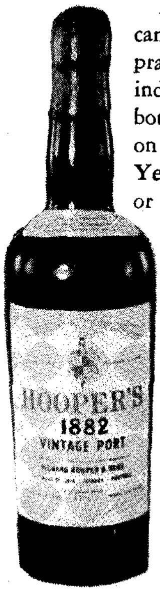

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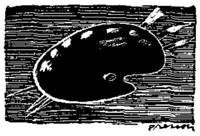

"DECORATIVE" is a word which, however harmless in other fields of reference, has always had a slightly disparaging connotation in art. There it is ordinarily used to describe those innocuous little canvases, neat and tasteful in treatment but banal in subject—the tidy landscapes, the flower studies, and so on—that are occasionally to be found in certain of the old-line galleries, and its meaning, I take it, is that the work has no depth below its surface of technical proficiency, and no value beyond adding a spot of color to a room. Until now, it has been applied only to representational painting, possibly because the capacities and the limitations of this method are already clearly defined and it is easier to judge how well or how ill the artist has made use of its resources.

It occurred to me, though, as I went through the newest Carnegie International, or (as it's now to be called) the Pittsburgh International, which opened last week at the Carnegie Institute Fine Arts Gallery, in Pittsburgh, that, without our quite noticing it, some of the work in the more modern styles may also be sinking toward the purely decorative level as the methods themselves become more and more academicized. This is true, and has been for some time, in Cubism, where anyone who simply repaints Braque or Gris is automatically open to question. But it is harder to determine in Expressionism, in which the style, from the beginning, has never aimed at a similar rigidity of design. And it's hardest of all, of course, in the newer modes, such as Abstract Expressionism, in which the style itself is still in a formative stage, and it is therefore difficult to be didactic about techniques and philosophies that are themselves still largely undefined. But this school, for all its emphasis on the impromptu, has been in existence for close to a generation, and I find myself wondering if it isn't time we—artists, critics, spectators alike, and perhaps most of all artists—stopped taking the school en bloc and started trying to decide what part of it is "decorative" and what is meaningful.

This was my first visit to the Carnegie, and I discovered when I got there that I'd picked a good time to go.

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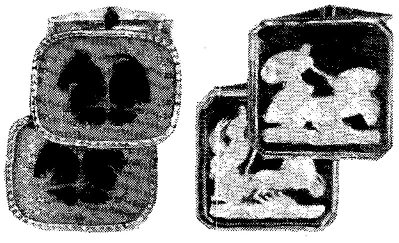

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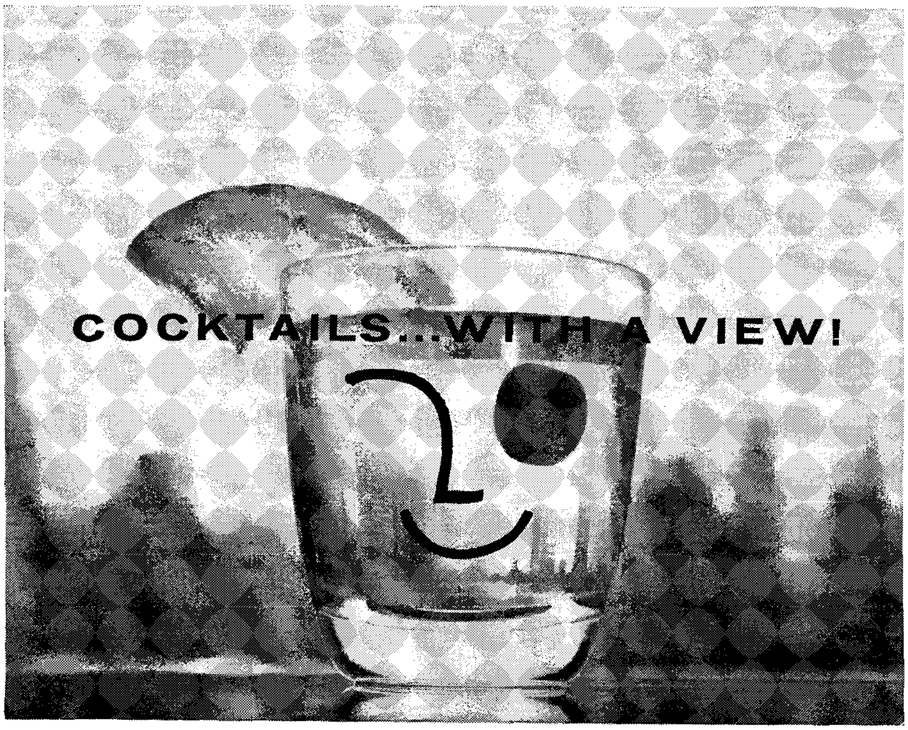
The series is an old one (among the Internationals, only the Venice Biennale, founded in 1895, antedates it, and by only one year), and the shows, since they draw on all Western (and now even Eastern) art, are normally large. This year, though, is the one in which Pittsburgh is celebrating its own two-hundredth anniversary as a city, and in honor of the event the exhibition has been enlarged considerably. For the first time in many years, a sculpture section has been added, and the number of exhibits is thus raised, by a hundred-odd items, to a total of almost five hundred. In addition, a large and highly interesting retrospective exhibition of works from previous Internationals has been included, and since these run to nearly a hundred more items, it will be seen that the show is truly an enormous one.

It's so big, indeed, that it's hard to bring into the compass of comfortable analysis, and the arrangement, good from one point of view, is a handicap from another. For my own part, I had hoped that the show would be divided on national lines, so each school could be studied in its contemporary geographical manifestations. But the hanging committee—on the, I suppose, logical ground that a truly international exhibition should override all lesser boundaries—decided against this, and the show has been hung by schools. While this makes for a far greater feeling of smoothness and homogeneity—no awkward juxtapositions, no startling conflicts of styles—it does, I think, tend to defeat the exhibition's original purpose. Maybe I'm not global enough, but (to put it in the simplest terms) what I went to the Carnegie to see was what the French, say, were doing as against the Italians or the English, what new movements were developing in each country, and, if possible, how each reflected the national character, and—I think primarily because of the setup—I came away feeling defeated.

In general, though, the show is a lively one, and big as it is numerically, the museumlike expanse of galleries in the Institute's old Fine Arts Building is spacious enough to hold it comfortably, without any feeling of crowding as one walks through. If I acquired few detailed impressions, I did get some general ones. I feel that I detected, in such pieces as Jan Muller's "The Virgins," Gerrit Benner's "Early Summer," and the rather de Kooningesque "The Toilers, the Players, and the Sleepers," by Reva, a movement back toward the purely Expressionistic, and



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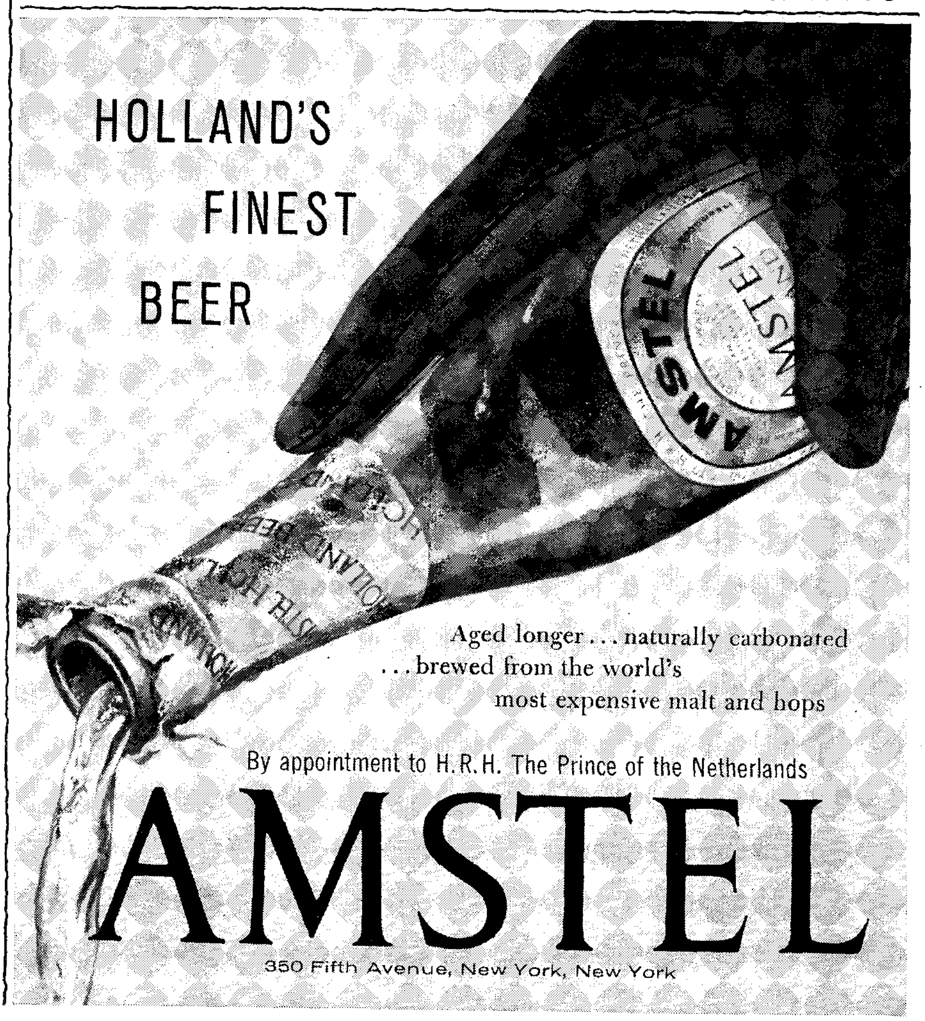

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even to the deliberately naïve—above all, a reaching for a way of introducing a figurative reference into the Abstract Expressionist framework, which seemed to parallel similar efforts by American artists.

I was interested, too, in the wave of Oriental influences that appear to have engulfed us, both here and, as the show indicates, abroad, and that are apparent in such paintings as Lucio Fontana's "Spatial Conception" and Emilio Scanavino's "Living Things." Yet it was along about here that the "decorative" began nagging me, since, for all their unquestionable gracefulness, these paintings and others of their genre are tenuous to the point of the cobwebby in design; and I was troubled by it again when confronted by such work as Kenneth Callahan's "Rising Mists," Barnett Newman's "Day Before One," Vasarely's "Vega," and "Nude," by Frank Auerbach. The last, a dim shape on crusty brown, is mainly an exercise in impasto, and the first is thin and rather formless, while the rest depend principally on technical tricks for their success. All seem as open to the charge of basic meaninglessness as any "academic" still-life.

But I don't want to go on trying to find signposts for the future when there may be none, nor do I like to use the works of individual artists as springboards for more generalized complaints. Curiously, in view of the excellence of our showing, no American got a paintings prize, and I wasn't greatly taken with some of the works that did, particularly the top one, the Antonio Tàpies bas-relief-like abstraction called "Painting" (decorative again?). But Afro's dashingly diagonal "Villa Fleurent," which won second prize, seemed wholly successful, and I'd cite such others as Adolph Gottlieb's restrained but powerful "Blast II," Franz Kline's swashbuckling "Siegfried," Wolf Barth's dark, earthy "Albanar," and Peter Lanyon's looming "Lynmouth." There were many more almost equally effective.

In the sculpture, as in the paintings, there is no attempt at compartmentation by national groups. I did get the idea, though, that among the foreign artists the Italians are still the most adventurous in this medium, as the British seem the most solidly qualified technically. Most of the pieces I noted were in one or the other of these camps—among the Italians, Luciano Minguzzi's inventive "Shadow in the Forest, No. 2" and the friezelike, cracklingly animated "Growing," by Gio Pomodoro,

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along with the calmer "Cardinal," by Giacomo Manzu; among the British, Lynn Chadwick's highly formalized "Encounter V," Kenneth Armitage's stiffly stylized "Seated Woman with Arms Extended," and the stately "Reclining Figure," by Henry Moore, which took second prize. But these two groups had no monopoly of talent, and I also enjoyed Doris Caesar's gaunt "Young Woman with Raised Arms," Jacques Lipchitz's agonized "Agar in the Desert," and the floweringly involuted "Crucible," by Seymour Lipton. The two-story-high Calder mobile called "Pittsburgh," which won first prize, is as handsome and stately in movement as it is massive.

The retrospective section, put in this year for lagniappe, runs from a group of six paintings from the very first exhibition in the series, back in 1896 (and including the first-prize winner of that year, a Maine scene of Winslow Homer's, "The Wreck"), right on down to the 1955 winner, "Crown of Thorns," by Alfred Manessier. Ninety more canvases cover the years between, and the total impression is that if the Institute has seldom been adventurous, it has rarely been unwieldily slow in catching up with the advancing trends and has always shown generally sound taste and discrimination. Thus, if such now almost forgotten figures as Johanna K. W. Hailman and George Frederic Watts appear in the 1896 group—the first with a study of a coyly pensive maid holding a spray of roses, and the second with an equally sentimental "Little Red Riding Hood"—so does Degas, with a couple of paintings, one of them a spirited race-track scene called "Avant le Départ." The once immensely respected Puvis de Chavannes shows up later, along with the flashily popular Jean François Raffaelli, but so do Sisley, Monet, Pissarro, and others of the Impressionists, and, still later, such men as Matisse, Braque, Kokoschka, Beckmann, Klee, and (among the Americans) Sloan, Luks, Franklin C. Watkins, Peter Blume, and Edward Hopper. It's a highly creditable showing, as far as the Institute is concerned, and a welcome one to the spectator, since it provides perspective for the current collection. —ROBERT M. COATES

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Richard Widmark is encouraging long-time friend, Gene Tierney, to costar with him next year in "Irresistible"—the story of the Dead Sea Scrolls—for his own company.—*The Mirror.*

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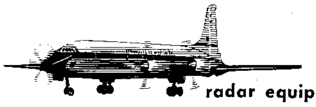

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LETTER FROM BERLIN

December 3

IN front of the main entrance of the Tempelhof Airport, in the center of Berlin, there is a towering abstract sculpture that suggests a section cut from an airplane wing. It was put up in 1950, to commemorate the *Luftbrücke*, or airlift, with which the West had broken the Russian blockade of Berlin the year before. Before long, in the Berlin tradition of irreverence, West Berliners began to call it the *Hungerkralle*, or hunger claw, but the other day, when I went to the airport to meet a friend, I noticed that several people hurrying ahead of me were turning to look at the monument, as if it had reminded them of something. One jaunty gentleman tipped his hat to it. The latest Russian attempt to squeeze the Western Powers out of the city has sent a sudden chill down the spine of West Berliners, all right, but they seem to find the chill more refreshing than frightening. There are a great many thoughtful people in West Berlin today who are not entirely displeased by the present crisis, even though they are perfectly aware of how serious it might become. In East Berlin, banners saying "Berlin Isn't Worth a War" have blossomed out all along the boundary line, but the West Berliners pay little attention to them, no matter how they may feel on the subject, because the fact is that nobody in West Berlin pays much attention to the antics of the Communists across the way. However, the threats from Russia do seem to have given the West Berliners a new sense of purpose. Or perhaps it is just the thrill that comes from occupying the center of the world stage.

"People were feeling unfulfilled," a friend who was born here explained to me last week when I asked him about this paradoxical state of affairs. "Most Germans are happy only when they are struggling toward some vague, mystical national ideal. The thing is, we just can't get rid of our awful German sense of the heroic. Under the Kaiser, there was the Deutschland Über Alles notion, and under Hitler there was the Thousand Year Reich, but lately there has been nothing. The only purpose in life has seemed to be to make more money—to buy yourself a better car and your wife a new dress. Sure, we can afford all that, but prosperity isn't everything."

I asked him if the unification of Berlin and the rest of Germany hadn't been a sufficient goal, and he looked at me scornfully. "Berliners have always been realists," he said. "We can't see any way out of our isolation, and neither can anybody else. As a matter of fact, we feel abandoned by our own people in West Germany—the 'Economic Wonderland,' they're calling it. Those Rhinelanders in Bonn! What do they care about Berlin? They come here and walk up to the Russian barricades with tears in their eyes and pick forget-me-nots, but that's about all. You notice that no sooner had Khrushchev got the words out of his mouth about making West Berlin a 'free city' than the West Germans were running to their brokers to dump their shares in West Berlin industries. But this city always has its finest hours under pressure, and the current crisis is no exception. Nobody is withdrawing his savings from the bank. The airlines aren't selling more tickets than usual, and I don't see any crowds clamoring to get on the trains for West Germany, or queuing up to buy food they can hoard. Our job now is to convince our enemies—and our friends as well—that West Berlin will not cave in, even if we are abandoned."

My friend's attitude of cynical determination, I soon learned, is a common one in West Berlin today. Throughout the city, one sees signs on torn-up streets and on bustling building sites that say, "Reconstruction of the Capital Berlin," but these notices, instead of firing people with the notion that someday Berlin will again be the capital of all Germany, merely make them more conscious than ever of their city's loss of prestige. Another man I talked to told me that there were three classes of Germans today: first-class, or West Germans, who live in the German Federal Republic, a hundred and thirty miles away from West Berlin; second-class, or West Berliners, two million two hundred thousand of whom live in their hundred and eighty-four square miles of the dismembered city; and third-class, or East Germans. There are a million two hundred thousand of these last in the hundred and fifty-three square miles of Berlin allotted to the Russian conquerors, and the rest, sixteen and a half million, are sealed off from both East Berlin and the outside world in what is called "the Zone"—Russian-occupied East Germany. Except for the recent three-day interruption of military convoys, which now seems to have been a publicity stunt to focus attention on Berlin in preparation for the announcement of Russia's intentions, communications between West Berlin and the Federal Republic are about the same as they were six months ago, when I last visited the city. Ten trains run in each direction every day, and the station they use in West Berlin has only recently been rebuilt. This is the Zoo station, which, by a fluke in the Four-Power Agreement, was left to the administration of the East Germans, along with the rest of the railroad system in Berlin. The bomb-ruined hulk of the station had been such an eyesore in the midst of West Berlin plenty that the newspapers began needling the East about it, and finally someone suggested that West Berlin rebuild the station and make a gift of it to the East German railroad. That did the trick.

The flow of freight to and from West Berlin has proceeded without a really serious hitch for a long time now. More than a million and a half tons moved west last year, and seven million tons moved east. On a few previous occasions, trucks and trains were delayed at check points by the Vopos, as the East German People's Police are called, but the flow has never been stopped altogether. If the Russians—or the Vopos—now do decide suddenly to stop all land traffic again, the people of West Berlin will no doubt tighten their belts in anticipation of another airlift, and wait to see what happens, enjoying every minute of it. Even before the current excitement came along, I often heard

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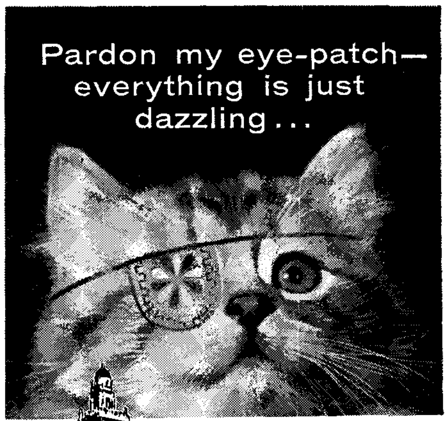
them reminiscing about the blockade in much the same wistful way that members of the American Legion talk about the First World War. ("Ah, 1948—those were the days! Danger, drama, heroism!")

I suppose that actually the West Berliners, who call themselves *Insulaner*, or islanders, are happy with almost anything that will take their minds off their isolation. One warm Sunday late last June, I drove out to the suburban lakeside resort of Wannsee, along with about half the population of West Berlin. The cars crept along bumper to bumper, and when I finally reached the beach, it was packed solid with people. It was no worse than Coney Island on a pleasant summer Sunday, but then a New Yorker doesn't *have* to go to Coney Island; there are fifty other places where he can go. West Berliners have no alternative; they go to Wannsee or they stay at home. Moreover, there are no provisions for spending the night in Wannsee, so everybody drives back into town on Saturday night and drives out again on Sunday morning. It depresses people who have cars and can afford a weekend jaunt now and again to know that on a nice day they can't just up and drive out to the lakes of Mecklenburg or Mark Brandenburg, because these happen to be in the Zone. "I don't like to feel unwanted in my own country," I heard one old burgher who had owned a summer cottage in Mecklenburg telling a crony. Some of the people here are afraid that their children won't grow up with a sense of being Berliners at all, and will start moving out to West Germany, where they won't feel so isolated. As a matter of fact, a lot of young men have left in the past several years, and the ratio of women to men is on the increase again in West Berlin; there are now thirteen hundred and fifty women for every thousand men.

Berliners have always been fond of pets, but nowadays, either because of general boredom, which the political tensions of the moment have not entirely dispelled, or because of something having to do with the fact that they feel like caged animals themselves, they seem to be keeping more dogs, cats, turtles, and birds than ever before. I was told of a woman in East Berlin who raises a few chickens in her back yard and now and again smuggles half a dozen eggs into West Berlin in her handbag and sells them to friends. She uses the egg money to buy bird food for her parakeet before she goes back home; the East Berlin bird food isn't good enough for him, she says. Boredom may



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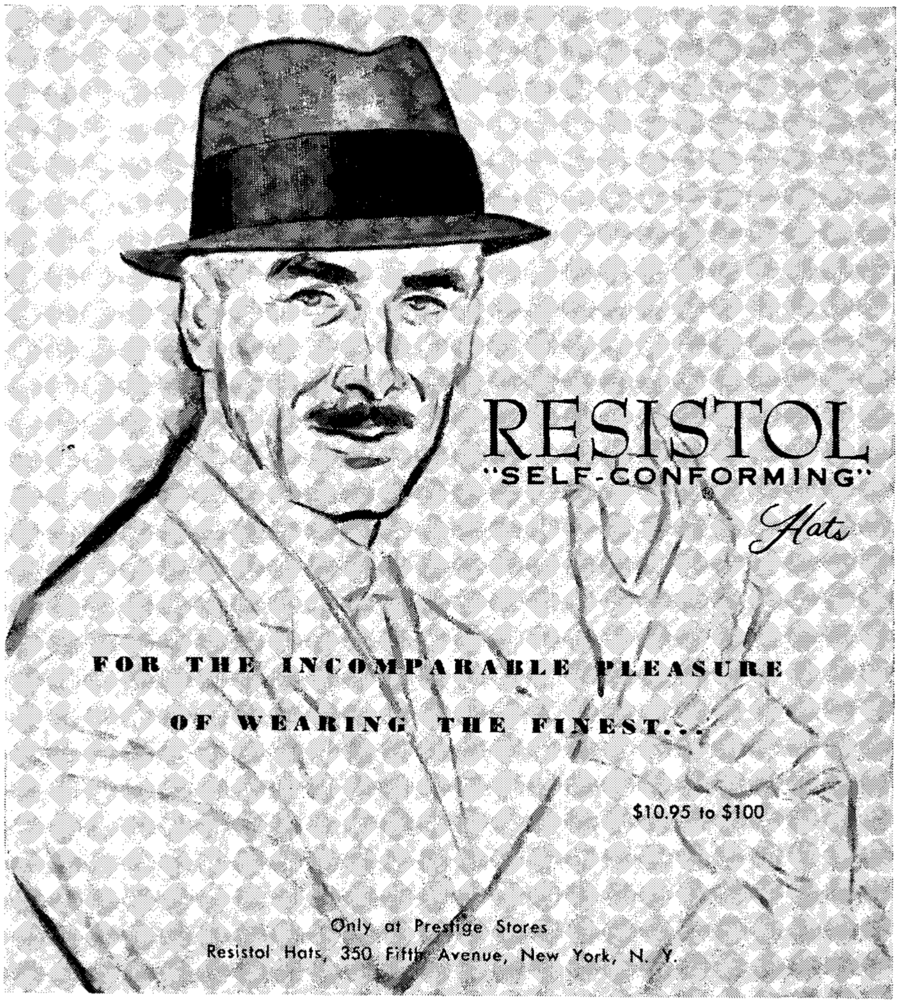
also account for the unusual amount of gambling that is going on. In West Berlin, everybody plays *Lotto*—not the universal family pastime of the same name but a legalized form of the numbers game—and in East Berlin the other morning I saw the results of the previous day's horse races in faraway Auteuil posted in several stores where bets are taken.

WHAT seems to alarm Berliners more than Mr. Khrushchev's latest rumblings is the fear that their city is becoming provincial—a dreadful word in Berlin, which was once so proud of its creative talent, its exciting theatre, its daring ideas in art, and its excellent newspapers. Today, West Berlin's eight papers have no hinterland. They arrive in the Federal Republic too late to have a large sale there, and, of course, they are not allowed in East Berlin—to say nothing of East Germany—at all. The city's largest daily, the *Berliner Zeitung*, has a circulation of two hundred and sixty-two thousand, and what many residents consider the best-edited local paper, *Der Tagesspiegel*, has only a hundred thousand. (The three leading German newspapers today are the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, of Munich, and *Die Welt*, of Hamburg.) Even so, Berlin still has the greatest density of newspaper readers in the country, and the largest printing plant (Ullstein, with three thousand employees), but Germany's leading correspondents and commentators are all stationed in Bonn now. No Berlin paper is being read in the world's chancelleries, as the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Vossische Zeitung* were in their day.

As for the theatre, it is true that West Berlin's seven repertory theatres, most of which put on a different play every night of the week, are keeping things lively. Playgoers had a wide selection to choose from last week, including such familiar American and British items as "Look Back in Anger," "Tea and Sympathy," "Blue Denim," "Look Homeward, Angel," "Under Milk Wood," and "The Entertainer"—not to mention "Die Dreigroschenoper," which has been a Berlin favorite for years—but despite all this activity there are people who say that the performances are even more stimulating in East Berlin's state-controlled repertory theatres, especially the Theater am Schiffbauerdamm, which has performed all of Berthold Brecht's plays since "Die Dreigroschenoper" opened there in 1928.

Once upon a time, the night spots of



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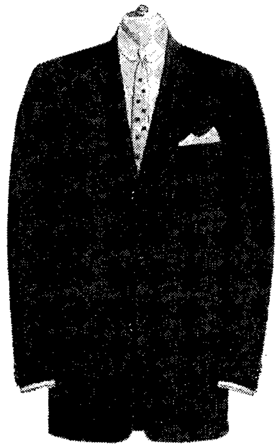

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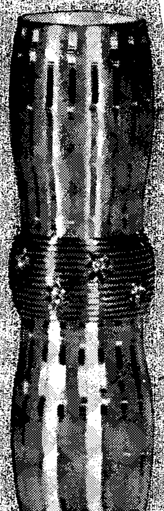

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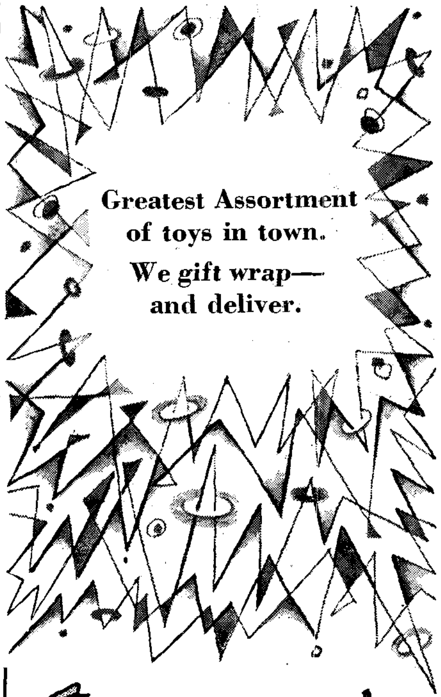
Berlin were famous throughout Europe for their fine popular music, their dashing women, and their witty shows. Now this sort of night life is only a memory. Berlin's best customers were always the rich uncles from the provinces, who came here for a spree, but these days any rich uncles in West Germany prefer to spend their money in the boomtown dives of Düsseldorf or the older and more traditional hot spots of Munich, or else in the gambling casinos of Travemünde and Baden-Baden. A few bars around Berlin's Rialto, the Kurfürstendamm, are doing a fairly brisk business, and the shows at Remde's St. Pauli, specializing in beauties who are bare to the waist, are always sold out, but the clientele is made up mostly of Scandinavian, Swiss, French, and American tourists, with a scattering of local businessmen on expense accounts. Many Berliners prefer to attend bicycle races or jazz concerts, or to congregate in hordes at the Olympic Stadium in West Berlin, where, in a moving demonstration of citywide togetherness, fifty thousand East and West Berliners regularly watch the soccer games.

The city's most popular diversion, however, is the cinema. West Berlin has always been motion-picture-crazy, and along the Kurfürstendamm there are more than a dozen sumptuous movie palaces, whose large crowds evoke mournful memories in the hearts of visiting moguls from Hollywood. Moreover, Berlin is the biggest film-producing center in the country, thanks largely to Artur Brauner, who was born in Lódz, Poland, and came here as a displaced person at the end of the war. Last year, he turned out thirty-seven pictures—more than many major Hollywood studios did. Brauner brought off his first coup in 1948, when he produced two films with cheap Reichsmark and, by good luck, had them ready for release at the time of the currency reform, which made it possible for him to take in solid marks for a lightweight investment. Today, he owns the thriving CCC-Film, or Central Cinema Company, which has converted a bombed-out poison-gas factory in suburban Spandau into Germany's most modern film studio and is already making half as many pictures annually as the giant UFA combine made in its heyday. Brauner is as widely known for his economies as Goldwyn is for his malapropisms; a recent anecdote has it that when one of Brauner's directors asked him for six hundred extras to make up a concert audience in a film, he cut the number to five hundred, saying, "After



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all, concerts aren't always sold out." Films are also being made in the former UFA studios themselves, in Tempelhof, as well as in East Berlin's Babelsberg studios, where the state-controlled DEFA (Deutsche Film Aktiengesellschaft) produces a rather special brand of entertainment. These German-made films are seldom shown in the United States. Many of them are what Berliners call *Heimat Kitsch*, or hometown trash—vapid tearjerkers about the romances of Schwarzwald peasant girls, frankly made to reach "the lowest common denominator," as one studio executive told me. Another type of new film—perhaps a less innocent one—glorifies the exploits of German war heroes, such as the U-boat commander Gunther Prien, or depicts German bravery in Russian prisoner-of-war camps, as in "Der Arzt von Stalingrad." There is also a cycle of sexy films dealing with call girls and drug addicts, and that just about ends it—no comedies, no satire, no audacious experiments, as in the avant-garde days of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

THE Hotel Gehrhus, where I have been staying on this trip, was built forty-six years ago as a palatial mansion by the Kaiser's private legal adviser, Dr. Walter von Pannwitz, who was also a well-known art collector. He spent the equivalent of a million dollars on making his home a suitable setting for his paintings, Gobelins, and rare china, and employed a staff of seventeen to run it. No expense was spared. The grand salon, which was copied from the Doges' Palace in Venice, has a gold-leaf ceiling worth thousands of dollars; the reception hall and the dining room are done in French Renaissance style; the library has a hand-painted ceiling, and its woodwork is copied from that in the library of a French château; in the main hall is a Persian silk rug whose companion piece went down with the Titanic. The Kaiser's children used to play in the park outside. Dr. von Pannwitz, a loyal monarchist, followed the Kaiser into exile in Holland (he built a similar, but slightly larger, house there), and since then the Berlin mansion has had its ups and downs. It was closed when the Nazis took over, and remained closed until 1938, when it was leased as an embassy by the pro-Nazi Slovakian government of Monsignor Josef Tiso, who was hanged for high treason by his compatriots nine years later. In 1945, the British Army installed an officers' club in the place and named it the Embassy. The British gave it up six years later, and

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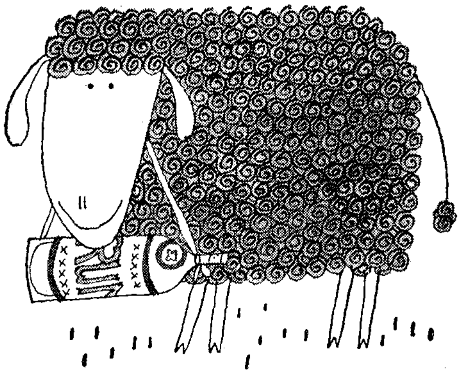

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then it was rented from the West German government by a former headwaiter of the Hotel Adlon named Wolfgang Gehrhus, who made it over into a hotel.

The Gehrhus is surrounded by the beautiful pine trees of the Grunewald district, which came through the war with only minor damage, and in making a reservation here I had hoped to escape the eternal hammering and drilling that I knew were going on in downtown Berlin, but my first morning in the hotel I was awakened at seven o'clock sharp by a pneumatic clatter outside, and when I left for a walk around the neighborhood, I saw just as many torn-up streets, complete with "Detour" signs, and just as many unfinished buildings as I would have encountered anywhere else in the city. And that is a great many, because reconstruction started later in West Berlin than it did in West Germany, and the Berliners are making up for lost time. A citizen visiting some distant section of the city he hasn't seen in several months is likely to feel that he has come to the wrong place, since hardly anything looks the way it did before. I have heard it said in West Germany that West Berlin is building "at other people's expense," because as much as a billion marks annually, or nearly half the city's total income, has come from the federal government, while in the past ten years the American government has pumped in an additional two and a half billion marks under the Marshall Plan. There have also been complaints about the measures that the Bonn government has taken to overcome West Berlin's economic handicap in being so far away from Western markets. Among these measures are remission of the turnover tax, both to West Berlin manufacturers who ship their products to the Federal Republic and to West German businessmen who buy goods made in West Berlin. West Berliners are also granted twenty-per-cent reductions on income and corporation taxes. What the critics in West Germany don't say is that without such help West Berlin might still have the three hundred and fifty thousand unemployed it had in 1950. Today it has less than seventy thousand, many of whom worked for the government when their city was the capital. The other unemployed include overage workers, the widows of government workers, and about fifty thousand people who used to work in East Germany and lost their jobs.

One of the few Berliners I met who were confident that the city had a bright future was Bruno Milge, an

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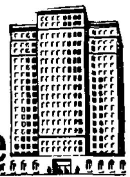

architect on the staff of the city department that is in charge of building and housing. Milge, who has a hurried, breathless manner and speaks in rapid-fire staccato sentences in an effort to keep his words abreast of his fast-moving thoughts, undertook to show me some of the reconstruction going on in Berlin under municipal auspices. "We've learned a lot from the mistakes of our colleagues in West Germany," he told me as we settled ourselves in a chauffeur-driven official car for a tour of the city. "Look at the mess they've made of Frankfurt, Cologne, and Bonn. Traffic all choked up. Hit-or-miss building programs, if you can call them programs. No coördination to speak of. We're lucky. For one thing, we still have the old building and zoning laws of 1875, which have prevented speculators from putting up a lot of shoddy buildings to take advantage of the shortage. For another, we have had tremendous success with our international city-planning competition—Capital Berlin, it was called. Put on by the Berlin Senate last year, with the idea of giving a unified new face to *die City*, the inner heart of Berlin—the part that was hardest hit by the war. All sorts of schemes were submitted, and some weren't very practical. One fellow wanted to cover the whole area with a thick concrete plate, and have the shopping streets on top and expressways for automobiles underneath. Fantastic! The first prize—thirty thousand marks—went to Gerd Pempelfort and Friedrich Spengelin, of Hamburg, and Fritz Eggeling, of Hanover, working as a team. They had the brilliant notion of putting a secondary traffic network between our outer ring of boulevards and an inner parkway, comparable to New York's Belt Parkway, that is now under construction. And it was their idea to build the new Forum of Government, which will occupy three large buildings, in the middle of the Tiergarten, overlooking the Spree, with all the various ministries and embassies grouped around it. The plan is being put into effect already—at least the highway part of it. The rest will come later. Two-thirds of *die City* is in East Berlin, and nobody knows what kind of coöperation we can expect from over there, but we're going ahead with our end of it.

"Still another way we're lucky—looking at it from one point of view, anyway—is that so much of Berlin was destroyed that we have all kinds of space to work with," Milge continued. "We can run broad new parkways for miles right through the center

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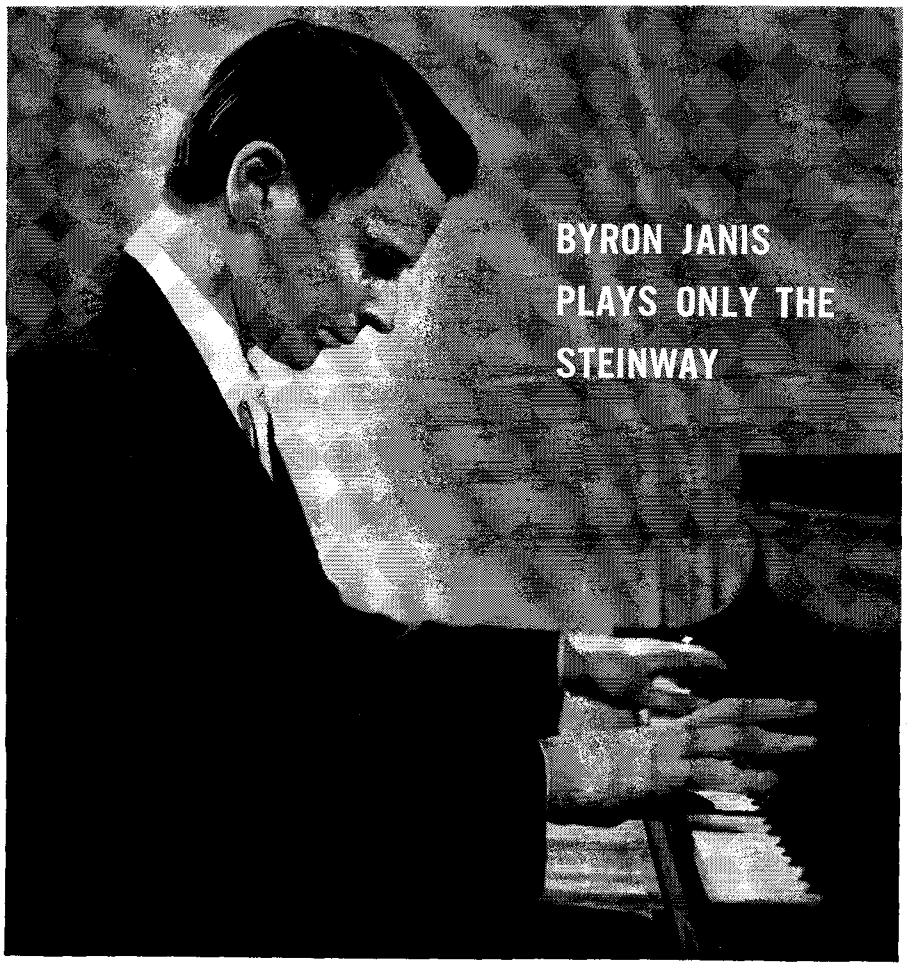

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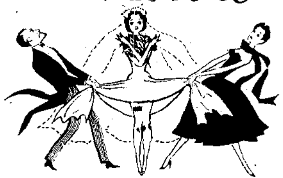
of town without having to condemn a single building. With its suburbs, you know, Berlin is as large as the whole of the Ruhr district, and we are determined to keep it an organic whole—to prevent a permanent no man's land from growing up along the twenty-eight-mile East-West dividing line. We've put up new housing developments all along the sector boundaries in Kreuzberg, the Tiergarten, and Wedding, to preserve the city's unity from a town-planning point of view, and up until the Budapest revolution we had regular talks with our opposite numbers in East Berlin in an attempt to coördinate our planning. Now only the railroad and lake-shipping people are still talking. Still, we know pretty well what the East Berliners are up to and they know what we are up to. The thing we need most right now is new roads. If the city doesn't build them immediately, we'll have some terrible traffic jams." At that moment, we were driving east along the wide Kurfürstendamm, and it occurred to me that, the trip to Wannsee aside, Berlin is the only big city I know of where it is still a pleasure to drive a car. I said as much to Herr Milge, and added that in my opinion the roads were wide and beautifully laid out, and that there seemed to be plenty of parking space.

"I'm not speaking of the present," Milge said. "We must think of the future. Today, there is one car for every sixteen people in West Berlin, compared to one for seven in West Germany and one for three in the United States. We're making our plans with a one-to-five ratio in mind. Berlin became a big city by absorbing suburbs and outlying townships where land was cheap, and I must say those old-timers knew what they were about when it came to laying out new highways. And our militarism helped. The emperors wanted large avenues for their troops to parade on. They built a huge parade ground in Tempelhof, and as a result Berlin is the only world capital with its international airport in the very center of the city. But to get back to automobile traffic—at present it all has to pour in through Dreilinden, if it's coming from the west, or through Heerstrasse, if it's coming from the north. What's going to happen when Berlin is free again, and trucks and cars are rolling in from every side? Congestion! Calamity! We've started to build that inner parkway around the center of the city, and four tangential highways, two north-south and two east-west, to connect this with the outer ring.



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When we reached the end of the Kurfürstendamm and entered the traffic circle girdling the noble ruin of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, whose bombed, torn-off steeple has been left unrestored as a warning memento for future generations, we were caught in a traffic jam that was trifling compared to some I have seen in other cities. It appeared to embarrass Herr Milge, though. "That church should be removed," he said impatiently. "I'm not interested in memorials—I'm interested in traffic. In Paris, everybody loves to look at the Arc de Triomphe, but who likes to drive around the Etoile? This area along in here is going to be the heart of our new garment district," he went on, pointing to a group of three large buildings behind the church. "And beyond them you can see the new Hilton Hotel and the new Berlin Hotel. This is the most valuable land in the city, by the way. The bombs flattened everything around here, of course—the Romanisches Café used to stand on that empty lot over there—and right after the war you could have bought the whole place for peanuts; now a square metre costs four hundred and fifty dollars. And you can't imagine the legal problems that have arisen. The ground around Reuter Square, just ahead of us, is owned by some Swiss, who have a million-gold-franc mortgage on it. We're going on with our rebuilding of this area, and hope that the lawyers

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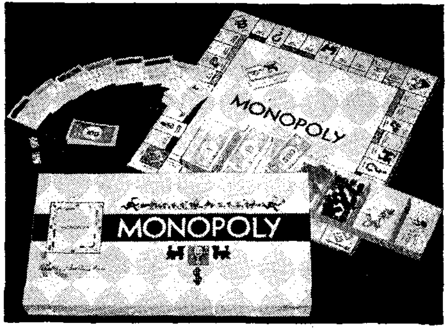

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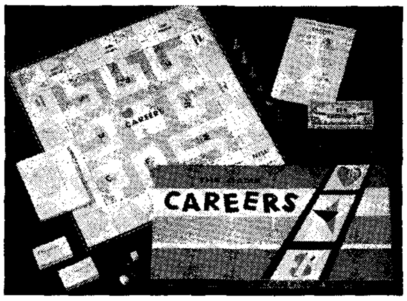

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catch up with us in time. In fact, we're doing that all over Berlin. When we can't reach an agreement with the owner of a building that ought to be condemned, we start building our parkways around it. We can't wait for the courts to make up their minds. Sometimes we get the owners of adjoining properties together and practically *make* them reach an agreement, to the benefit of all concerned." He waved a hand toward the east, and remarked, "Too bad we can't get some agreement over there."

Turning right at Reuter Square, we headed for the new Hansa district, a vast housing project that has gone up at the northern edge of the Tiergarten—in the prewar diplomatic quarter. The Hansa development consists of some two dozen strikingly modern, pastel-colored apartment buildings, ranging from four to seventeen stories in height and scattered over a broad green park. Herr Milge explained that the whole thing had grown out of last year's Interbau, or International Building Exposition, which was a very large-scale demonstration of advanced building techniques. In the course of it, the new Hansa district was created from designs contributed by prominent architects in Austria, France, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Germany, Finland, Israel, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Sweden, and the United States. Several other permanent buildings were also constructed as a part of the exposition, among them an apartment house by Le Corbusier, which is three miles west of Hansa, and the Congress Hall, a large municipal auditorium donated by a German-American group called the Benjamin Franklin Foundation, which is a mile to the east.

Milge took me first into a building designed by one of the French architects, where I was particularly struck by the fact that each apartment included a generous-sized nursery, and next into one designed by the Berlin firm of Mueller-Rehm & Siegman, a tall, narrow structure consisting entirely of bachelor apartments. "Half of them have real kitchens, and were designed for women, and the other half have small kitchenettes, and were designed for men," Milge said as we looked around, "but when the tenants moved in, it was found that the kitchen apartments were all taken by men and the kitchenette apartments by women."

We returned to the car, and Milge told the driver to take us to the Congress Hall. As we started off, Milge explained that the land for the Hansa development had been bought up by a

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city-owned corporation and resold to private builders, who were given subsidies to speed up their work. Much of the ground had been swampy, and seventy-five million cubic metres of rubble had been used as fill. "See those reddish tiles?" he said, pointing to the façade of one of the apartment houses. "That's converted rubble. After the war, we had more rubble than anything else, and converting it into something useful, like tiling, was started as a relief project. Now rubble conversion is a big industry. There are two large processing mills in operation at the moment, and together they turn out a daily total of thirty-five hundred cubic metres of powdered brick, which is put in molds and baked into tiles. We've used processed rubble for lots of things—on roads, for instance, and, as you see, for building. It has gone into a great many of the buildings we've put up since 1949, when our public-housing program really got started. In nine years, we've provided a hundred thousand new apartments, and we're adding twenty thousand annually. But that's not enough. Why, twenty-two thousand couples a year get married in West Berlin. We have over a hundred thousand families on the waiting list for apartments, and some of them have been on it since 1950. On the other hand, we can boast that every eighth West Berliner is now living in a new apartment. Private builders are responsible for about half the new construction, and coöperatives and other nonprofit organizations for the rest. Our building laws are strict. Only three-tenths of a given piece of ground can be built upon, and for every three apartments the owner must provide parking space for one car. For every nine apartments, he must provide a three-car garage. A man I know has just added five stories to a two-story building he owns, and he had to buy the lot next door for parking space. We don't want to be crowded, like the unfortunates in Manhattan, and we won't let Berlin become a skyscraper city—just a few tall buildings here and there, to enliven the metropolitan silhouette. Most of our new apartment houses are only four or five stories high."

As we drove along, Herr Milge pointed out the Kaiser Friedrich Memorial Church, a stark cube of a structure with a skeletal steeple of long aluminum beams rising above it. He told me that it had been presented to the city by the German aluminum industry, and that not only the steeple but the floors and doors are made of

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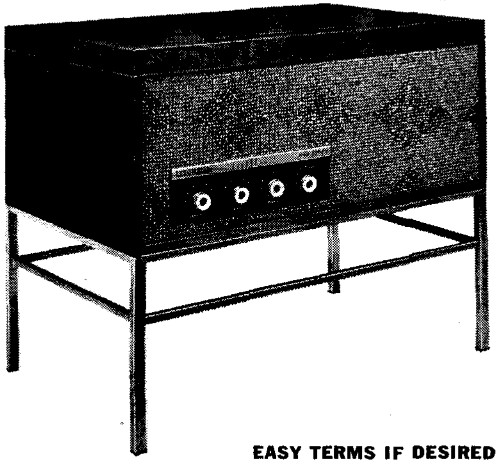

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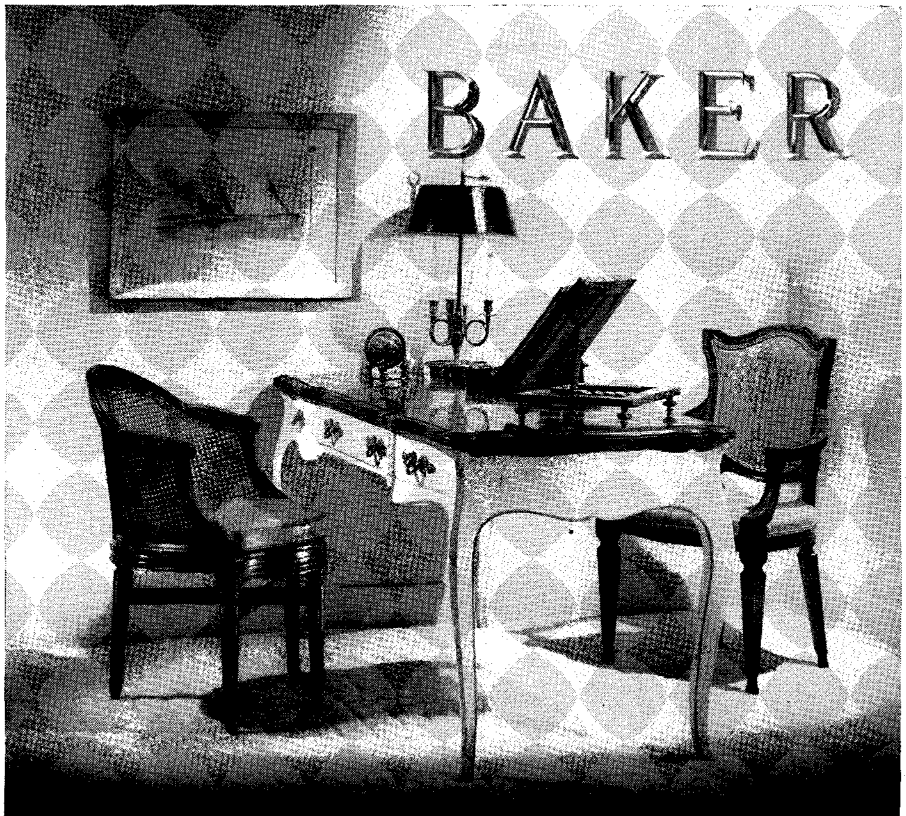

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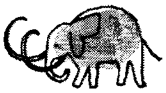

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aluminum. "I haven't heard of any nickname for this church," he remarked, "but I'm sure one will crop up. There's another modern church here that is called St. Nissen, because it looks like a Nissen hut, and still another that is called Jesus Station, because it looks as if a train might pull into it at any minute." A little later, we drew up before the Congress Hall, a big, circular, free-form structure set on a grassy lawn that stretches down to the Spree. "They call this the pregnant oyster," Herr Milge told me, and I could see why.

Next, we drove toward the Brandenburg Gate, which lies just beyond the boundary line between East and West Berlin. When we got there, two members of the People's Police peered at us through field glasses, for reasons of their own. The gate, which had been in a dilapidated state, with its war scars plainly showing, when I last saw it, had finally been repaired, and at the top the famous Goddess of Victory was once again riding in her chariot, drawn by four noble steeds. The Russians took away the original statue, which was made of copper, soon after they entered Berlin, but two years ago, Milge told me, the old molds for it were discovered in West Berlin, whereupon the West Berliners offered to recast the Goddess if the East Germans would fix up the rest of the gate, and that's how the Brandenburg Gate restoration came about.

We proceeded north along the sector boundary. At one place in Bernauer Strasse, the houses on the left side of the street are in the Western sector, and so are both sidewalks, but the houses on the right side are in East Berlin. Herr Milge called my attention to an old man sitting on a doorstep with his back in the East and his feet in the West, and I got the impression that he had been placed there so that guides could point his curious duality out to visitors. Everywhere in this area there were formidable signs informing the people about the complicated boundary situation, but the notices were largely superfluous, because the side streets leading east were heavily barricaded and guarded by People's Police.

Our route along the border took us through the working-class quarter known as Wedding, which is the most crowded section of the city. It suffered severe damage during the war, and still shows it in many places, but it is as densely populated as ever. It was of this district that Heinrich Zille, who was a sort of latter-day German Daumier,

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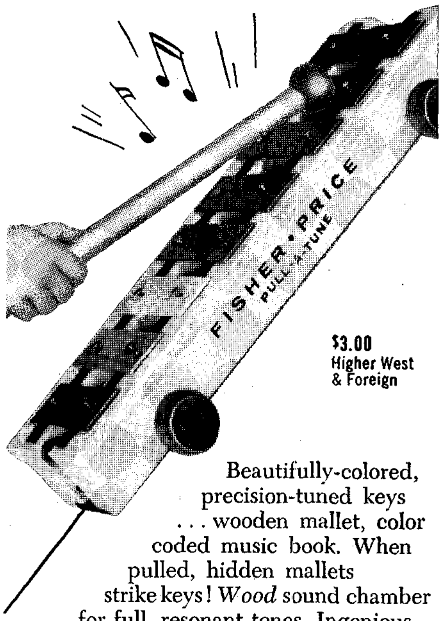

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wrote, "You can kill a man with an apartment as with an axe—it takes only a little longer." Herr Milge glared at the rows of offending tenements and said, "We're going to change all this. We want to get the people out of the slums. We want each family to have a bathroom, a balcony with flowers, and at least six hours of sunshine a day. We've planned a great many projects, but first we need sewers and utilities. Do you realize that half the flats here have the toilets outside in the courtyard? All this is a big challenge to us. I was offered a much better-paid job in Western Germany, but I turned it down. I was born in Berlin, and I love this city. And there's so much to do here."

We wound up our tour at the Charlottenburg Castle, a former royal residence that has been turned into an art museum and is being restored at a cost of five million dollars. Out in front was a statue of the Great Kurfürst, the great-grandfather of Frederick the Great. Herr Milge told me that the Russians had intended to ship it to Russia, on the pretext that the sculptor, Andreas Schlüter, had died in Moscow. "They put it on a barge to get it across Tegel Lake, but then something happened," he said, giving me a meaningful look. "The barge sank. The Great Kurfürst spent three wet years on the bottom of the lake. Then we raised him while the Russians weren't looking, and brought him over here. You can't beat the Berliners."

A COUPLE of days after my tour of these more or less raw reconstruction projects, I decided to drive out to the ancient suburb of Dahlem, in the southern part of West Berlin, and pay a visit to the Free University, which I hadn't seen since it was two years old and rather raw itself. The Free University was organized hastily in 1948, because the city's only other university, the respectable old Frederick-William, happened to be in the Soviet Sector, and the Communists, who took it over and renamed it Humboldt University, had begun introducing Marxist-Leninist principles into its classrooms. The new school had been growing rapidly, I knew, with financial assistance from both the Bonn government and the United States. Our State Department is providing a students' village with quarters for around six hundred, and the Ford Foundation, which has taken a particular interest in the institution, has financed a number of advanced academic programs and put up several

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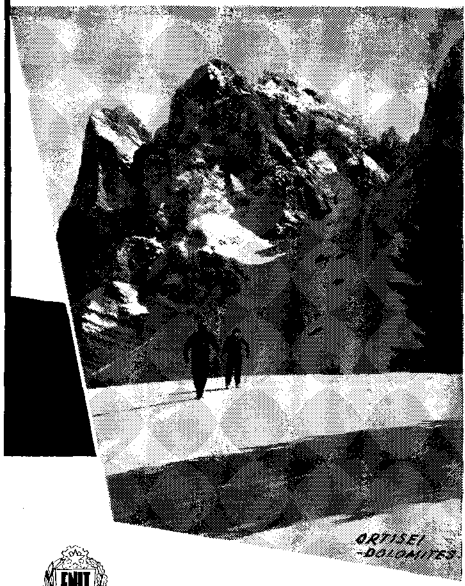

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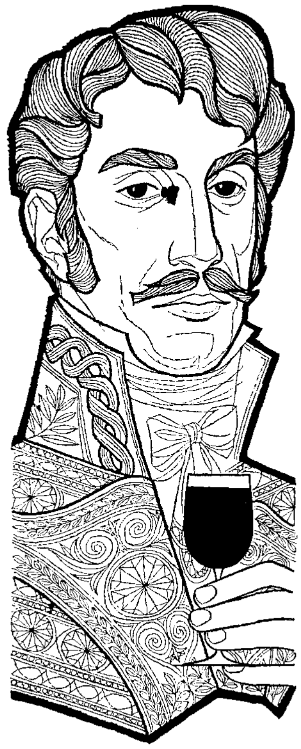

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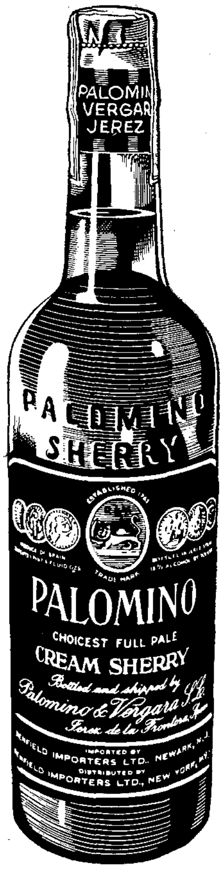
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buildings, including a large one named (though this was not the Foundation's idea) after Henry Ford. The enrollment is now eleven thousand—just about the largest in all Germany—and the campus is continually expanding, taking in estates and old villas in every direction. The sun was shining brightly when I reached the campus, and the colorful modern buildings and the young men and girls strolling about in blue jeans and sports jackets made me think of a campus in America. The atmosphere is conspicuously different from that of most other German universities, and it seemed only natural that the students themselves should have long since barred from the campus the duelling fraternities that have always been such a headache to other German schools. However, the Supreme Federal Court of West Germany ruled not long ago that student "corporations," as the duelling fraternities are called, have a right to exist, and their members a right to appear in their full regalia, on the Free University campus. Even so, it seems doubtful whether the corporations will ever acquire the prestige there that they enjoy in the small German university towns, with their reactionary climates; at Göttingen and Marburg, for example, students with freshly sewn *Schmisse* in their faces and colored caps on their cocky heads parade through the towns on weekends just as they did in the days of the Student Prince.

More than a third of the students at the Free University are refugees from East Germany. The influx has been especially strong in the past year, because of a new, tough ideological policy that the East German government recently adopted toward its universities. Last June 14th, Walter Ulbricht, First Secretary of the East German Communist Party, made the astonishing admission before the Central Committee that since the first of January more than a hundred professors, assistants, and instructors had defected to the West, and that the defection of students who had finished their state-paid secondary-school education was becoming a serious problem.

Many of these newcomers to schools in West Germany are former East German students who were thrown out of their universities for "lack of political initiative" or for refusing to take military courses. As they arrive, they are escorted to West Berlin's Marienfelde Refugee Center, where they are interviewed by a dozen West Berlin, West German, American, British, and French investigators. Then they are

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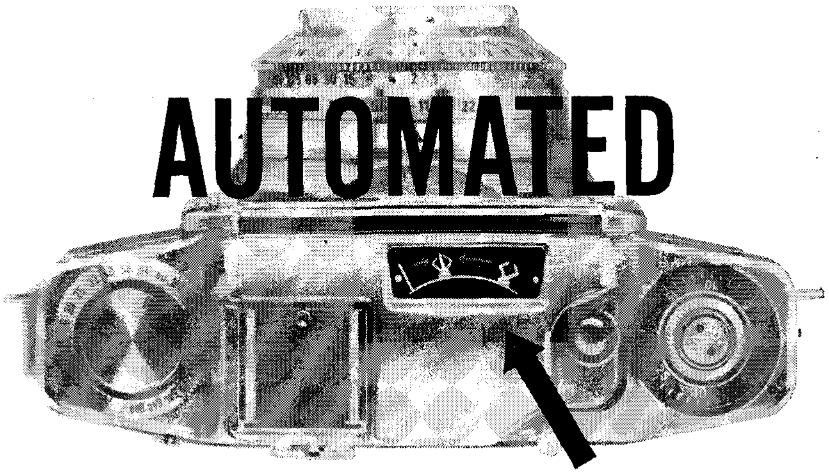
sent along to a villa in Dahlem and interviewed again. I chanced on this villa in the course of my walk around the Free University campus—a small building with a sign at the entrance saying, "Refugee Committee." On impulse, I went inside, where I was greeted with a nod by a policeman on duty at the door. After introducing myself to a receptionist and explaining that I would like to learn something about the Refugee Committee's work, I was ushered into the office of the university official who interviews most of the students coming in from the Soviet Zone. A soft-spoken man who, it turned out, had crossed over from East Germany himself in 1948, he invited me to take a seat and listen in on the next interview. This was with a rather glum-looking dark-haired boy who had just been cleared by the interrogators at Marienfelde. The first thing he did when he came in was to hold out his small blue *Personalausweis*, the identification paper that East Germans must show practically every time they turn around—when they buy something in a store, when they go to a movie, and, of course, when they cross from the Zone into East Berlin. (Politically "unreliable" citizens are given a special kind of *Personalausweis*, not good for entry into East Berlin, because once they reached the city, they could simply take a subway to West Berlin and disappear.) The interviewer smiled, and waved the document away without looking at it. Then he asked the boy how things were in East German schools. There had been drastic changes during the past few months, the boy replied. Some of his friends had been sent away to spend a year in a work camp for "political education," and although they had been told that they might come back to school later, it was a foregone conclusion that they wouldn't. Other friends, he said, were only waiting to get their degree before coming over to the West. The boy's mood seemed to alternate between long stretches of depression and brief moments of hope. He told the interviewer that he was troubled about his parents in the Zone but that perhaps he could meet them occasionally in West Berlin, and that as soon as he could get a job and make some money he planned to bring them over. He had already had four semesters of theoretical physics, and he wanted to go to Göttingen University, which is famous for its science. Besides, he had friends there, he added. The interviewer thought this could be arranged,



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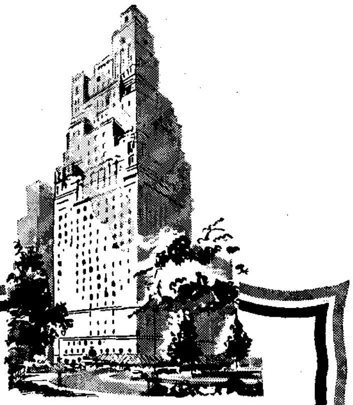
and the boy left, looking almost happy.

When the door had closed, the interviewer told me that most of the refugee students want to go to small universities, because the problem of adjustment is easier there. "West Germany is quite a change for them," he said. "For years they've been told what to do, and their whole life has been strictly disciplined. Now, all of a sudden, they must make their own decisions. They must choose their courses, and that surprises them. Many of them become active in student affairs, which West German young people are inclined to find boring. The East Germans are used to taking part in meetings and discussions. At least a third of the members of West Germany's various student parliaments are former East Germans. It seems ironic that they are the ones the West German students elect to safeguard their interests.

"Many students still in the East and secretly planning to come over worry about whether the degrees they have earned will be recognized in West Germany," he went on. "And that is quite a problem. Shall we recognize degrees awarded by Communist faculties that obviously care more about a student's political beliefs than about his academic progress? Of course, degrees in mathematics, medicine, and physics will be recognized, but what about the humanities, and history, and philosophy? That may depend on the graduate, and where he has studied. One thing we stand pat on; we don't recognize Eastern degrees in law and political science, because the East has a totally different conception of right and wrong. I find it easier to understand French or American law than East German law, which makes a distinction between crimes committed against individuals and against the state. You steal a pair of shoes from your rich neighbor and you get two weeks in prison, but if you steal them from a state store, you may get ten years of hard labor. Obviously, a student whose head is full of such stuff has to start over again from the ground up." Just then, the receptionist put her head around the door to announce that another refugee was waiting, so I said goodbye and left.

The next morning, I drove over to Humboldt University, on Unter den Linden, to see how the once famous old school was faring under Communist domination. The young linden trees were there, replacing the ones cut down by bombs and shell fragments, but the broad avenue, once Berlin's Via Triumphalis, was almost empty. The traf-



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fic lights at the corner of the Wilhelmstrasse weren't working, I noticed. As I drove along, I saw groups of schoolchildren being herded here and there by their teachers. Many of the men on the street were in uniform. Those in the uniform of the East German People's Army looked well dressed, well fed, and quite pleased with themselves. There are a hundred and ten thousand of these soldiers, and next year there will be a hundred and forty thousand; they are the élite, and not one of them is known to have defected to the West.

As I approached the university, I could see the rebuilt State Opera, across the street, and, farther along, the big Marx-Engels Square, with its giant pictures of the East German leaders, and its great platforms, where the twentieth-century Caesars review their parades. The monuments to Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt were still standing in front of the old university, just as I had remembered them, and the old maple tree under which generations of students have met and aired their views was still flourishing in the paved courtyard. The façade of the vast university building, which was once a palace, looked the same, too, but the entrance hall had been rebuilt, and instead of two stairways, one on each side, it now had a single large stairway in the middle, flanked by pompous marble pillars. The wall behind the columns was also of marble, and on it was an inscription from Marx: "The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways; the point, however, is to change it."

There weren't many students in sight, but that, I subsequently learned, was because I had arrived during a vacation period, when only a few seminars were being conducted. The students I did see—there were quite a few Koreans and Chinese among them—walked quickly and purposefully, as if they were in a hurry. I asked an elderly guard in the entrance hall if visitors were permitted, and he told me politely that I was welcome to walk around. I dropped in at the rector's office, and a functionary there looked uncomfortable when I introduced myself. It was customary, he said, for journalists to check first with the government press office in Thälmannplatz; if I had any questions, I could submit them there, in writing. I left, and, taking a wrong turning, came to a window overlooking a large rear yard, thick with rubble and weeds; I could only assume that no one was interested in

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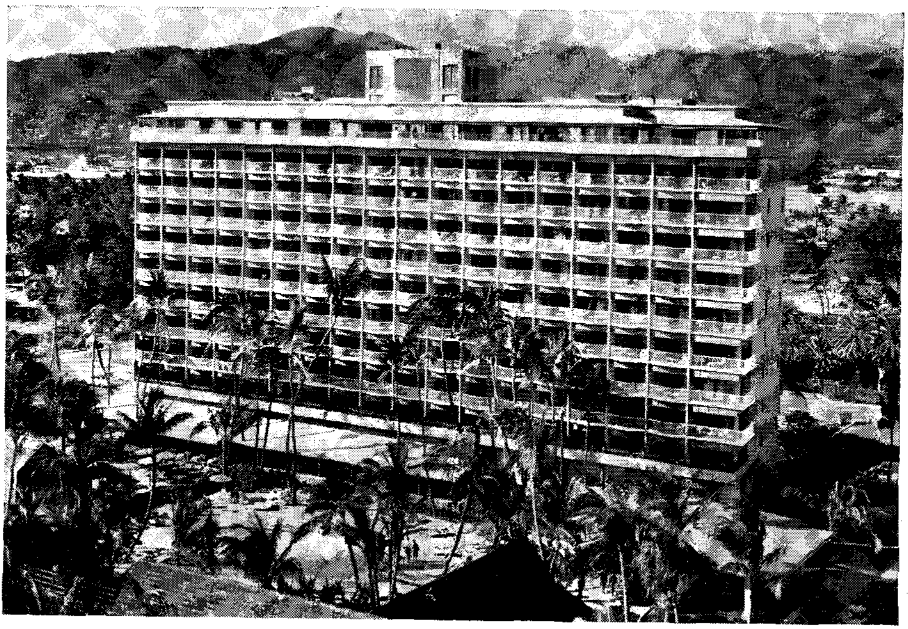

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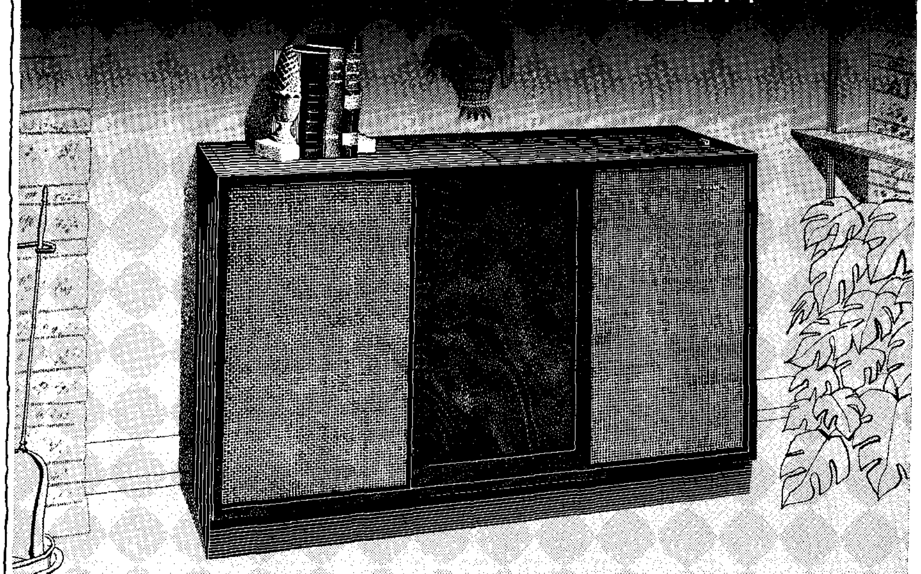

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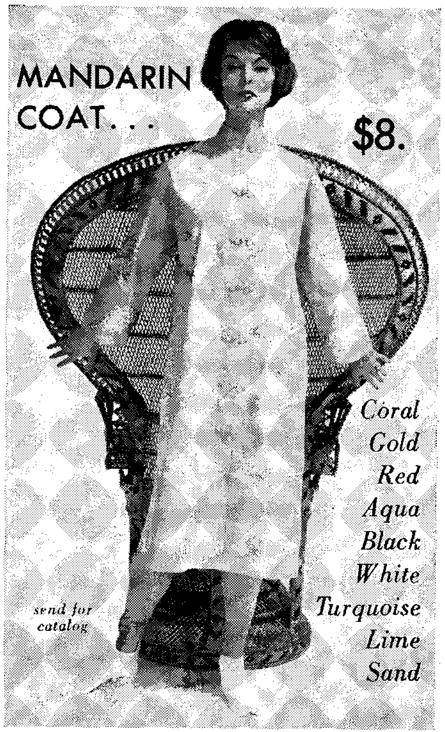

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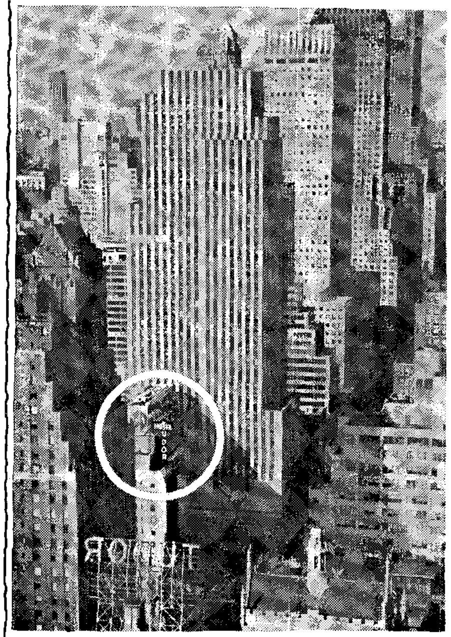
cleaning it up because it couldn't be seen from the street. As I retraced my steps, I paused to look at a bulletin board. One poster tacked up there said, "Our purpose is to win 160 friends from our faculty for the Arbeitseinsatz [Voluntary Labor Service]," and another, "We Fight Against the Atom." A smaller sign exhorted all students to sign up for work next summer in the fields or factories, "in honor of the Fifth Party Day." A student had pinned up a letter from a friend telling of his recent trip to the "Economic Wonderland" of West Germany: "The only thing that made me wonder was the high prices the West German workers must pay. 1.55 for a bockwurst which costs here 0.85. . . . I was glad to be back in the German Democratic Republic." There was a melancholy air about the empty corridor as I walked back to the entrance.

IN the course of an after-dinner conversation at the Gehrhus, I learned, to my surprise, that two members of the Federal Bundestag, or legislature, both of them Social Democrats, live in East Berlin and commute to Bonn. A few days later—this was before the current crisis began—I called on one of them, Kurt Neubauer, who is a member of the Bundestag's Committee on All-German Affairs. I met him in a Social Democrat headquarters in West Berlin, where he often comes to receive visitors and make telephone calls to associates in West Berlin. (In 1952, the Russians ripped out all the telephone lines between the two sectors except the one connecting the East and West Berlin police forces.) A friendly man in his early forties, he readily explained to me that one of the provisions of the Four-Power Agreement of 1945 was that the East German Communists should be allowed to operate in West Berlin and that the Social Democrats—members of the S.P.D., which was then, and still is, the majority party in West Berlin—should have equivalent rights in East Berlin. (This reciprocity doesn't hold for the Zone and West Germany, and there is no telling what the prospects for its continuation are in Berlin in the light of the new Russian attitude.) He told me that although Communists polled less than three per cent of the votes in the last West Berlin election, they still maintain seven Party headquarters in the sector. As for the S.P.D., it has eight headquarters in East Berlin. "When people find out where I live, I usually have to explain that I am not a Communist agent,"



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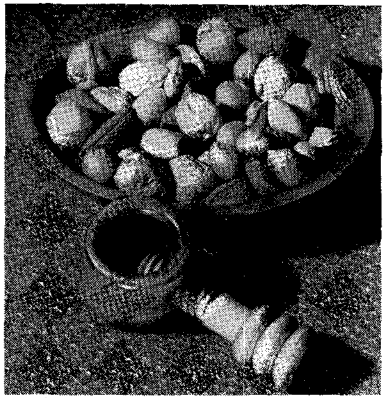

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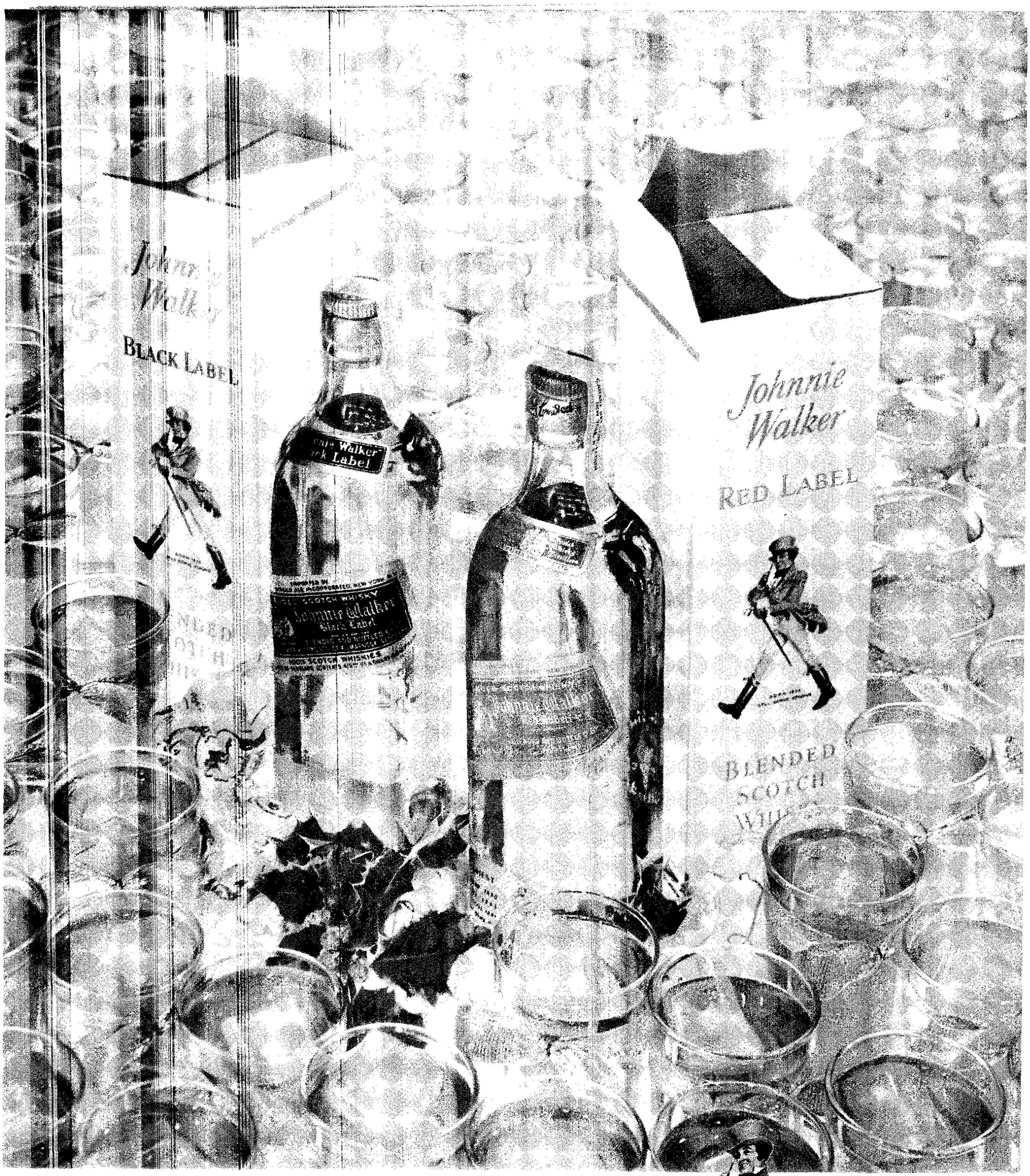
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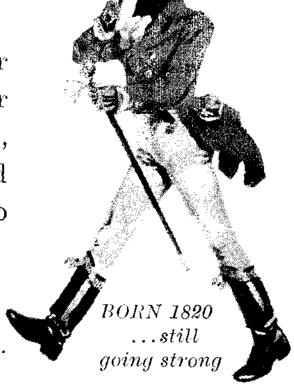

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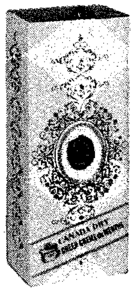

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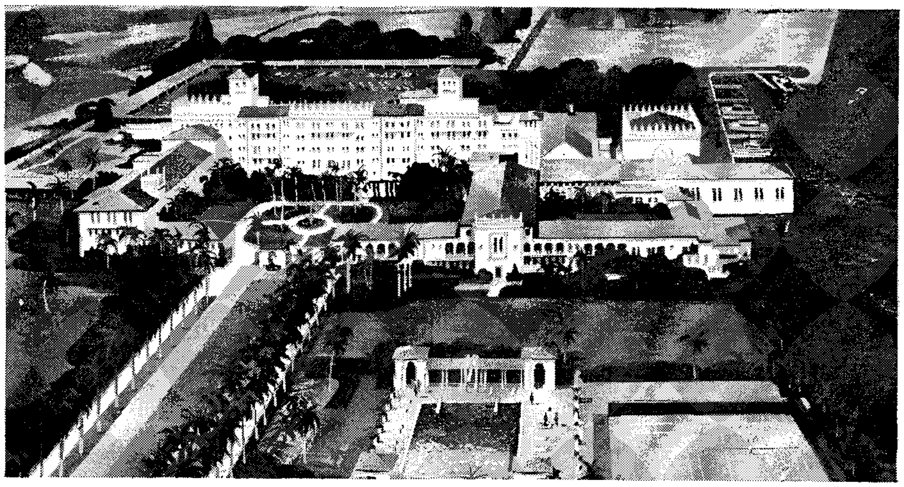
Neubauer told me. "Actually, there are quite a few areas of coöperation left between the Western Powers and the Russians, you know—canals, river shipping, the administration of Spandau Prison, and the Office for Allied Air Security, which controls the city's air traffic."

Neubauer went on to tell me that the Socialists, as the S.P.D. members are called, had always been strong in the eight workers' districts that are now part of East Berlin. In Friedrichshain, for instance, where he lives, they had an absolute majority in 1946. Two years later, after the city had been split, the Socialist officials were asked by the Communists to sign loyalty pledges; they refused, and walked out of the city administration. Since then, Neubauer said, the Communists have tried various techniques, including both blandishments and threats, to win them over, and since 1948 have succeeded in cutting the party's membership from sixteen thousand to less than eight thousand. "They are constantly trying to make the Socialist Party members sign pledges and peace proclamations," he went on. "They spy on our people who go shopping in West Berlin. When they come back, they are stopped at the boundary, and the Vopos threaten to arrest them if they don't sign something. After all, they say, we are all fellow-Marxists, aren't we?" Neubauer shrugged cynically. "Some of our people who have refused to sign have been fired from their jobs on charges of sabotage. Under the circumstances, it is surprising that we are able to keep our district organizations together. Membership meetings are permitted—they must be reported to the police, of course—but public meetings and the display of posters are forbidden. Our newspaper, *Die Berliner Stimme*, is— well, tolerated in East Berlin. That is to say, people who sell it aren't put in jail—only picked up now and then and questioned for an hour or two."

Neubauer feels that in East Berlin time is working against the West. "The old Berlin spirit is still there," he said, "but under slow, steady pressure people do begin to conform. The Communists are a good deal smarter than the Nazis were. They know that force creates counter-force, so they don't force you to enroll your child in their youth organizations. Instead, they make it an honor for your little boy to be chosen as a 'Pioneer,' and, after that, to become a member of the Freie Deutsche Jugend. Only the best pupils are ad-



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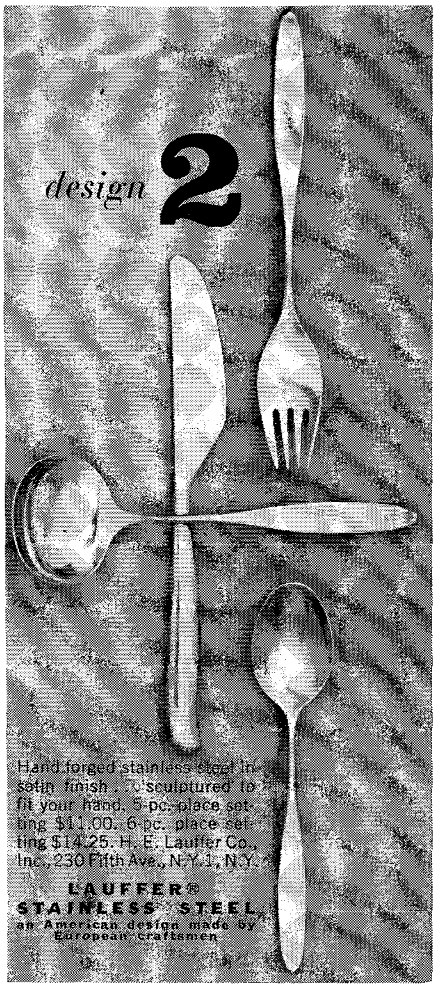
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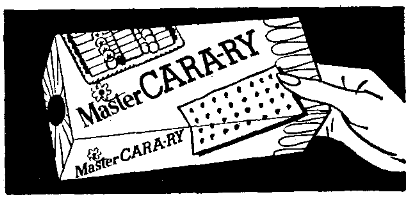

mitted, and naturally they are proud of the blue scarf they wear, and of their blue flag. Later on, they are attracted to the Jugendweihe, an atheist bunch who make vows to the Communist Party instead of taking Communion. Their poor parents ask me for advice. If they don't let their child join this group or that, he will be humiliated, and he won't be permitted to spend his vacation in a camp on the Baltic, with the other children. On top of that, he won't be able to attend secondary school, and will thus be excluded from many professions. Yet if the parents do let him join, and try to counteract the propaganda at home, they may eventually lose him to the Communists anyway. When he is eighteen, the Communists will offer to teach him to shoot, to sail a boat, to drive a motorcycle. And if he's a good Marxist, he can join a Communist sports club and maybe win a badge."

Neubauer shook his head. "The pressure gets worse every day," he said. "Under the Nazis, it was sometimes possible to 'sausage through;' if you kept your mouth shut, they might leave you alone. Under the Communists, you just can't be passive. You've got to do things—join organizations, sign peace appeals, attend house and block meetings—or you will be persecuted. And then there comes a day when a man can stand no more, and he runs over here to West Berlin. About ten thousand East German refugees arrive in West Berlin every month, although, to tell you the truth, few of them come for purely political reasons. Most of them just want to live a little better—make more money, be able to buy a motorcycle or spend a vacation abroad. Life is drab in the East."

THE people of East Berlin are better dressed today than they were a couple of years ago, but they are still not as well dressed as the working-class residents of West Berlin. Nylon stockings cost eight dollars a pair, so not many women wear them. At the big, state-owned HO department store in the Alexanderplatz, which I visited one afternoon, orders for television sets were being taken for delivery late next year. A proud sign in the red, black, and gold of the German Democratic Republic boasted that the store's television department had won first prize in a recent national sales contest. Among the sets they had on display was a combination TV-radio-phonograph-recorder, priced at sixty-eight hundred East marks ($3,400); this had

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a tag on it that said, "Orders Now Not Accepted." Typewriters and sewing machines were available, but only to customers who could pay cash for them. Some wares, however, could be bought on the installment plan. In the drygoods department, I saw women looking longingly at bolts of Chinese brocade, priced at twenty-seven East marks ($13.50) a metre. Three years ago, when I was there, the only yard goods in stock were red calico and plain blue cotton (if you didn't like red or blue, you were out of luck), but now there was a large selection of colors and prints. On one floor, I came upon a sort of fashion salon, in which a group of women were sitting around studying fashion magazines under big signs that said, "More Consumer Goods for You, for Me, for All of Us." At a nearby coffee counter, a cup of black coffee cost sixty-six pfennigs, a cup of black coffee with sugar cost sixty-nine, a cup of coffee with milk cost seventy-one, and coffee with milk *and* sugar cost seventy-four.

Outside in the Alexanderplatz, there was a tarry smell of state-produced Minöl gasoline in the air, and an old man was watering the roses on his little flower stand, which offered bouquets for half a mark. A small sign beside one of his pots requested that his customers show their identity cards without being asked. A well-dressed young couple strolled by, and I saw the man try to buy a bunch of flowers; he couldn't produce an East German *Ausweis*, however, and the old man shook his head. The young fellow put up something of an argument, but he got nowhere; the flower man just kept shaking his head and watering his flowers. Then I spotted two People's Policemen on the other side of the square, and walked on. Time after time, acquaintances in East Berlin had told me, "Take no chances with the Vopos—they're unpredictable."

This, I have since found out, is quite true. One day they would wave me on across the sector boundary without so much as a glance, and the next day they would stop my car at the Brandenburg Gate, demand my papers, and ask all sorts of questions. Once, there was some fuss because I hadn't observed a speed limit of six miles an hour, which I'd never observed—or even heard of—before. And a couple of days after I had uneventfully parked my car in the Stalinallee (where a youngster said to me "A nice Russian car, what?" and broke into laughter), I was told that an American car like mine had been

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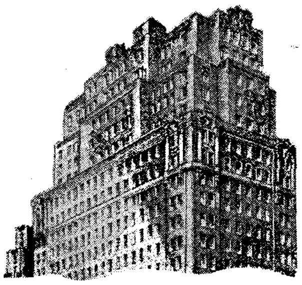

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A current best-seller in East Berlin is a book called "Keine Angst vor Guten Sitten" ("No More Worry About Good Manners"), by one Karl Kleinschmidt, a clergyman from Schwerin, who tells his readers a few startling truths about proletarian etiquette. He condemns the familiar second-person-singular "*Du*" and admonishes his readers to use the bourgeois "*Sie*" at all times. It is not necessary to address a hero of labor as Herr Hero, he says, and it is bad manners "to show one's Marxism too candidly." For example, a well-mannered East German doesn't smirk if, while travelling in West Germany, he hears someone making fun of the German Democratic Republic. Kleinschmidt has no use for tuxedos or tails—"outmoded garments, suitable only for waiters, ambassadors, and conductors"—but insists that "under all circumstances" the well-dressed Comrade wears a tie in the evening. Tipping is all right. "A good tip is no violation of human dignity," he notes, and he also deals with the correct use of toothpicks, adding, "It is not impossible that toothpicks will be available after publication of this book."

Another interesting novelty on the East German book market is a "Bible of Good Deeds" for good Communists. This is a twenty-four-page booklet of useful advice, such as that barbers should save their sweepings and send them to the felt factories, and that merchants should embellish their shopwindows "so that the displays will be good political propaganda." Students are told to volunteer regularly for work in the cornfields, and innkeepers are instructed to tell their guests how bad things are in West Germany and "to influence their guests after dinner." "If you read in your paper about a peace proposal, sit down with your guests and discuss it with them," the booklet suggests, "especially with those from West Germany." Readers are further urged to save electricity, to talk to other people and "tell them the truth," and not to be impartial ("Impartiality is a bourgeois misconception. . . . Only people who have something to hide are impartial").

FOR millions of East Germans, RIAS, the American radio station in West Berlin, has become the symbol of America's determination not to give up the city. RIAS broadcasts twenty-six news programs, over nine frequencies, every twenty-four hours, and the

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programs are widely listened to in East Germany—and, in fact, in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Rumania, where the station's powerful three-hundred-thousand-watt transmitter can be heard clearly. Its news broadcasts are competently written, carefully checked, convincingly detailed, and strongly presented by announcers speaking in terse, clear sentences. The announcers are specially chosen for the pitch of their voices, since a high voice is more difficult for the Eastern short-wave stations to jam out. In the Zone, RIAS has a higher reputation for truthfulness than any of the twenty-one competing radio stations in the two Berlins (among them three powerful East Berlin stations, several West Berlin stations, and the stations of the various military powers), some of which have a much larger budget than RIAS. Last year, the station received eighty-six thousand letters from listeners in the East, and although visits to the studios are discouraged, more than ten thousand people called at the RIAS Building, in Kufsteiner Strasse. Berlin's Mayor, Willy Brandt, and the Federal Republic's Minister for All-German Affairs, Ernst Lemmer, often address the East Germans over RIAS. Its most popular variety show, Günter Neumann's "Insulaner," has an audience of over ten million people. While there have been complaints in some quarters that its news broadcasts contain too much propaganda, a current story concerns a man who asks a Vopo in Leipzig what time it is and receives the reply "My watch has stopped, but all the windows are being closed, so it must be seven o'clock"—time for the RIAS news broadcast. In East Germany, it is not forbidden to listen privately to RIAS, but if you "divulge information"—possibly by leaving your window open and allowing a passerby to hear some of the program—you may be in serious trouble.

Unfortunately, RIAS' budget has been cut so drastically by Congress in the past four years that the station has been unable to install television facilities, and thus can't pitch into the great propaganda battle between the East and West Berlin TV stations, which the West is clearly losing. I spent an evening recently in the home of an American RIAS official, and we sat switching the dials of his TV set back and forth between the East and West programs. It was a disheartening experience. The Eastern stations were all showing a great big hour-long show dramatizing the slogan "Der Sozialismus Siegt"

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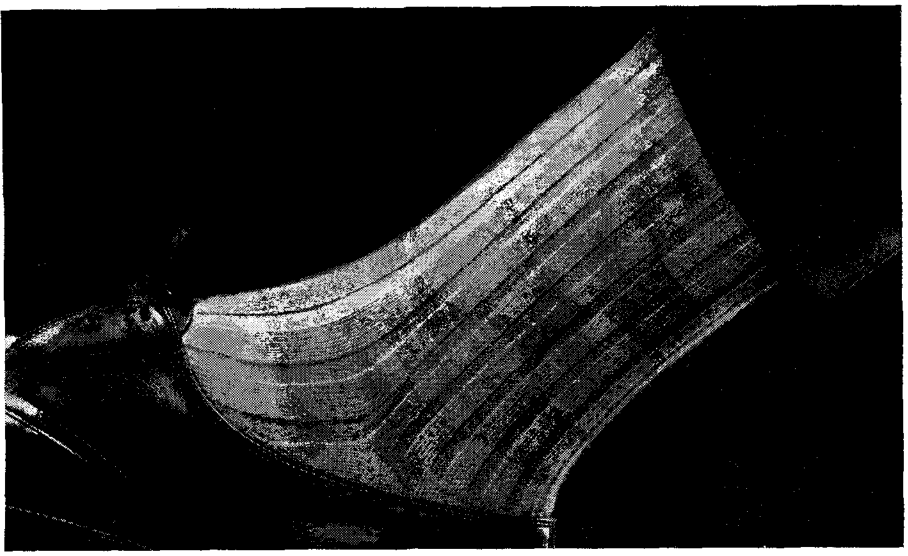

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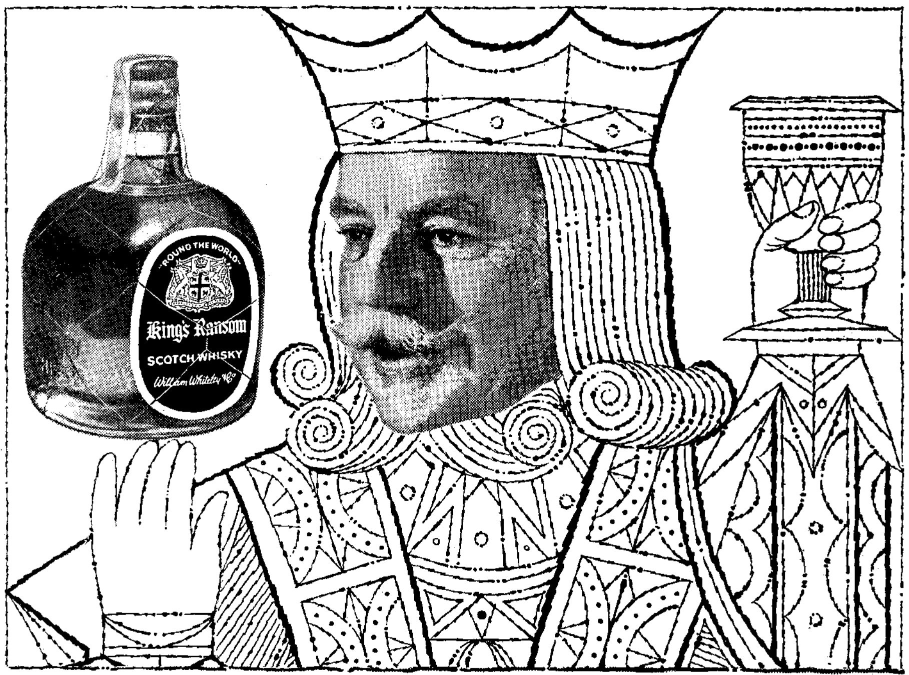

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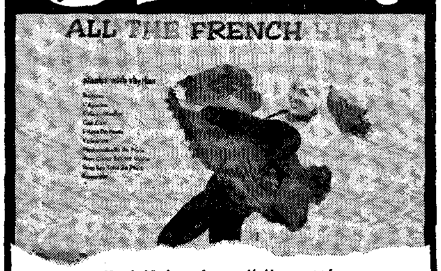

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("Socialism Wins"), which one currently sees posted all over the Zone. The producer, Karl Eduard von Schnitzler, missed no bets in driving home the theme, with the help of a large symphony orchestra and chorus, vocal soloists, and ballet dancers. I remember a brilliant choreographic satire in which a platoon of American soldiers danced around a sputnik that wouldn't go off; an excellent but unidentified American Negro basso singing "Ol' Man River;" a ballet showing the new East German People's Army as "guardians of peace;" a two-hundred-man chorus singing "No Pasarán;" and, as the finale, a ballet that wound up with an apotheosis of fraternization involving the East German soldiers, the American Negro, an Arab, a West German worker, a peace-loving Russian soldier, and a pretty East German peasant girl. The program may not have been very original, but it was entertaining, effective, and well done. The dances were as expert as any to be seen on Broadway, there was plenty of humor and plenty of drama, and I'm sure that a lot of people in both East and West Berlin wouldn't have dreamed of switching it off—especially since the West Berlin TV was concurrently offering a fashion show, a Middle East travelogue ("The bazaars of Baghdad are always crowded and full of noise . . ."), and an inane sports show.

My host told me that the contrast was more pointed than usual, since this happened to be a special occasion for the Communists, but that in general, nevertheless, the East's programs are the more interesting. "They know what they want and go after it with determination," he said. "The West's programs are superficial and vague. They lack a firm purpose. For instance, after the death of Nagy and Maleter, they made not one reference to the heroes of the Hungarian revolution. Imagine what the East Berliners would have done with such an opportunity! The East's programs for children are expertly done, too. Of course, money is no object over there. Von Schnitzler gets what he needs. Today there are three hundred thousand TV sets in East Germany. Next year, a million will be sold. They put on a special show, 'Tele-Studio West,' which is directed at the West Germans. It shows former Nazi officers speaking to their comrades in the West German Bundeswehr, or gives an inviting picture of life on an East German farm. Pretty silly, but at least it does make a direct appeal to the West Germans. Our TV stations do nothing comparable to win East Germans. The

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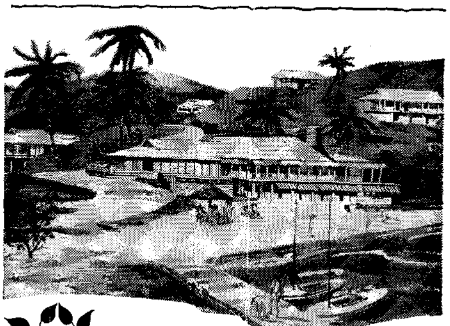

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West keeps showing new cars and new refrigerators, but you can't put freedom in the refrigerator; you must *show* it. In TV, as in everything else, the initiative remains with the East."

WILLY BRANDT, the plain-spoken Mayor of West Berlin, is the nearest thing to a father image the city has had since the death, in 1953, of the courageous old anti-Communist Ernst Reuter, who was Mayor during the blockade. Brandt took over the man-killing job of running the city last year, after the death of Mayor Otto Suhr, and he seems to be growing in popularity every day. His prompt rejection of the Russian proposal to make West Berlin a free city won practically unanimous approval—West Berliners were quick to see that the "freedom" would be from any communication with the Western Powers or with West Germany—and so did his appeal to the West to hold fast against the Russians. There is concern in some West Berlin quarters lest the United States, whose prestige has dropped sharply in recent months, now waver to the extent of making concessions, however slight, to Moscow; West Berliners, of course, feel that this would be a dreadful mistake. Everybody seems proud of Brandt's resolute stand, and several times I've heard people remark, in effect, "It looks as if he were going to be another Reuter"—as high a compliment as a Berliner can pay any political figure.

Brandt, who will be forty-five years old on December 18th, was virtually unknown four years ago. He is a husky, strong, quiet man, famous for his taciturnity—a North German trait. On the radio he speaks calmly but with great persuasion, and is never carried away by his own oratory—a quality that most Berliners appreciate. "Willy Brandt" wasn't his given name. He was born Herbert Frahm, in Lübeck, the city of the Buddenbrooks, where his mother was an underpaid clerk in a local chain store. He joined the Socialist Youth Movement as a boy and in 1930 became a member of the S.P.D. Three years later, with the Gestapo on his heels, he escaped to Norway and assumed his present name. In Norway, he studied history, worked as a journalist, and kept in close touch with Socialist resistance groups in Nazi Germany. He covered the Spanish War on the Loyalist side for the Scandinavian papers and also did war-relief work there for a Norwegian group, and two years after he and his first wife had been divorced, he married a handsome Norwegian woman, who is

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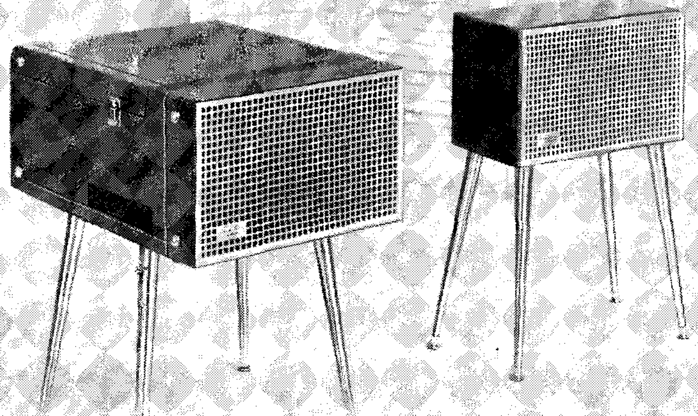

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undoubtedly one of the most attractive First Ladies the city has ever had. When the Norwegian forces surrendered to the Germans, Brandt put on a Norwegian uniform and disappeared into a prisoner-of-war camp, from which he was soon released, still incognito. He went to Stockholm, and there, in his second exile, was granted Norwegian citizenship *in absentia.* All this time, he maintained ties with the resistance group that attempted Hitler's assassination on July 20th, 1944. After the war, he returned to Berlin, first as correspondent for a Norwegian paper and then as Norwegian press attaché to the Control Council, and in 1948 he resumed his German citizenship, had his pseudonym legalized, and went into politics as a protégé and friend of Reuter.

I saw Brandt last summer in Plötzensee, the ugly Berlin prison where many members of the group that planned the July 20th coup, and many people who had no connection with it at all, were executed by the Nazis. It was the fourteenth anniversary of that fateful day. The sun was shining and the sky was a deep blue, but in Plötzensee there was a chill over everything. I looked at the gloomy brick tower, with its barred windows; at the dark prison walls; and at the cobbled courtyards where so many men and women had gone to their death. The inner courtyard has been turned into a memorial, and evergreen bushes grow in front of a wall bearing the inscription "To the Victims of Hitler's Dictatorship, 1933-1945." For the occasion, numerous wreaths had been placed against the wall, and several hundred chairs had been set up in the courtyard for the relatives of the victims and for official guests. Hundreds of people were standing silently in the outer courtyard.

I had been brought to the service by a friend, who had been allotted two seats, and presently I found myself surrounded by men and women in deep mourning. An old lady sitting next to me cried softly into her handkerchief for some time; then, turning a stricken face toward me, she suddenly opened her handbag and showed me a yellowing snapshot of a distinguished-looking man. I could see that she was unable to contain her grief without talking to someone. "They let me see him on Sunday," she said, "and on Monday they killed him." A little while later, she tottered to her feet, murmuring that she was going to "the place," and I offered her my arm, which she took apologetically. We followed a sad file of

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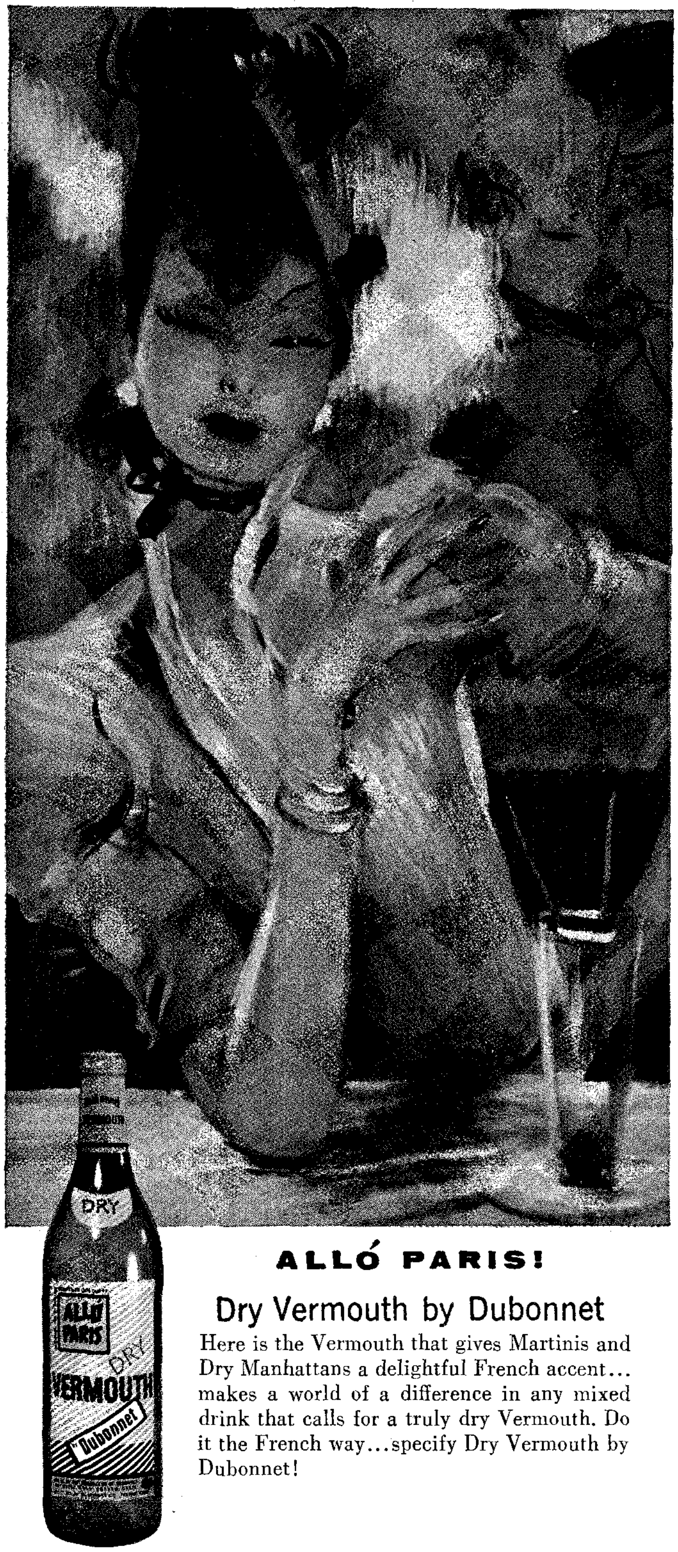

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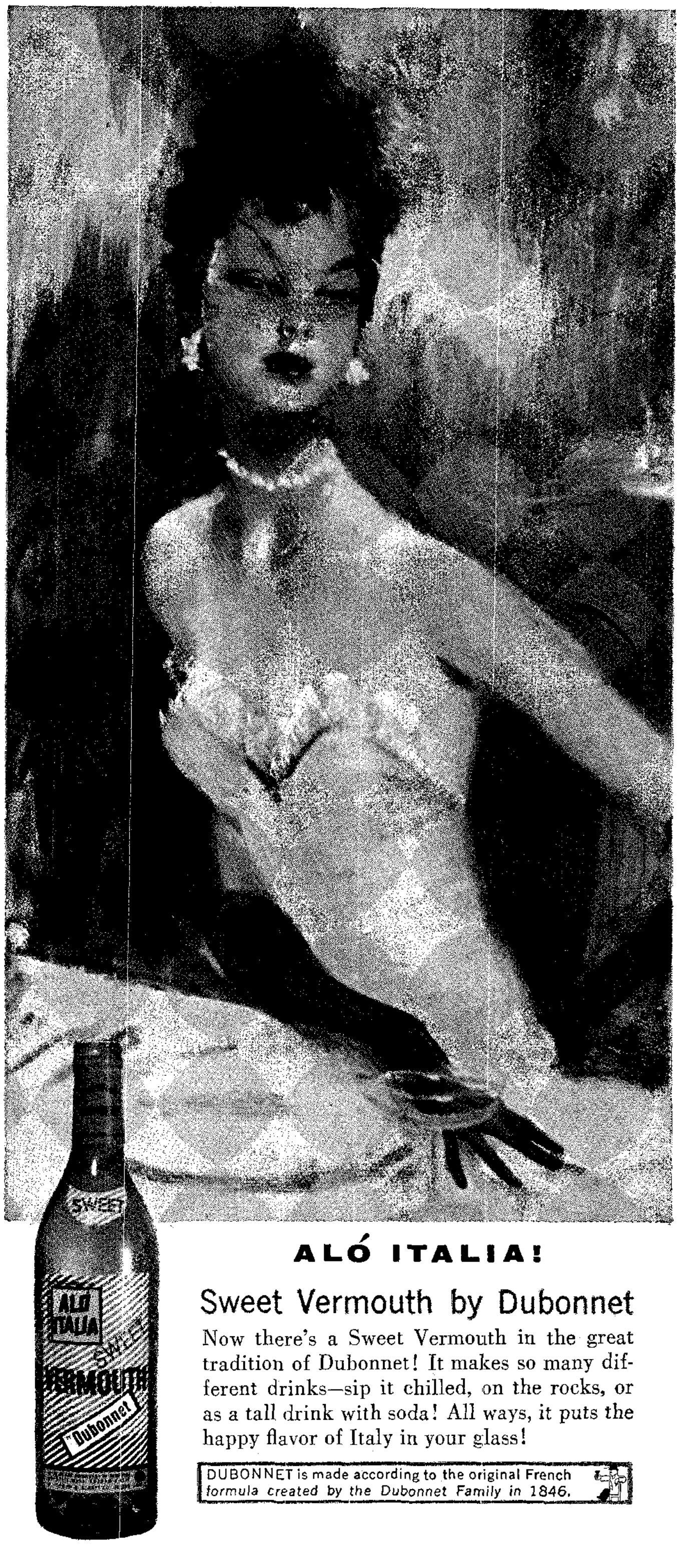

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VERMOUTH BY DUBONNET ☆ SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., NEW YORK people along a wall, around a corner, and into a dark shed with barred windows. A row of evergreen plants marked off a space around one window, and when we made our way into it, between the plants, I saw a heavy cross-beam with six butcher's hooks jutting from it. A few bunches of flowers and small wreaths lay on the ground under the hooks. The old lady added a tiny bouquet to the collection, and we stood there in silence for a moment. A tall, aristocratic woman in black came in and, standing erect, buried her face in her hands, while her young daughter stared at the spot where her father had been executed. She must have been about a year old when her father died, and probably knew him only from her mother's memories and from the history books.

We returned to the courtyard for a brief ceremony, after which Lord Mayor Brandt walked past the rows of chairs, shaking hands with the women in mourning, and with their young sons and daughters, who had regained their composure and looked proudly at him. When he came to the old lady beside me, he smiled, took her hands in his, and held them a little while, saying nothing. He looked solid and confident, and I told myself that here was a man one could depend on in a tough moment. The old lady must have had the same thought, for she looked fondly after him when he had gone, and said, "He's just like Reuter. How lucky we are that once again we've got the man we need!" —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

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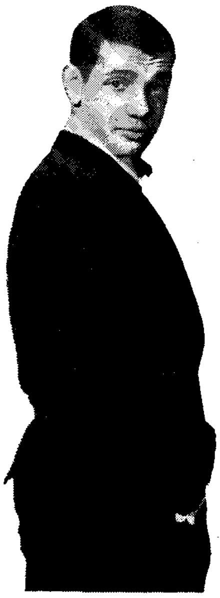

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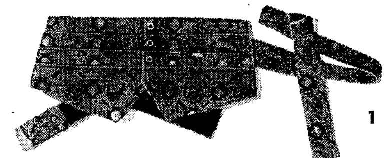

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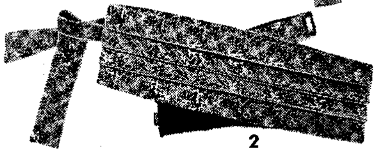

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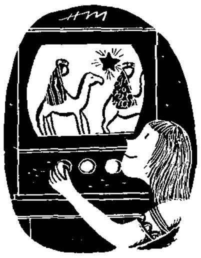

"I MARVEL at your quickness of mind," said Arthur Godfrey to Jackie Gleason one morning a few weeks ago, on "Arthur Godfrey Time" (Channel 2, 11-11:30 A.M., Mondays through Fridays). "Your philosophy is older than yourself. . . . Let me ask you this. If you had your life to live over again . . ." Mr. Godfrey sounded like Plato at the feet of Socrates, or like Edward R. Murrow probing the brain of, let's say, Bertrand Russell or Pandit Nehru. His attitude—which Mr. Gleason accepted without embarrassment—was a blend of reverence and respectful curiosity. For that matter, respect for the intellectual powers of comedians, and of humorists in general, was the keynote of a whole cycle of host-guest entertainment that occurred on television last month—and that will, I hope, be renewed from time to time in the future. During that period, such other professional wits as Al Capp, Henry Morgan, Groucho Marx, Abe Burrows, Steve Allen, and Oscar Levant went guesting, as the trade saying has it, all over the place, being hosted on a rotational basis by such connoisseurs of the deeper side of laughter as Ben Hecht, the Schiffli Embroidery Troubadour; Jack Paar, a restless midnight spirit; and Mr. Godfrey. Pairings included Capp on Hecht, Morgan on Godfrey, Capp on Paar, Burrows on Hecht, Morgan on Hecht, Marx on Paar, Allen on Hecht, and Levant on Paar. All the guests gave strong displays of the autobiographical instinct, and these were received with unusual deference by the hosts, each of whom is notoriously autobiographical himself. Most of the interviews made good sense, and some were funny as well. On the whole, the cycle represented a sharp departure from the ordinary run of host-guest programs—those in which personalities visit personalities. (Roughly speaking, a personality is a singer who tries to act or an actor who tries to sing. If a fish were a personality, he would spend a certain part of his time out of water, collecting television fees.) One thing the comedian-guest cycle did, while it lasted, was to raise the I.Q. of the guesting business by several points.

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of guesting and hosting may be in order here, since it's clear that television in its present state could not exist without these institutions. At the start of each season, between thirty and fifty personalities—by my own informal count—are assigned to a guest pool, to service major programs on major networks. It's true that hosts also guest occasionally for other hosts, but hosts are not, in the strictest sense of the word, guests. Genuine guests come from the guest pool, and do nothing but guest. In the 1957-58 season, the steadiest guests were Tallulah Bankhead, Don Ameche, Edie Adams, Dorothy Collins, Julie Andrews, Fred MacMurray, Ginger Rogers, Peggy Lee, Errol Flynn, Margaret Truman, and Cyril Ritchard. During that time, when the eyes of a host lit up suddenly, and he or she leaped into the arms of a stranger who had just walked onstage, it wasn't a stranger at all—it was Bankhead, Ameche, Adams, Collins, Andrews, MacMurray, Rogers, Lee, Flynn, Truman, or Ritchard, bent on winning his or her sweater and big block "G" for the year. The host might say "What are *you* doing in town?" but the guest seldom bothered to answer that question, since both parties, and everyone in the audience, knew what he was doing in town—guesting. The guest would then fall to singing, dancing, acting, giving imitations, or telling jokes, depending on which form of entertainment he was least fitted for. Whatever he, or the host, offered in the way of conversation had been carefully committed to memory from the work of one or more writers. It is characteristic of personalities that they say—in public—only things that have been written for them to say. It was in this respect, perhaps, that the recent outbreak of guesting by comedians differed most strongly from standard guesting, by personalities. Comedians are the intellectual aristocrats of the entertainment world, in that they—or, at any rate, the best men among them—can think and talk clearly and easily on the spur of the moment. Furthermore, from professional habit, they are capable of being funny with a straight face. A personality tends to break up (a trade term for giggling) halfway through a quip, probably out of loyalty to the offstage author of his thoughts.

Not that the comedians' cycle of last month was wholly comic. It had overtones of philosophy, confession, and analysis. As I have suggested, it sometimes showed the influence of Mr. Murrow. I don't mean the frivolous Murrow of

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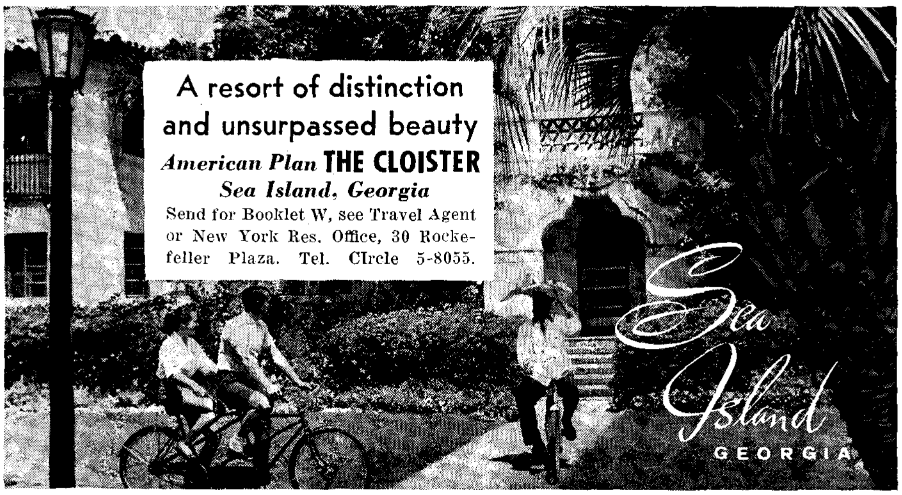
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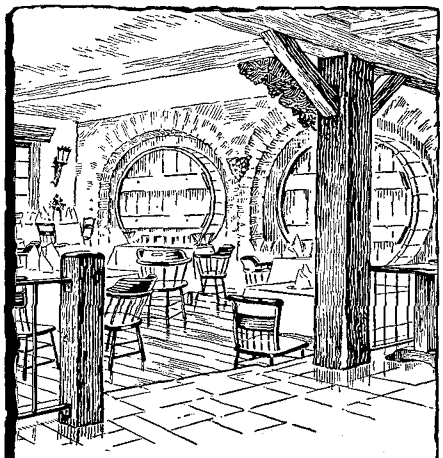

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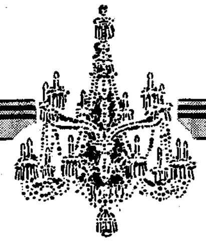

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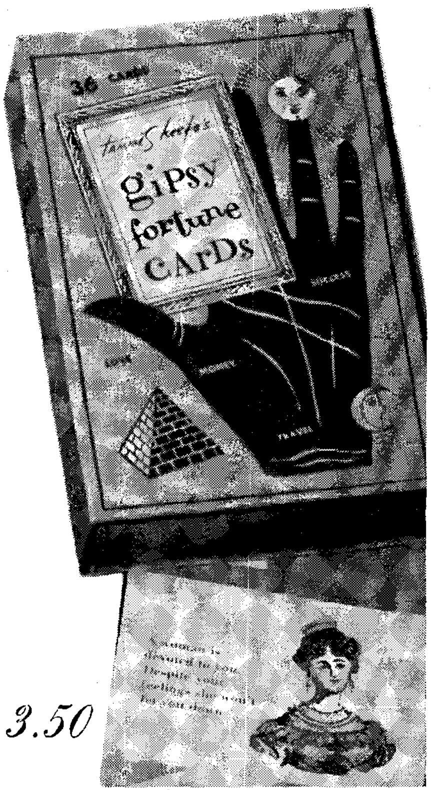
"Person to Person," who sits outside windows—or even right on them, like a fly—saying to Pat Suzuki "Who put that great big voice in that itty-bitty girl?" and to A. C. Fuller, the brush tycoon, "Those early days must bring back a lot of memories to you, don't they?" I mean the Murrow who arbitrates the lofty patter of Harry Truman, Aneurin Bevan, Aldous Huxley, Nehru, James Hagerty, Rebecca West, Sol Hurok, and other world thinkers. Like Mr. Murrow, Mr. Godfrey was a searcher for significance when he studied the minds of Mr. Gleason and Mr. Morgan. Mr. Hecht was earnest and purposeful as he sifted the opinions of Abe Burrows, Al Capp, and Steve Allen. And, in the main, the wags responded in kind. Mr. Burrows explained with great willingness why, in spite of his admitted erudition, he pursues a policy of talking like a Dead End kid. Mr. Capp, under stimulation, discussed the qualifications of statesmen like Nixon and Kennedy. Mr. Allen spoke gracefully and seriously of the state of television, humor, and the world. It seems obvious that the same qualities that make a man a comedian or a humorist compel him, when he's given an opportunity, toward criticism and dogma. If he's given a week of opportunity, as Mr. Gleason was by Mr. Godfrey, he'll use it all. "God bless you, Jackie Gleason; you're a very refreshing man to talk to," Mr. Godfrey said on about the fourth day of the sessions. The fact is Mr. Godfrey hadn't done much talking to Mr. Gleason. The housewives of America, who bore the brunt of this adventure, must have been startled by the ease with which the guest dominated the world's foremost tea-and-pudding salesman.

In general, comedians were more comic on Mr. Godfrey's shows (he also entertained them on his evening program, Channel 2, 9-9:30 P.M., Tuesdays) than they were on others. Those who went up against Mr. Hecht (Channel 7, 10:50-11:15 P.M., Mondays through Fridays) seemed to be impressed by the host's status as an intellect; with the exception of Mr. Morgan, who had a little fun, they were as grim and literal-minded as the host himself. On Mr. Paar's show (Channel 4, 11:15 P.M.-1 A.M., Mondays through Fridays), on which the watchword is gamy aggressiveness, they were possibly too aggressive and gamy. On "Godfrey Time," the ad-lib wit of Mr. Gleason and Mr. Morgan flowed richly and sassily. This means, I think, that Mr. Godfrey, thanks partly to his

you're not going to get married
you're not going on a trip
you'll meet a short fat man but
you'll have a Christmas picnic
telling fortunes with the new



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professional environment, his long years among the tea bags, has become an excellent straight man. He inspires fast, sophisticated comics to crawl all over him, to kid him while he admires them. His work with the mass-consumer mind (which cannot, however, it seems to me, be as slow and innocent as he appears to believe it is) has slowed down his own reflexes. The other night, reacting seriously to Mr. Morgan's kidding, he pointed out that he, Godfrey, has made a lot of money as an entertainer. "Not that I do much," he added deprecatingly. "I talk. I play the ukulele badly." "That's right," Mr. Morgan said. Mr. Godfrey was taken slightly aback, as he always is by this kind of quick, bland candor. He paused to examine his guest's reply a moment before rewarding it with the usual rippling chuckle.

Delayed or not, the chuckle was consistently available to Mr. Godfrey's comic guests during the cycle. Mr. Gleason also had the benefit of a loud, though clearly honest, claque of supernumerary performers, who were posted too close to the microphone for the viewer's comfort, but whose laughter, together with the host's slow takes and wholesome appreciation, spurred Mr. Gleason on to fresh outbursts of spontaneous chatter. Mr. Gleason's best gift, it strikes me, is for a sort of fluent, sardonic commentary on mankind in general and on himself in particular that formal shows don't give him a chance to exercise. On his own variety programs, he has usually been too much the showman-genius—a bit too versatile and pretentious for his own good or anyone else's. It's not surprising that he has now and then felt the need to withdraw himself from public exposure. Given the loose, homely atmosphere of the Godfrey program, he appeared ready and able to expose himself every morning for years on end. Besides a bent for satire, he has (so has Mr. Morgan, for that matter) a talent for nonsense that is not common among today's come-

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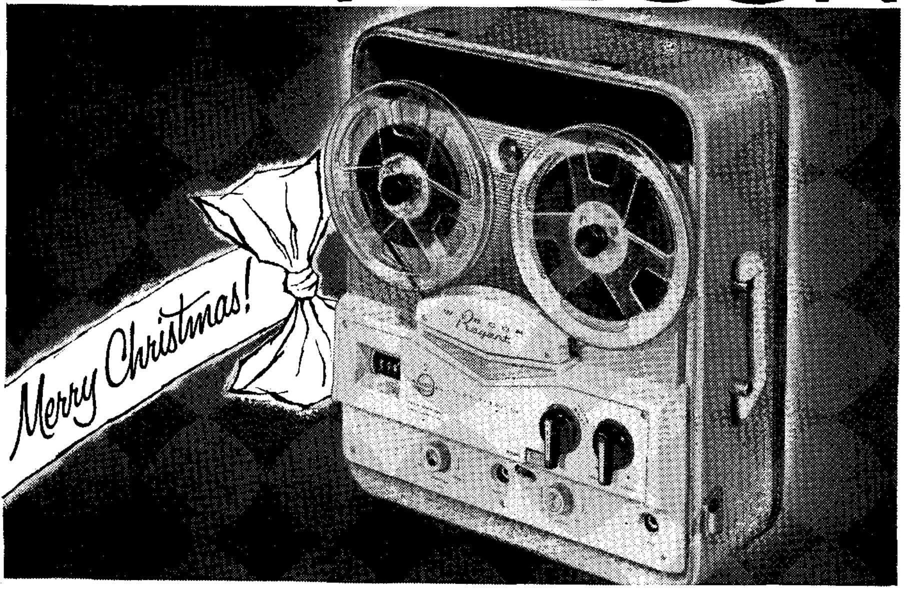

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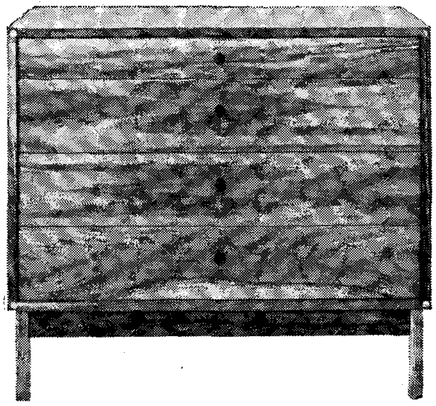

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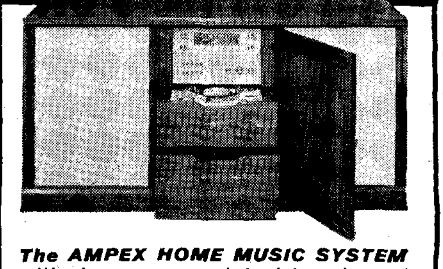

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dians and that is well suited to the purposes of quiet, unrehearsed conversation. Both Mr. Gleason and Mr. Morgan are fundamentally what is known in the prizefight game as counter-punchers; that is, they do better work when they are aroused by competition, or by hosts, than they do when the initiative is their own. It was Mr. Godfrey's idea, I imagine, to raise the subject of drinking in his conversations with Mr. Gleason (though it may have been Mr. Gleason's to have refreshments handy). In any case, Mr. Gleason explored the topic as wisely and devotedly as any philosopher since Don Marquis. At the end of certain sessions, Mr. Godfrey could have sold Scotch to his audience as successfully as he sells tapioca.

As Steve Allen said while he was being hosted by Mr. Hecht, there are times nowadays when a comedian feels the pressures of censorship and shibboleth on his home ground. The events of last month gave an answer to this problem. Let the comedian guest, and, preferably, let him guest in the morning hours, when anything goes.

—John Lardner

•

The bore on the Tsientang-kiang (Hang-chow-fe) in Eastern China is the most remarkable in the world. At spring tides, the wave attains a height of up to 25 feet and a speed of 13 knots. It is heard advancing at a range of 14 miles. The bore on the Hooghly branch of the Ganges travels for 70 miles at over 15 knots.

The greatest river bore in the North American continent is that in Turnagain Arm near Anchorage, Alaska. At the time of spring tides, this bore sometimes attains a height of six feet and travels at six knots.

On the east coast the greatest bore is on the Petitcodiac River in the Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick, Canada. On some spring tides, its height exceeds five feet.

There are no bores within the limits of the continental United States.—*From "The Guinness Book of Superlatives."*

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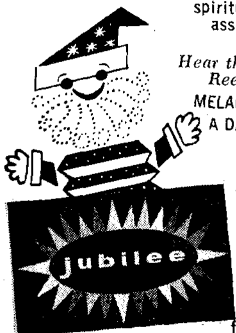

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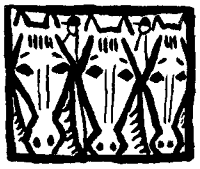

ALWAYS, at this time of year, one hears complaints that the better horses are resting and there's nothing to bet on except selling-platers and non-winners of anything ever. Maybe the racing at Pimlico last week wasn't memorable, but it was a good deal better than none at all. Besides, second-class runners can put on first-class races, an example being Saturday's Exterminator Handicap, in which Casual Friend beat Civet by a neck. The race offered an entertaining problem in weights and measures, too. In the Display Handicap at Jamaica the week before, Civet, carrying a hundred and ten pounds, had beaten Casual Friend, carrying a hundred and thirteen, by three lengths. In the Exterminator, Civet carried a hundred and seventeen and Casual Friend a hundred and sixteen, giving Casual Friend a four-pound advantage over the previous meeting. The distance was shorter, too—the Exterminator was at a mile and a half and the Display at two miles and a sixteenth—and, to make calculations more complicated for horseplayers, the track was muddy. No doubt Civet and Casual Friend will meet again this weekend, in the Pimlico Cup—at a mile and five furlongs. You figure out the winner.

THE most interesting news of last week comes from San Francisco, where both Silky Sullivan and Johnny Longden returned to the races. Even before voting began in those annual Horse-of-the-Year polls, racegoers had tabbed Silky Sullivan the Disappointment of the Season. When he came East last spring, after several spectacular performances on the Coast, he had an enormous following. Just for that, he finished down the course in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and faded out of the picture. Now it seems that since midsummer he has been under treatment for throat and ankle trouble, and apparently his vet has cleared it up. He ran in a six-furlong event at Tanforan on Thursday, and was a dozen lengths behind for more than half of it, coming on to win in the same style that caught everybody's fancy a year ago. He may have some happy moments at Santa Anita.

Longden, you know, suffered a bro-

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ken leg when a horse he was riding in a workout at Del Mar dropped dead. He is forty-nine years old, and although he has a way of standing off the devastation of time, his comeback is remarkable, because it took him only three months to make it; much younger jockeys have taken longer to mend after that sort of accident. (This was the same leg, by the way, that was broken in the starting gate at Del Mar a year ago last August.) Longden didn't win the other day, but he finished second. I expect he'll be riding regularly from now on. After all, you can't keep a good man on the ground—not one with 5,230 winners to his credit.

IT had been my impression that the first steeplechase was run off in the early eighteen-hundreds by some British cavalry officers who wound up an uproarious dinner party with an impromptu point-to-point race to the church in the next town. I know Henry Alken immortalized the legend in a set of engravings that showed the riders, wearing nightgowns and tasselled nightcaps, galloping madly across the fields in the moonlight and jumping formidable hedges and ditches. To spoil a good story, it seems that this never actually happened—or, if it did, it didn't get into the sporting records of the time. However, steeplechasing of a sort was going on in England and Ireland long before 1800, in the form of hunting matches, or horse-against-horse contests, over open country. They were pretty wild affairs, with a lot of free-for-all bumping, but later on they were toned down a bit, and came to be called steeplechases because the courses were from one church to another. All this, together with many other informative items (did you know that in 1844 a track in Hoboken was putting on hurdle races?), is to be found in "Portrait of a Sport," by Elizabeth Eliot (Lady Elizabeth Kinnaird), who tells about the jumping game in England and the United States. You might do well to keep it in mind while you're Christmas shopping. Also, that old favorite C. W. Anderson is out with a portfolio of ten pastels of horses that have caught his eye. It's called "Accent on Youth," and depicts foals and yearlings in conventional poses.

THIS reminds me that one of the two-year-olds Calumet Farm will send to the races next season is a half brother of Tim Tam. He's named Pied d'Or, and he's my first entry for the 1959 Radio Announcers' Handicap.

—AUDAX MINOR

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.*)

The Housebreaker of Shady Hill, by John Cheever (*Harper, $3*).

These eight stories, which, between covers, achieve almost the unity of a novel, are about the outrageous lives of some conventional upper-middle-class people in conventional upper-middle Westchester County. Mr. Cheever resists any temptation to meddle with this juicy paradox, and maintains a deadpan sang-froid.

Normandy Revisited, by A. J. Liebling (*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*).

A revisit to the Norman towns and farms and beaches that the author first saw as a student back in the twenties and later covered as a correspondent when they became the battlefields of the Second World War. This blend of reporting and double reminiscence is also, as Mr. Liebling's readers need hardly be told, a testament to an appetite at table that is at once prodigious and choosy, and to the digestive tract that has stood so loyally behind it through three eras.

Oooh, What You Said!, by Arthur Kober (*Simon & Schuster, $3.50*).

Nineteen comic monologues of woe, written in phonetic Bronxese, almost all of them about well-earned double-dealing, and told with indignant gusto by either the injured party or friend of same.

More in Sorrow, by Wolcott Gibbs (*Holt, $4*).

A choice, made by Wolcott Gibbs shortly before his death, of thirty-five of his Profiles, short stories, parodies, and critical and reminiscent essays. The basic element in all of them is satire or comedy, and the book, besides displaying its author's versatility and special clarity of style and vision, can be used as evidence that a humorist, if he is also a writer, is at home in every medium. Charles Addams' affectionate caricature of Mr. Gibbs on the dustjacket is another element that makes this book a striking memorial to a great humorist who *was* a writer.

The Puerto Ricans, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $3.75*).

An expanded version of Mr. Rand's examination (geographical and social, but never sociological) of our local Puerto Rican *barrio*, which has itself expanded from its original small-town limits in East Harlem. The author manages to combine sympathy and detachment as he discusses our impact (bustling and strange) on the lives of the Puerto Ricans, and their impact (disruptive and stimulating) on ours.

The Incurable Wound, by Berton Roueché (*Little, Brown, $3.50*).

Mr. Roueché continues to investigate some of the drugs and symptoms within handy reach of all of us, and some of the doctors and health officials who investigate the symptoms to prescribe the drugs. Of the six reports collected here, five deal with medical cases. The sixth is the story of an amnesia victim who, frantically anonymous, rushed around New York for a week and then suddenly, in the psychiatric ward at Bellevue, remembered who he was.

The Carpentered Hen and Other Tame Creatures, by John Updike (*Harper, $2.75*).

In these poems, Mr. Updike, mercifully reviving the neglected art of light verse, turns verbal cartwheels around a variety of subjects concerning both the inner and the outer man.

First Love and Other Sorrows, by Harold Brodkey (*Dial, $3.50*).

Nine stories that describe with precision those waves of indefinable sorrow that afflict the young.

Listening to Music, by Winthrop Sargeant (*Dodd, Mead, $4*).

A volume of critical reports that sets forth one man's opinions—some enthusiastic, some peppery—of musical events in this city and of a few music festivals in Europe. Mr. Sargeant gives enthusiastic encouragement to the composers (dead or alive) and the performers who seem to treat music as an art, and uses his pepper lavishly on the ones who are apparently determined to switch it over into the abstract sciences. Drawings by Laszlo.

Nabokov's Dozen, by Vladimir Nabokov (*Doubleday, $3.50*).

Thirteen stories, written with a total disregard for the principles of perspective. Mr. Nabokov describes the trees, and a whole new wood emerges.

A New England Girlhood, by Nancy Hale (*Little, Brown, $3.75*).

Unsentimental reminiscences of a girlhood that was neither poor-little-rich-girl nor poor-little-match-girl but one of civilized parents, well-polished silver, and plenty of beaux.

Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures, by Philip Hamburger (*Rinehart, $3.75*).

In Mr. Hamburger's municipal landscape with figures, Mayor Wagner and former Mayor O'Dwyer are portrayed in detail, while some of their predecessors at Gracie Mansion, their colleagues at City Hall, and the hangers-on whose ambition it is to join them on the city payroll are sketched in lightly. A train ride with Toscanini and a springtime walk along Spring Street are just a couple of the Other Pleasures at hand.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, by Phyllis McGinley (*Viking, $2.50*).

A chapbook of poems in favor of Christmas, plus an essay against restrictive New Year's clauses, that should help sustain the Christmas spirit at least until the bills come in. Embellished with water-color decorations by Ilonka Karasz.

The Seven Fat Years, by John Brooks (*Harper, $4*).

Reports on a number of men in Wall Street who, with painstaking craftsmanship, devote their lives to making money—not necessarily entirely for themselves. Mr. Brooks details their skirmishes (the proxy fight for control of the New York Central) and their triumphs (the sale, in 1956, of some ten million shares of Ford common stock), and clears up the mysterious, complex work they've been doing over the past seven years for the benefit of those of us in the lower brackets.

The Most of S. J. Perelman, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $5.95*).

Since 1930, Mr. Perelman has been pulling the rug out from under both his subjects and his readers, and this exactly titled book is an instructive demonstration of his varied and erudite humorous techniques.

The New Yorker Album of Sports and Games (*Harper, $5*).

A volume of around four hundred cartoons depicting contests of skill or chance, or the reactions of people watching them. They were chosen by the magazine's editors (a sedentary bunch, by and large) from among the thousands that have appeared in these pages.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Miller Resartus

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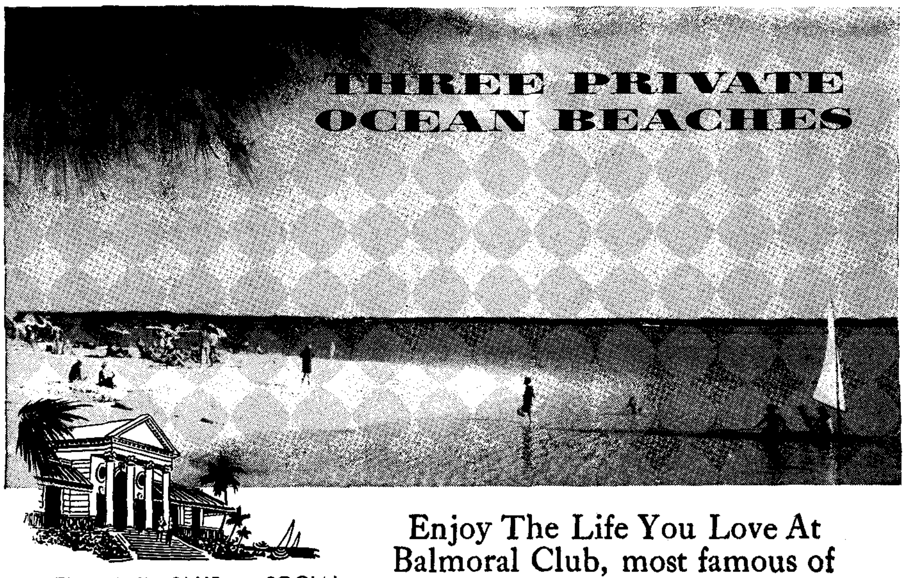
PRACTICALLY everything about the very, very long French film called "Witches of Salem" is unusual. To begin with, it was adapted by Jean-Paul Sartre from Arthur Miller's play "The Crucible," which, as far as I can recall, is the only American play that has gone to France, rather than to Hollywood, for its regeneration in celluloid. Then again, I don't believe any French cinema company has ever before tried to depict the culture that pervaded New England under the stiff shadow of Cotton Mather. In Mr. Miller's drama, we were introduced to the Salem of 1692 by way of a clean, bleak, even monastic, farmhouse, and there was nothing to indicate that the citizenry, whatever its moral deficiencies, wasn't as properly laundered as the characters in a schoolroom print of the first Thanksgiving. M. Sartre is having none of that. As he and Raymond Rouleau, the director of "Witches of Salem," see it, New England in the late seventeenth century was populated by peasants just as grubby as any others, and if the pig wasn't in the parlor, it was because he found it more sanitary outside. Having established Salem and its environs as an area largely occupied by poor and gamy apple-knockers, M. Sartre starts embroidering the fabric supplied by Mr. Miller, and before he is finished, he has added considerably to the original theme. While Mr. Miller was content to show the awful evils of superstition running amuck in a theocratic society, where law degenerated into whatever any local demonologist said it was, and where anyone could accuse anybody else of subverting the state, M. Sartre would have us believe that the folks in Salem were as politically agitated as the sans-culottes who turned up a century later in France. This, I'm afraid, doesn't jibe with the facts. But if you will accept the film as an exercise in fiction, it has its moments.

The basic story follows the outline provided by "The Crucible." A group of girls have taken to prancing, dancing, and sacrilegiously disporting themselves in a wood near Salem under the



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tutelage of a slave called Tituba, a Barbados woman who is a deft hand with a boiled toad, a doll, and a pin. The ringleader of these dervishes is a supple seventeen-year-old maidservant, who, as it happens, has been seduced by the farmer who employs her. Once the carryings on of this girl and her associates are discovered, she decides that if she claims to be a victim of witchcraft and accuses her paramour's wife of being a leading rider in the broomstick set, she can eliminate her rival and settle down legitimately with her sweetheart. She persuades her voodoo chums to whoop and holler that they are possessed of devils, and before long Salem is in the grip of mass hysteria—a condition fostered by the leading theocrats and merchants, who figure that anything that scares hell out of the masses will help keep them in line. M. Sartre and M. Rouleau are just a bit too explicit in some courtroom scenes of the young deceivers throwing fake fits—their antics come close to burlesque at times—but there are several episodes that have a solid impact, and the photography, for which Claude Renoir is responsible, is impressive.

As the evil seventeen-year-old, Mylene Demongeot makes a pretty unsettling character, and, as her paramour and his wife, Yves Montand and Simone Signoret, while not exactly my idea of a typical Puritan couple, perform commendably. The other Franco-Puritans include Raymond Rouleau himself, as an inquisitor; Françoise Lugagne, as one of the bad girls; Jean Debucourt, as the minister of Salem; and an actress who bills herself as Miss Darling, in the role of Tituba. They are all effective, and so is the rest of the cast.

ROSALIND RUSSELL works hard as the matronly cutup who is the heroine of "Auntie Mame," which has to do (as if you didn't know) with the efforts of a high-stepping female to keep her nephew from being an orthodox citizen. Hard work isn't enough, though. The picture bogs down badly before it has gone any distance.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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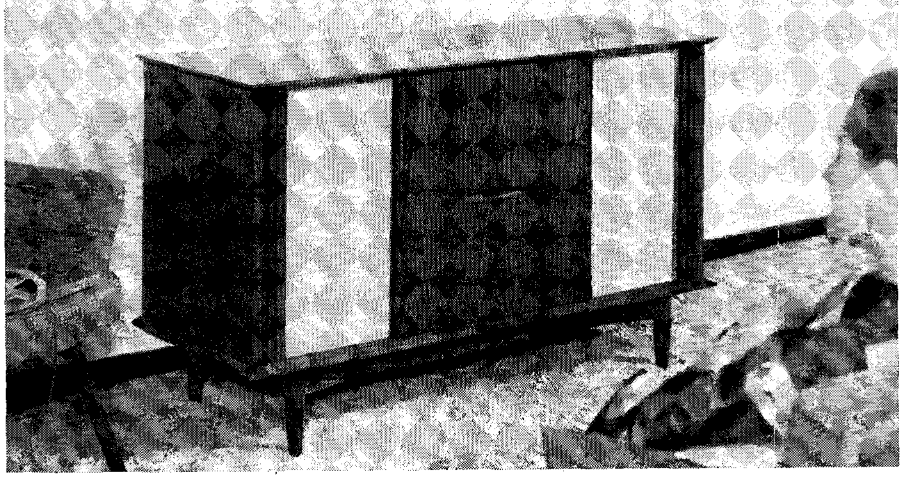


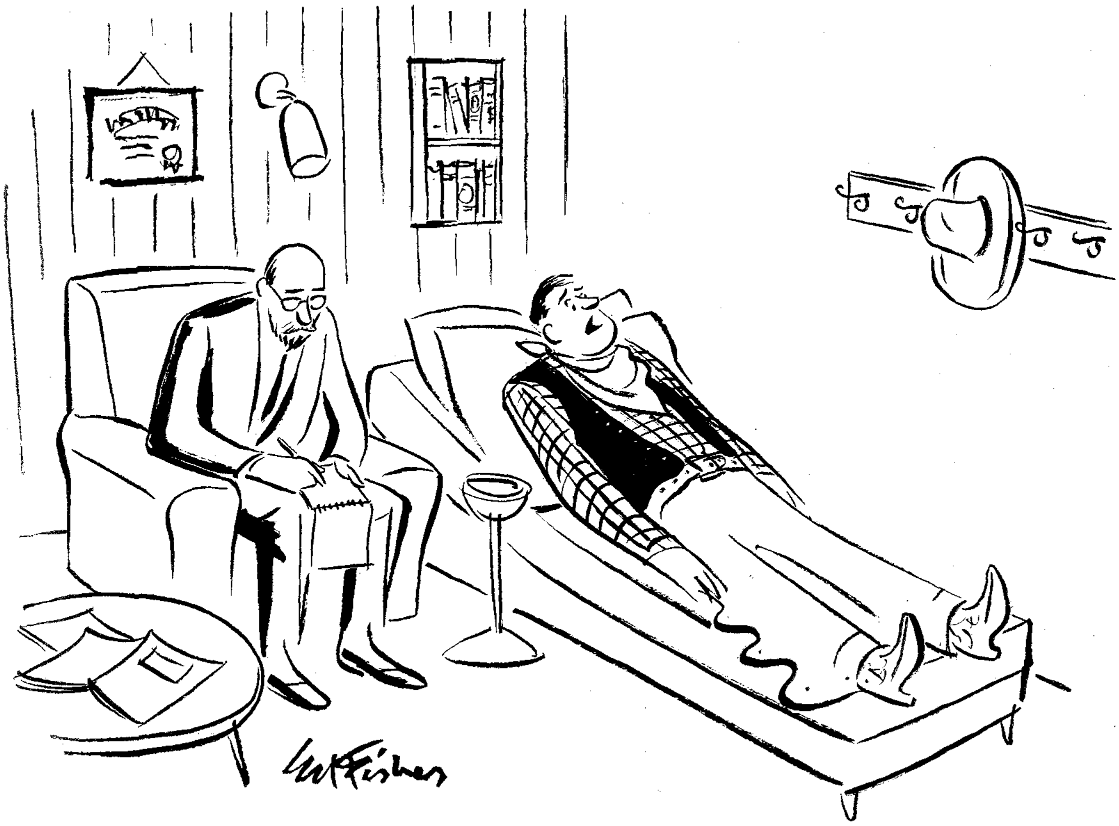
BOOKS

Banker's Georgian and Coca-Colonial

I HAVE always found architects better company than most people. This is because architecture, besides being concerned with plan, outline, texture, setting, and purpose, is also a matter of proportion. A good architect is bound to have a sense of proportion, and that implies a sense of humor. Few things are more enjoyable than a walk with an architect through a town looking at buildings. He will point out what is good and why, and he will point out what is bad, and the second is often ridiculously funny—heavy stone office buildings seemingly standing on a glass wall of shop fronts, a cornice that is far too large, a pediment that is far too small, some silly little showoff in the way of decoration that was very smart three years ago and now looks as out-of-date as last week's newspaper. With the humor of architecture there goes a good deal of pain, for many a mistake is there forever, or at any rate for as long as you and I are alive. In this sense, architecture is much more important than any other art, for paintings can be put away in a cellar, music need not be played again, and books can be forgotten or pulped, but architecture remains for all to see in the public streets. Few people have done more to open our eyes to architecture than Osbert Lancaster, and in "Here, of All Places," the first collection of his architectural drawings and commentary to be published in America (Houghton Mifflin), he extends his range from Europe to the United States. Mr. Lancaster's way of making us look is to make us laugh. He lifts architecture out of the trough of expertism and the weary theorizing and classifying of German "art historians" and makes us use our own eyes and become our own judges of what we like and what we don't like. "My object," he says, "was twofold. First, to do for buildings what so many popular writers have done for birds, to render them a source of informed interest and lively excitement for the passerby so that his quiet satisfaction at having identified a nice bit of Banker's Georgian might equal that of the keen birdwatcher on having spotted a red-breasted flycatcher; second, and with no very sanguine hopes of achievement, that such an interest, once stimulated, might become so widespread as to cause inconvenience to speculative builders, borough surveyors, government departments, and other notorious predators."

Considering how amusing architectural caricature can be, it is amazing that so few artists have practiced it. One of the first was Augustus Welby Pugin, who in the eighteen-forties was so skillful in making the classic architecture of the late Georgian age, against which he was reacting, look ridiculous and so skillful in making the architecture of 1440, which he inordinately admired, look beautiful that all progressive young men of his time thought that the only Christian architecture was that with a pointed arch and the only time worth living in was 1440. Osbert Lancaster has been compared to Pugin, but except that he has a humorous line he has little in common. He is no propagandist and, though he is really a lover of the Middle Ages, his line is so individual and witty that the drawings which are the least successful as far as their architecture is concerned are those depicting the great phases of medieval Gothic. He is most successful at showing up the more extreme fantasies of the last forty years, and the phrases that accompany his drawings, like "Stockbroker's Tudor" and "Wimbledon Transitional," have become part of the language in England.

The great service Lancaster does us is relating the buildings he caricatures to the people who live in them. He knows as much about dress, social habits, ornament, and class prejudices as he does about architecture, and this is saying a lot. Not one of his illustrations is without some subtle observation—the hound looking angrily at a fishbone at the feast in a Norman hall, the cardsharper in the Adam room, the lady toxophilist who has accidentally shot her husband in the garden of the American Gothic frame house, the Bernard Shaw-like figure walking in a Norfolk suit past a sunflower in a garden city, the lady with the long cigarette holder lying on a divan with Baksts on the wall



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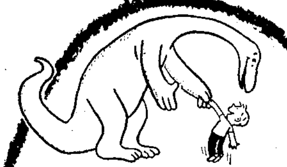

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behind ("First Russian Ballet Period"), the man in tailcoat and enormously wide trousers in "Curzon Street Baroque" (which in New York might have been called "penthouse Spanish"), the conscious discomfort of the twentieth-century functional interior with the rain pelting down on the parterre outside, so unlike the sunny perspective the architect supplied, and the slightly pre-Françoise Sagan girl tending her indoor plants ("Jungle-Jungle"). These are essential concomitants to the scenes he depicts, for above everything Osbert Lancaster is a social historian, and a particularly acute one of the first half of this century.

We have all seen painstaking and informative books about the different phases of architecture and decoration, and the reason they do not come near to Osbert Lancaster as information is that they are solemn, done without enjoyment but only with a desire to instruct. They tell us little because they are impersonal. Mr. Lancaster tells us much because he is full of prejudice and strongly personal. This makes an understanding of his background and outlook useful for the enjoyment of his book. He was born in 1908 and brought up in circumstances and surroundings shown in his drawing and text of "Kensington Italianate." It is the equivalent of the old brownstone house of New York. He was educated at Charterhouse, a school that has bred social caricaturists—Thackeray, John Leech, Sir Max Beerbohm. There is no doubt, whatever people may pretend, that schools in England have a great influence on their pupils, particularly public schools. The influence may be reaction against or, as in the case of Osbert Lancaster, affection for the place. There is also no doubt that the fact that Max Beerbohm had been at Charterhouse many years before and was fond of the school influenced the young Osbert Lancaster. With his round head, large, round eyes, large mustache, and slow, deliberate way of talking in the carefully marked phrases that inform his prose style, he bears a strong resemblance to Beerbohm. He went to Oxford and then to the Slade School of Fine Arts. He is married, lives in the country with his family, is strong Church of England, enjoys parties, and belongs to London clubs. He is Lord of the Manor in his ancestral village in Norfolk.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find in his drawings of architecture from the Stone Age onward an admiration for the spacious days of the eighteenth

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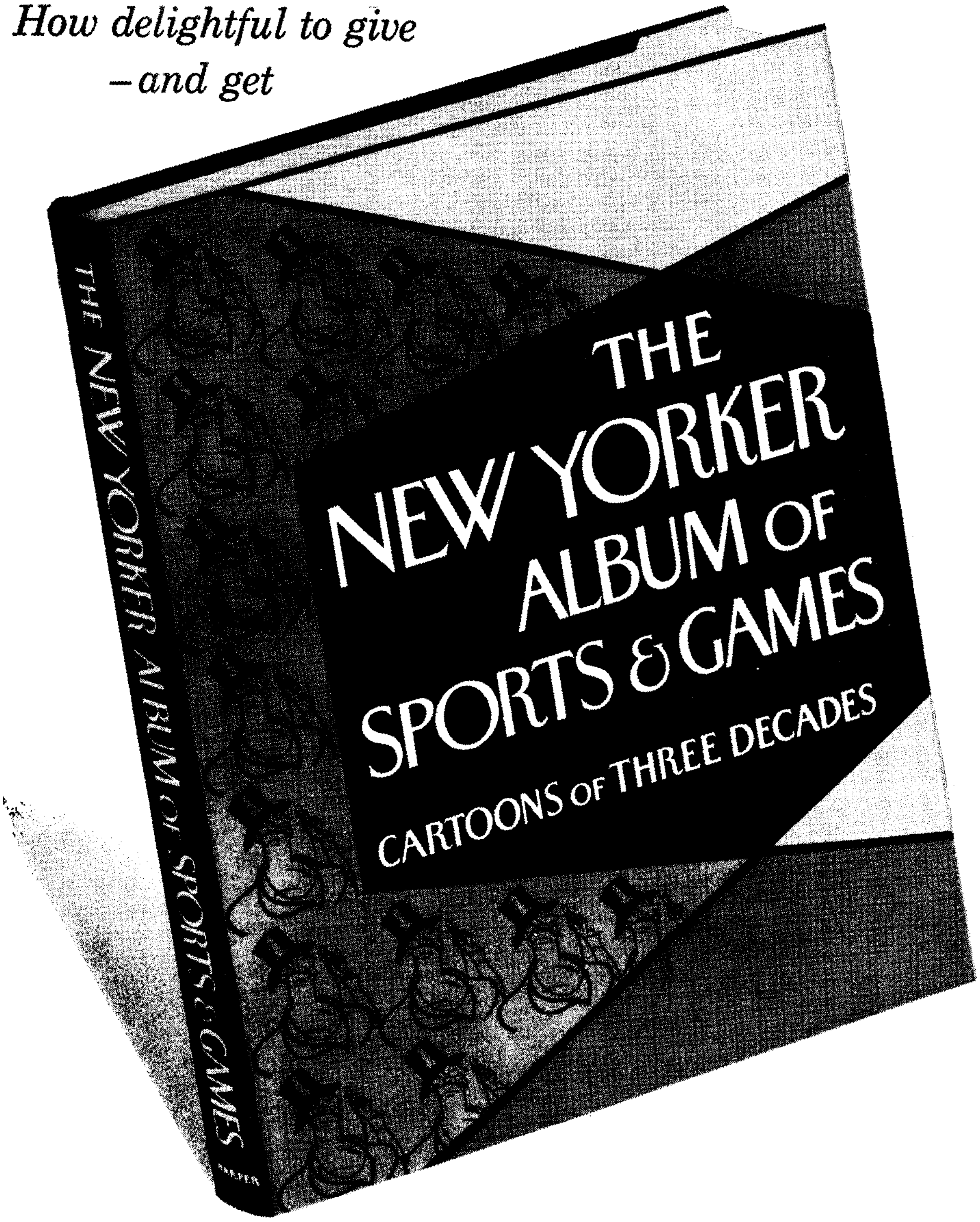

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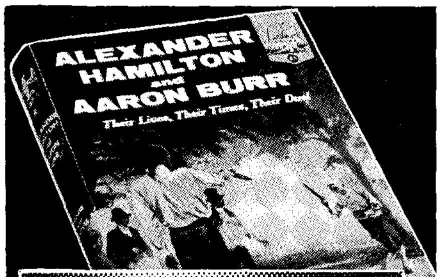
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century, an amused and learned tolerance for the various idiosyncrasies of the nineteenth, a deep mistrust of the ever-increasing bureaucracy of today. As Lancaster is an artist with a distinct way of drawing that has never been successfully imitated, his illustrations are as personal as his prose. He cannot help drawing amusingly, and though his drawings are uncolored, color is implicit in them—one can visualize the hideous browns of the "modernistic" interior of the late twenties, the cold battleship grays and whites of the functional open-plan dwelling, one can feel the texture of the clothes the people in them are wearing. Also, because he is an artist of the old English school, he detests the ruination of the American landscape (and the English) with advertisements, hoardings, poles, wires, and what he calls "Coca-Colonial," or signboard landscaping, in a devastating drawing toward the end of the book. Because he is a man with a sense of proportion, he is never taken in by the solemn dogmatizing of architectural prigs who regard all ornament as immoral. In his heart of hearts, like your reviewer, though he admires some of the newest skyscrapers of New York, he much prefers the romance of Cass Gilbert's Woolworth Building to the pompous simplicity of the United Nations.

—JOHN BETJEMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HEART OF A CHILD, by Phyllis Bottome (Vanguard). A Christmassy confection, gooey with sentiment but made by an expert, about a little boy named Karl who lives in the Tyrol with his extremely cruel father and mother, his six brothers and sisters, and his big Saint Bernard dog, Luchs. Together, Karl and Luchs protect the six little ones from their parents' bestial tempers, and when Luchs' life is threatened, all the children exert their tiny strength to save him, and do save him. The reason Luchs' life is threatened is that the male parent wishes to *eat* him, right in front of the children, and Miss Bottome makes this horrid intention credible by explaining that the whole episode takes place toward the end of the last war, when food was scarce.

GENERAL

BEAU BRUMMELL: HIS LIFE AND TIMES, by Carlo Maria Franzero (John Day). George Bryan Brummell (1778-1840) is usually dis-

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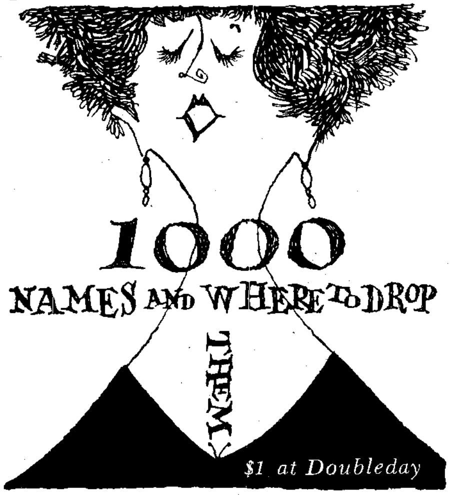
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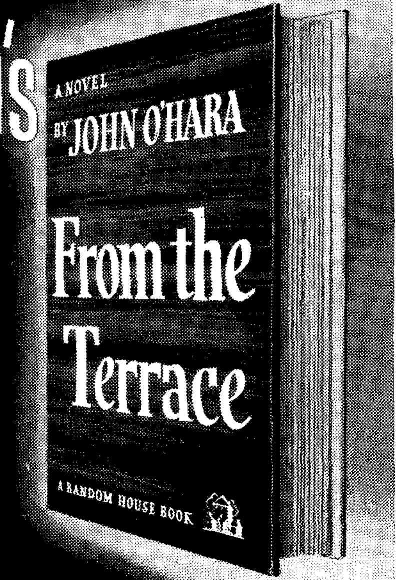
missed as a clotheshorse. Mr. Franzero, like most of those who have troubled themselves to look into the matter, considers this an obtusely superficial judgment, and it is his purpose here to demonstrate the true nature of Brummell's undisputed immortality. He admits, of course, that Brummell was a fashion plate, but adds that his fashions (which included the modern top hat and the daily bath) were entirely his own invention. He also points to Brummell's wit, much of which was lifted by Oscar Wilde, and to his manners, his poise, and his extraordinary sense of style. "There was in Brummell a harmony between nature and destiny, between genius and fortune," he concludes. "His destiny was to be a Dandy, the perfect Dandy, and he fulfilled his destiny admirably—he was Dandyism personified." An out-of-the-way and most engaging trifle. Illustrated with contemporary portraits and drawings.

THE VOYAGES OF JOSHUA SLOCUM, edited and with an introduction and notes by Walter Magnes Teller (Rutgers). An imposingly handsome omnibus edition of the known works of the maritime Thoreau whose haunted life and mysterious death Mr. Teller so brilliantly pieced together a year or two ago in "The Search for Captain Slocum." In addition to Captain Slocum's mettlesome "Sailing Alone Around the World," which has been recognized from the moment of its first appearance, in 1900, as a masterpiece of mind and muscle, this volume contains the long out-of-reach and largely forgotten "Voyage of the *Liberdade*" (1890) and "Voyage of the *Destroyer* from New York to Brazil" (1893), and, for good measure, the hitherto almost unheard-of essay "Rescue of Some Gilbert Islanders," written in 1882. Even this last, the least of the Captain's efforts, bears the mark of his intransigent hand and spirit. Photographs and end-paper maps.

AGEE ON FILM, by James Agee (McDowell, Obolensky). A fascinating and irritating collection of almost two hundred reviews, critical pieces, and essays on the movies—most of them originally published in the *Nation*, and the rest in *Time*, *Life*, *Partisan Review*, and the English *Sight and Sound*—by the late poet, novelist, reporter, and scenarist. Perhaps the most striking thing about the book is Agee's unquenchable love of his



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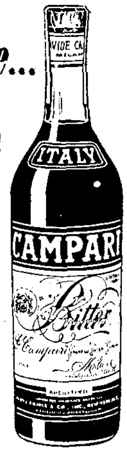

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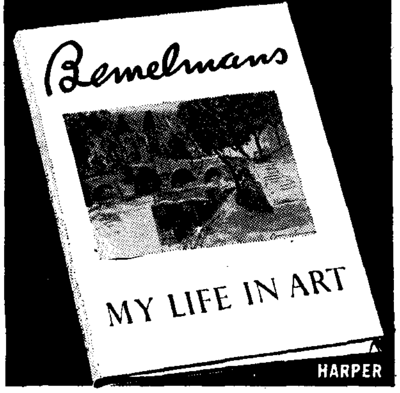

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subject, a condition that, though it is the cornerstone of any true criticism, repeatedly pushes him into some notable excesses—tiresome, embattled attacks against the softness and stupidity of Hollywood; near-fawning pieces on D. W. Griffith and John Huston; stilted and rather tasteless wisecracks; revelations of self that, though invariably arresting, continually get in the way of his subject; and, surprisingly, some bad writing, in which adjectives, long sentences, and plain verbal fury become, here and there, unintelligible stews. (The pieces from *Time* are—well, pieces from *Time;* there is no way of telling, except for a few paragraphs in the reviews of "Hamlet" and "Henry V," that Agee wrote them.) For all this, Agee's honesty, high-mindedness, and great perception never fail him, and the result is certainly some of the best, if shaggiest, film criticism yet written in this country. Photographs.

JOURNEYS TO ENGLAND AND IRELAND, by Alexis de Tocqueville, translated from the French by George Lawrence and K. P. Mayer, and edited by J. P. Mayer (Yale). De Tocqueville's notebooks on England and Ireland in the eighteen-thirties, now published in English for the first time. As every reader of "Democracy in America" knows, de Tocqueville was a tireless observer, and one of unparalleled brilliance and prescience, with a remarkable ability to draw out strangers in serious talk. Here, in visits of a few months, he manages to see and describe more of the essence of English character, society, and politics—as well as that bottomless pit the Irish Problem—than most others have in a lifetime.

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TRAVEL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Oakland (Iowa) Acorn*]

The Youngmans took a bunch off for a tour on the subway, we were to get off at the battery. The Youngmans didn't make the gate in time, so we rode, and rode back to Times Square, didn't see much but the way they go.

Lunch over, we tour the City, stopping for an hour and a half in the United Nations building. The guides were girls from countries in the U.N. and were wearing native costumes. We toured the banking sections, fine shops, residential and on down through the Bowery. Our guide said the favorite drink in the Bowery was called "Smoke," 99½ per cent alcohol, with a dash of milk for flavor.

We had dinner at Radio City and in the Radio City Music Hall saw a movie "Cat on a hot skillet," and a musical by the Rockettes.

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Jan. 10	U.S.S.R. Hockey Team vs. University of Denver at Broadmoor Ice Palace
Feb. 24-28	World's Figure Skating Championship at Broadmoor Ice Palace
Sept. 14-19	U.S.G.A. (National) Amateur Golf Championship on Broadmoor's Outstanding Golf Course

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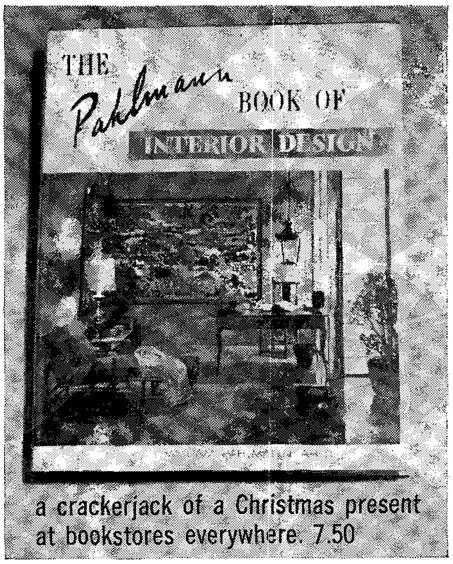
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* *Long ago, before the first Martini or Manhattan cocktail, Martini & Rossi Vermouth delighted the continental palate with its magnificent taste. Incidentally, when you travel abroad it's Martini Vermouth.* ©Renfield Importers, Ltd., N. Y.

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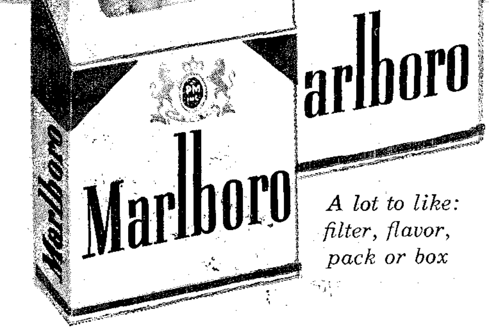
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